

# **The World's Classics**

515

*POEMS OF*  
**ROBERT BURNS**

*Oxford University Press, Amen House, London E.C. 4*

GLASGOW NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE WELLINGTON

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*POEMS OF*  
**ROBERT BURNS**

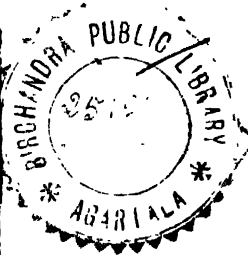
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Selected and Edited

by

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*Geoffrey Cumberlege*  
**OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS**  
*London New York Toronto*

ROBERT BURNS

Born: Alloway near Ayr . . . 25 January 1759

Died: Dumfries . . . . . 21 July 1796

*This selection from the Poems of Robert Burns was  
first published in The World's Classics in 1852*

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN



## BURNS

BURNS was born in 1759 and his first collection of verse was published in Kilmarnock in 1786. This immediately attracted attention in Edinburgh, where it was reissued with additions in the following year. More poems were added in the two-volume Edinburgh edition in 1793. Most of his songs appeared in two collections of Scottish songs published in Edinburgh. He died in 1796, having achieved in a poetical life of little more than ten years a body of work which is among the widely treasured possessions of the English-speaking world.

Burns was thus a young man of twenty-seven when he published his first volume. The recollection of that fact must always be a surprise to anyone who considers the maturity of technique and content in many of these poems, like 'The Two Dogs', 'Poor Mailie', and 'The Cotter's Saturday Night'. For it is astonishing that a young farmer with a village education and no personal contact with the world beyond his country district, and little leisure for the contact books give, should have so absorbed the common wisdom of his century that he immediately became one of its popular exponents. It is almost more astonishing than the presence in the same volume of poems like 'To a Mountain Daisy' and 'To a Mouse', verses with the magic that had been missing for so long from English lyrics. The other new thing in the volume was the quality of the descriptions of nature. They sometimes take us to the cosy fireside of an eighteenth-century library, but usually we are carried out of doors to our most intense memories of the earth seen

flourishing under the seasons, and the air filled with the crying of birds.

Published as a gesture of farewell to Scotland, the book took him in fact to the capital, and it would be entertaining to know which of these surprising things captured the attention of Edinburgh readers or in what proportion they made their appeal.

The Edinburgh edition brought him sufficient money to enable him to give up thought of going abroad, and his contact with Edinburgh society gave him an opportunity to measure himself against other men. He assessed his worth and his place in society. 'I have long studied myself, & I think I know pretty exactly what ground I occupy, both as a Man and a Poet.' He knew that he would not stay in Edinburgh. While still there, he wrote: 'I intend, as far as I may be said to have any intention, to return to my old acquaintance, the plough, and, if I can meet with a lease by which I can live, to commence Farmer.—I do not intend to give up Poesy: being bred to labour secures me independence, and the Muses are my chief, sometimes my only enjoyment.'

Given that Burns should remain in Scotland and not in Edinburgh, it was clear that he must support himself as before and that poetry or literature should remain a spare-time occupation. It was later, when farming was going badly, and literary work was more and more capturing his dreams, that he sought a sinecure which would give him leisure and freedom from want. There runs through the letters of his later years a pathetic strain of literary planning, everything from long poems to periodical essays, and the only sustained piece he produced after leaving Edinburgh was 'Tam O' Shanter', which

was the outcome of a passing acquaintance with an enthusiast for odd tales. It was fortunate that before he left Edinburgh his literary enthusiasm was directed into a channel which was apt to his circumstances. He became interested in old Scots songs and the interest became almost an obsession as his knowledge of them grew and his skill in reviving and rewriting them increased. Burns revived the songs and the songs made Burns. Together they became immortal.

It was during the Edinburgh visit that he met James Johnson, an engraver and music-seller. When they met, Johnson had the first volume of his *Scots Musical Museum* ready for the press. Johnson was an enthusiast but Burns had the gift as well as the enthusiasm: he became the real editor of the *Museum* for the rest of his life. Each volume contained a hundred songs, and between 1787 and 1803 six volumes appeared containing more than two hundred of the songs of Burns.

With this experience behind him, it was natural that in 1792 when some Edinburgh amateurs, headed by George Thomson, planned a more 'elegant' collection, they should get in touch with Burns. Thomson was a lawyer's clerk and in matters poetical and musical was sometimes a stubborn dullard. Johnson had the good sense to see that Burns spoke with authority; but Thomson, seeking his advice, presumed too often to better it. Nevertheless we are indebted to Thomson. Many of the best things that Burns wrote in his letters about Scots songs were written to Thomson, who contrived to keep the poet enthusiastic for editing and composing.

In April 1793 Burns wrote: 'What with my early

attachment to ballads, Johnson's Museum, your book, &c, Ballad-making is now so completely my hobby-horse, as ever fortification was *Uncle Toby's*; so I'll e'en canter it away till I come to the limit of my race.' In November 1794: 'indeed you may thank yourself for the tedium of my letters, as you have so flattered me on my horsemanship with my favourite Hobby, & have praised the grace of his ambling so much, that I am scarce off his back.—For instance, this morning, though a keen blowing frost, in my walk after breakfast I finished my Duet which you were pleased to praise so much.' And in May 1795: 'If you can in a post or two administer a little of the intoxicating potion of your applause, it will raise your humble servant's phrenzy to any height you want.—I am at this moment "holding high converse" with the Muses, & have not a word to throw away on such a Prosaic dog as you are.' Thomson would seem to be of the tribe of Boswell, who got his man talking, and as such he commands our gratitude.

Clearly, if Burns had not been fired with enthusiasm for the songs of his country, and had an outlet for it in these publications, it is difficult to imagine what else he could have written of equal worth. His life was hard, and his leisure of the harried sort known to a man never free from overwork and worry. When he left Edinburgh, his plan was to order his life, either in farming or the Excise, so that he had leisure to write. He never succeeded, and his plans as outlined in his letters were never realized.

From Ellisland in January 1790 he wrote: 'I muse and rhyme, morning, noon, and night; and have a hundred different Poetic plans, pastoral,

georgic, dramatic, &c, floating in the region of fancy, somewhere between Purpose and resolve.' And in the next month: 'Some larger Poetic plans that are floating in my imagination, or partly put in execution, I shall impart to you when I have the pleasure of meeting with you.' And two days later: 'I have had themes on my hands for years, without being able to please myself in my best efforts.' Of course, it must have been so; and the hopes went on through the remaining years. In 1794: 'I have long had it in my head to try my hand in the way of little Prose Essays, which I propose sending into the world through the medium of some Newspaper.'

As was said earlier, after his return from Edinburgh he composed only one long poem, 'Tam O' Shanter', and that also was inspired by contact with an enthusiast. In 1789 Burns met Francis Grose, who had collected the *Antiquities of England and Wales* and was then collecting for the *Antiquities of Scotland*. Grose was fat and jovial, a fund of stories, a very brother to Burns, who suggested that a drawing of Alloway Kirk should be included in the book. Grose agreed if Burns would write a poem to accompany it, and 'Tam O' Shanter' was the result.

This story poem is the best set of verses of any length that Burns wrote, unless 'The Jolly Beggars', which is an inspired set of songs in an inspired setting, be counted as a single poem. It may seem an extraordinary thing that Burns, whose taste in the matter of songs seems to have been impeccable, should never have thought much of 'The Jolly Beggars' and never went to the trouble of revising and publishing it. The first song is a broken-metred thing, but the rest, with the admirable joining

verses, grow in swirling power as singers and audience fall more and more under the influence of their 'inspiration'. The start is shaky, but the development is unfaltering to a glorious climax and the whole is the most sustained outpouring of genius that Burns left.

The epistles group together and are worth reading in that way. They are a study in local character, interesting in comparison with Galt's characters, and most interesting as helping us with our portrait of Burns. Partly it is an adopted character, rather middle-aged, canny, and on occasion pawky, but every so often Burns himself comes through either in direct self-history, or in direct expression of views. Sometimes he savours a dialect word with his correspondent, as Scotsmen still do, but usually there is no real difficulty between the English reader and the enjoyment of the racy management of the Burns stanza in which the best of the verse letters are written.

Speaking generally, the difference between the metrical excellence of the poems and the metrical management of the songs is the difference between talent and genius. There are passages in Burns's letters, which, taken together, give an account of how he made his songs. They show how apt such composition was to his circumstances. 'I have been absolutely crazed about it, collecting old stanzas, and every information remaining respecting their origin, authors, &c. &c.' This is before he left Edinburgh and shows how well the seed of interest had been planted.

In composing, refashioning, or editing songs the anonymous writers of Scots songs were his classics. 'By the way, are you not quite vexed to think that

these men of genius, for such they certainly were, who composed our fine Scottish lyrics, should be unknown?’

He told Thomson the rules he must follow. First, the verses must be in Scots. ‘If you are for *English* verses, there is, on my part, an end of the matter.—Whether in the simplicity of *The Ballad*, or the pathos of *The Song*, I can only hope to please myself in being allowed at least a sprinkling of our native tongue.’ ‘But let me remark to you, in the sentiment and style of our Scottish airs, there is a pastoral simplicity, a something that one may call, the Doric style and dialect of vocal music, to which a dash of our native tongue and manners is particularly, nay petuliarly, apposite.’ And just two years later: ‘These English Songs gravel me to death.—I have not that command of the language that I have of my native tongue. In fact, I think my ideas are more barren in English than in Scottish.’

Yet one group of his songs has much more dialect than these statements suggest. They are written about the people of his own country-side. They are quickly-sketched genre pictures, vivid, earthy, lusty, and superb in the economy with which the effect is achieved. The other songs, the great songs, are in the main stream of English lyrical poetry, dealing with the eternal themes in language that can be understood wherever English is understood. The Scots word, often merely the Scots pronunciation, is there because it gives a glowing softness to the phrase. It makes the verses run warmly.

The language is always simple and simplicity was a quality that Burns was at pains to preserve in the songs. On this matter he had continual trouble with

Thomson. Writing about 'O my love is like a red, red rose' to Cunningham, he says of Thomson: 'It is a kind of song on which I know we think very differently.—It is the only species of Song about which our ideas disagree.—What to me, appears the simple and the wild, to him and I suspect to you likewise, will be looked on as the ludicrous and the absurd.' The song did not appear in Thomson's collection but in Johnson's *Museum*. Almost from the beginning Burns tackled Thomson on the point: 'Give me leave to criticize your taste in the only thing in which it is in my opinion reprehensible: (you know I ought to know something of my own trade) of pathos, Sentiment and Point, you are a complete judge; but there is a quality more necessary than either, in a Song, and which is the very essence of a Ballad, I mean Simplicity—now, if I mistake not, this last feature you are a little apt to sacrifice to the foregoing.'

His next rule was that words and tune go together to make a song, and if you are mending the words you must not do so in a way that will mar the tune. 'In the first part of both tunes, the rhythm is so peculiar and irregular, and on that irregularity depends so much of their beauty, that we must e'en take them with all their wildness, and humour the verses accordingly.'

These were his rules, and he had one or two principles for dealing with these Edinburgh editors. 'As to any remuneration, you may think my song either *above*, or *below* price; for they shall absolutely be the one or the other.' 'You know, I never encroach on your privilege as an Editor. - You may reject my song altogether, and keep the old one, or you may give mine, as a second Scottish one; or,



lastly, you may set the air to my verses, still giving the old song, as a second one, and as being well known.’

We have glimpses in these letters to Thomson of how Burns collected and adapted the old songs:

‘I am flattèred at your adopting, “Ca’ the yowes to the knowes,” as it is owing to me that ever it saw the light. —About seven years ago, I was well acquainted with a worthy little fellow of a clergyman, a Mr. M’Clunzie, who sung it charmingly; and at my request, Mr. Clarke took it down from his singing. When I gave it to Johnson I added some stanzas to the song and mended others.

‘Do you know the beautiful little fragment, in Wither-spoon’s Collection of Scots Songs?

O gin my love were yon red rose,  
That grows upon the castle wa’!  
And I mysel’ a drap o’ dew,  
Into her bonnie breast to fa’!

Oh, there beyond expression blest  
I’d feast on beauty a’ the night;  
Seal’d on her silk-saft faulds to rest,  
Till slep’d awa by Phoebus’ light!

‘This thought is inexpressibly beautiful; & quite, so far as I know, original. It is too short for a song, else I would forswear you altogether, except you gave it a place.—I have often tried to eke a stanza to it, but in vain.—

‘After balancing myself for a musing five minutes, on the hindlegs of my elbow chair, I produced the following.—The verses are far inferior to the foregoing, I frankly confess; but if worthy of insertion at all, they might be first in place; as every Poet, who knows anything of his trade, will husband his best thoughts for a concluding stroke.

O were my Love yon Lilack fair, . . . \*

'Autumn is my propitious season. I make more verses in it, than all the year else.' 'I walked out yesterday evening with a volume of the *Museum* in my hand, when turning up "Allan Water" "What numbers shall the Muse repeat," &c, it appeared to me rather unworthy of so fine an air; and recollecting that it is on your list, I sat, and raved, under the shade of an old thorn, till I wrote one to suit the measure.

'I am delighted with many little melodies, which the learned Musician despises as silly and insipid.—I do not know whether the old air, "Hey tuttie taitie," may rank among this number; but well I know that, with Fraser's Hautboy, it has often filled my eyes with tears.—There is a tradition, which I have met with in many places in Scotland, that it was Robert Bruce's March at the battle of Bannockburn.—This thought, in my yesternight's walk, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of Liberty and Independence, which I threw into a kind of Scots ode, fitted to the Air, that one might suppose to be the gallant Royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning.'

And 'Scots, wha hae' follows.

If the perfect romantic story about writing a love song be wanted, what is there to match this about Lesley Bailie?

'Do you know that I am almost in love with an acquaintance of yours. "Almost!" said I— I am in love, souse! over head & ears, deep as the most unfathomable abyss of the boundless ocean; but the word, "Love," owing to the intermingledoms of the good & the bad, the pure & impure, in this world, being rather an equivocal term for expressing one's sentiments & sensations, I must do justice to the sacred purity of my attachment.—Know, then, that the heart-struck awe, the distant humble approach; the delight we should have in gazing upon & listening to a Messenger of Heaven, appearing in all the unspotted purity of his Celestial Home, among the coarse, polluted, far inferiour sons of men, to deliver to

them tidings that made their hearts swim in joy & their imaginations soar in transport— such, so delighting, & so pure, were the emotions of my soul on meeting the other day with Miss Lesley Bailie, your neighbour at Mayfield. —Mr. Bailie with his two daughters, accompanied by a Mr. Hamilton of Grange, passing through Dumfries a few days ago, on their way to England, did me the honour of calling on me, on which I took my horse (tho' God knows I could ill spare the time) & convoyed them fourteen or fifteen miles & dined & spent the day with them.—'Twas about nine, I think, when I left them; & riding home I composed the following ballad, of which you will probably think you have a dear bargain, as it will cost you another groat of postage. —You must know that there is an old ballad, beginning with

My bonie Lizie Bailie,  
I rowe thee in my plaidie &c —

so I parodied it as follows, which is literally the first copy, “unanoited, unannealed,” as Hamlet says—

The bonie Lesley Bailie,  
O she's gaen o'er the Border;  
She's gaen, like Alexander,  
To spread her conquests farther.—

To see her is to love her,  
And love but her for ever;  
For Nature made her what she is,  
And never made anither. --

Thou,\* bonie Lesley, art a queen,  
Thy subjects we, before thee:  
Thou, bonie Lesley, art divine,  
The hearts o' men adore thee.—

O could a body be sae blest,  
As add unto thy pleasure!  
The dearest life o' mortal man  
Were ill-worth sic a treasure.—

The Powers aboon will ay tak care,  
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee:  
 Thou art sae fair & like the yew sels,  
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.—

The very deil, he couldna scaithe  
 Whatever was belang thee;  
 He'd look into thy bonie face,  
 And say "I canna wrang thee,"—

My bonie Lesley Bailie,  
 Come back to Caledonie,  
 That we may brag we hae a lass  
 There's nane again sae bonie.—'

How much revision perfected the verses may be seen by comparing this with the final form on p. 298.

The Songs give us his best poetry. There are a few pure lyrics set against the white radiance of eternity; there are songs that look at the clouds and the stars, or bid the stars hide themselves that he may seek his love; nearly all the great love songs are set out-of-doors, against the blossoms on the trees or the flowers in the Lowland meadows; there are patriotic songs; and there are some songs in the inns and the little houses of the poor, when he touches the manners and customs of the people he knew into poetry. Burns gave his best writing years and all his powers in their prime to these songs, he poured into them the pent-up energies of his genius, and they have become part of the natural inheritance of English readers everywhere.

L. B.

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## THE TEXT

THE poems are printed from the 1794 edition, the last published in Edinburgh during the poet's lifetime. Poems that did not appear in that collection are taken from the earliest printed source. The songs are printed from Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* and Thomson's *Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs*, or from the earliest printed source. The editor is indebted to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press for permission to quote from Mr. de Lancy Ferguson's edition of the *Letters* in the introduction.



# THE TWA DOGS

## A TALE

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,  
That bears the name o' *Auld King Coil*,  
Upon a bonie day in June,  
When wearing thro' the afternoon,  
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,  
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæsar*,  
Was keepit for his Honor's pleasure:  
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,  
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,  
But whalpit some place far abroad,  
Whare sailors gang to fish for Cod.

His lockèd, letter'd, braw brass collar,  
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar:  
But tho' he was o' high degree,  
The fient a pride na pride had he;  
But wad hae spent an hour caressin',  
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gypsey's messin'.  
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,  
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sac duddie,  
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,  
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collic,  
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,  
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him, .

thrang]	busy	lugs]	ears	whalpit]	whelped	braw]	fine
fient]	devil	messin]	mongrel	smiddie]	smithy	tawted]	
matted		duddie]	ragged	stroan't]	micturated	billie]	fellow

And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,  
 After some dog in Highland sang,  
 Was made lang syne;—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,  
 As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.  
 His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,  
 Ay gat him friends in ilka place.  
 His breast was white, his touzie back  
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;  
 His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,  
 Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,  
 An' unco pack an' thick thegither;  
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,  
 Whyles mice an' moudieworts they howkit;  
 Whyles scour'd awa' in lang excursion,  
 An' worry'd ither in diversion;  
 Until, wi' daffin weary grown,  
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,  
 And there began a lang digression  
 About the *lords o' the creation*.

#### CÆSAR

I've aften wonder'd, honest *Luath*,  
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;  
 An' when the gentry's life I saw,  
 What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

lang syne]	long ago	gash]	intelligent	lap]	leapt	sheugh]
stone fence	sonsie]	big and	jolly	baws'nt]	white	streaked
ilka]	every	touzie]	shaggy	gawcie]	joyous	hurdies]
buttocks	unco]	uncommonly	pack]	confidential	whyles]	
sometimes	snowkit]	smelled	moudieworts]	moles	howkit]	
dug out	daff.n]	merriment	knowe]	hillock	ava]	at all

Our Laird gets in his rackèd rents,  
 His coals, his kain, an' a' his stents:  
 He rîses when he likes himsel;  
 His flunkies answer at the bell;  
 He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;  
 He draws a bonie silken purse  
 As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the steeks,  
 The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's naught but toiling,  
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;  
 An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,  
 Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan  
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' siclike trashtrie,  
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.

Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,  
 Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,  
 Better than ony tenant man  
 His Honour has in a' the lan':  
 An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,  
 I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH

Trowth, *Cæsar*, whyles they're fash't enough;  
 A cotter howkin in a sheugh,  
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,  
 Baring a quarry, and siclike,  
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,  
 A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,

kain]	rents in kind	stents]	dues	steeks]	stitches	
keeks]	peeps	stechin]	cramming	pechan]	stomach	
wonner]	wonder	pit]	put	painch]	paunch	
bothered	howkin]	digging	sheugh]	ditch	biggin]	
building	smytrie]	litter	duddie]	ragged	weans]	children

An' nought but his han' darg, to keep  
Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,  
Like loss o' health or want o' masters,  
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,  
An' they maun starve o' cauld an' hunger:  
But, how it comes, I never kend yet,  
They're maistly wonderfu' contented;  
And buirdly chieils, an' clever hizzies,  
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

## CÆSAR

But, then, to see how ye're negleckit,  
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespek it!  
L—d, man, our gentry care as little  
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;  
They gang as saucy by poor folk  
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day,  
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,  
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,  
How they maun thole a factor's snash:  
He'll stamp and threaten, curse an' swear,  
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;  
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,  
And hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!

I see how folk live that hac riches;  
But surely poor folk maun be wretches?

han' darg]	hand labour	thack]	thatch	rape]	rope
buirdly	chieils]	stout lads	hizzies]	young women	brock]
badger	wae]	sad thole]	endure	snash]	abuse poind]
seize	gear]	'belongings			



They're no sac wretched 's ane wad think;  
 Tho' constantly on poortith's brink:  
 They're sac accustom'd wi' the sight,  
 The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sac guided,  
 They're aye in less or mair provided;  
 An' tho' fatigued wi' close employment,  
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,  
 Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;  
 The prattling things are just their pride,  
 That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy  
 Can mak the bodies unco happy;  
 They lay aside their private cares,  
 To mind the Kirk and State affairs:  
 They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,  
 Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,  
 Or tell what new taxation's comin',  
 An' ferlie at the folk in *Lon'on*.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns  
 They get the jovial, ranting kirns,  
 When *rural life*, o' ev'ry station,  
 Unite in common recreation;  
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth  
 Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins  
 They bar the door on frosty winds;

poortith's] poverty's      blink] moment      grushie] growing  
 nappy] strong ale      ferlie] marvel      kirns] harvest-homes

The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,  
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;  
 The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,  
 Are handed round wi' right guid will;  
 The cantic auld folks, crackin crouse,  
 The young anes rantin thro the house,—  
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,  
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,  
 Sic game is now owre aften play'd.  
 There's monie a creditable stock  
 O' decent, honest fawsont folk,  
 Are riven out baith root and branch,  
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,  
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster  
 In favour wi' some gentle Master,  
 Wha, aiblins, thrang a-parliamentin,  
 For Britain's guid his saul indentin—

## CÆSAR

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;  
*For Britain's guid!* guid faith! I doubt it.  
 Say, rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,  
 An' saying *aye* or *no*'s they bid him  
 At operas an' plays parading,  
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;  
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft,  
 To *Hague* or *Calais* tak a waft,  
 To mak a tour, an' tak a whirl,  
 To learn *bon ton*, an' see the worl'.

ream] cream  
 cantie] happy  
 rantin] romping

luntin] smoking  
 crackin] conversing  
 fawsont] respectable

sneeshin] snuff  
 crouse] briskly  
 aiblins] perhaps

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*,  
 He rives his father's auld entails;  
 Or by *Madrid* he tak's the rout,  
 To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt;  
 Or down Italian vista startles,  
 Wh-re-hunting among groves o' myrtles:  
 Then bouses drumly German water,  
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter,  
 And clear the consequential sorrows,  
 Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.  
*For Britain's guid!* for her destruction!  
 Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate  
 They waste sae mony a braw estate!  
 Are we sae foughten an' harass'd  
 For gear to gang that gate at last?

O would they stay aback frae courts,  
 An' please themsels wi' countra sports,  
 It wad for ev'ry ane be better,  
 The Laird, the Tenant, and the Cotter!  
 For thae frank, rantin ramblin billies,  
 Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;  
 Except for breakin o' their timmer,  
 Or speakin lightly o' their limmer,  
 Or shootin o' a hare or moorcock,  
 The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master *Cæsar*,  
 Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?

rives]	splits	fecht]	fight	nowt]	cattle	bouses]
drinks	drumly]	muddy	gear]	possessions	gate]	way
haet]	one	timmer]	timber	limmer]	mistress	

Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,  
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

## CÆSAR

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,  
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.,

It's true they needna starve or sweat,  
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;  
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,  
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes:  
But human bodies are sic fools,  
For a' their colleges and schools,  
That when nae real ills perplex them,  
They mak enow themsels to vex them;  
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,  
In like proportion less will hurt them.  
A country fellow at the pleugh,  
His acre's till'd, he's right enough;  
A country girl at her wheel,  
Her dizzen's done, she's unco well:  
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,  
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.  
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;  
Tho' deal haet ails them, yet uneasy;  
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless;  
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;  
An' even their sports, their balls an' races,  
Their galloping through public places,  
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,  
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.  
The men cast out in party matches,  
Then sowther a' in deep debauches;

steer]	touch	granes]	groans	sturt]	fret	dizzen]	dozen
(reels)		ev'ndown]	positive	deal haet]	nothing	sowther]	
solder							

Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,  
 Nies<sup>t</sup> day their life is past enduring.  
 The Ladies<sup>a</sup> arm-in-arm in clusters,  
 As great an' gracious a' as sisters;  
 But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,  
 They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.  
 Whyles, o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,  
 They sip the scandal potion pretty;  
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks  
 Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;  
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,  
 An' cheat like onie unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exception, man an' woman;  
 But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,  
 An' darker gloaming brought the night:  
 The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone;  
 The kye stood rowtin i' the loan;  
 When up they gat, and shook their lugs,  
 Rejoic'd they were na *men*, but *dogs*;  
 An' each took aff his several way,  
 Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

niest] next	run deils] perfect devils	jads] jades	lee-
lang] livelong	devil's pictur'd beuks] playing-cards		bum-
clock] humming beetle	kye] cattle	rowtin] lowing	loan]
lane			

## SCOTCH DRINK

Gie him strong drink, until he wink,  
 That's sinking in despair;  
 An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,  
 That's prest wi' grief an' care:  
 There let him bouse, an' deep carouse,  
 Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,  
 Till he forgets his *loves* or *debts*,  
 An' minds his griefs no more.

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other poets raise a fracas  
 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drucken *Bacchus*.  
 An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,  
                     An' grate<sup>o</sup>ur lug,  
 I sing the juice *Scots bear* can mak us,  
                     In glass or jug.

O thou, my *Muse!* guid auld *Scotch drink*;  
 Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink,  
 Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,  
                     In glorious faem,  
 Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,  
                     To sing thy name!

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,  
 An' Aits set up their awnie horn,  
 An' Pease an' Beans, at e'en or morn,  
                     Perfume the plain,  
 Leeze me on thee, *John Barleycorn*,  
                     Thou king o' grain!

bouse]	drink	drucken]	drunken	lug]	ear	bear]	barley
wimplin]	winding	jink]	dodge	ream]	seep	like	cream
faem]	foam	'naughs]	low-lying lands	aits]	oats	awnie]	
bearded		leeze me]	blessings from me				

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,  
 In souple scones, the wale o' food!  
 Or tumblin in the boiling flood  
     Wi' kail an' beef;  
 But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,  
     There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin;  
 Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin  
 When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin;  
     But, oil'd by thee,  
 The wheels of life gae down-hill, scrievin,  
     Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;  
 Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;  
 Thou strings the nerves o' Labor sair,  
     At's weary toil;  
 Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair  
     Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy siller weed,  
 Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head;  
 Yet humbly kind in time o' need,  
     The poor man's wine,  
 His wee drap parritch, or his bread,  
     Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;  
 But thee, what were our fairs and rafts?  
 Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,  
     By thee inspir'd,

chows]	chews	cood]	cud	souple]	supple	wale]	best
wame]	stomach	scrievin]	carcering	doited]	stupefied	lear]	
learning	sair]	sore	aft]	often	weed]	dress	kitchens]
seasons	rants]	merrymakings					

When gaping they besiege the tents,  
Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,  
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in!  
Or reekin on a New-year morning  
In cog or bicker,  
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,  
An' gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,  
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,  
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath  
I' th' lugget caup!  
Then *Burnewin* comes on like death  
At ev'ry chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;  
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,  
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,  
The strong forehammer,  
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel  
Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin weanies see the light,  
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,  
How fumblin cuifs their dearies slight;  
Wae worth the name!  
Nae howdie gets a social night,  
Or plack frae them.

reams]	rises	horn]	horn cup	reekin]	smoking	cog]
wooden dish		bicker]	wooden bowl	gusty]	tasty	sucker]
sugar	grait]	harness	freath]	froth	lugget]	cared, handled
caup]	cup	Burnewin]	blacksmith	chaup]	stroke	airn]
iron	bainie]	bony	chie]	fellow	owrehip]	from hip over
shoulder	studdie]	anvil	skirlin]	squalling	weanies]	
children	cuif]	dolts	wae worth]	woe befall	howdie]	
midwife	plack]	coin				



When neebors anger at a plea,  
 An' júst as wud as wud can be,  
 How easy can the *barley-bree*  
                                           Cement the quarrel!  
 It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,  
                                           To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason  
 To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!  
 But mony daily weet their weason  
                                           Wi' liquors nice,  
 An' hardly, in a winter's season,  
                                           E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that *brandy*, burning trash!  
 F'ell source o' monie a pain an' brash!  
 Twins monie a poor, doylt, drucken hash,  
                                           O' half his days;  
 An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash  
                                           To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well!  
 Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,  
 Poor, plackless devils like mysel!  
                                           It sets you ill,  
 Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,  
                                           Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wench,  
 An' gouts torment him inch by inch,  
 Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch  
                                           O' sour disdain,

wud] mad	bree] brew	wyte] charge	weason] weasand
spier] inquire	brash] illness	twins] robs	doylt] stupid
hash] oaf	mell] meddle	blather] bladder	gruntle] face
glunch] growl			

Out owre a glass o' *whisky punch*  
 Wi' honest men!

O *Whisky*! soul o' plays an' pranks!  
 Accept a Bardie's humble thanks!  
 When wanting thee, what tuncless cranks  
     Are my poor verses!  
 Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks  
     At ither's a—s!

Thee, *Ferintosh*! O sadly lost!  
 Scotland, lament frae coast to coast!  
 Now colic grips, an' barkin hoast,  
     May kill us a';  
 For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast  
     Is ta'en awa!

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,  
 Wha mak the *Whisky stells* their prize!  
 Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice, thrice!  
     'There, seize the blinkers!  
 An' bake them up in brunstane pies  
     For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still  
 Hale brecks, a scone, an' *Whisky gill*,  
 An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,  
     Tak a' the rest,  
 An' deal 't about as thy blind skill  
     Directs thee best.

out owre] about      hoast] cough      stells] stills      blinkers]  
 spies      brunstane] brimstone      hale] whole      brecks] breeches  
 rowth] plenty

# THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE  
HOUSE OF COMMONS

'Dearest of distillation! last and best!  
——How art thou lost!——'

PARODY ON MILTON.

YE Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,  
Wha *represent* our brughs an' shires,  
An' doucely manage our affairs  
In parliament,  
To you a simple *Bardie's* prayers  
Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roupet Muse is hearse!  
Your Honors heart wi' grief 'twad pierce,  
To see her sittin' on her a——  
Low i' the dust,  
An' screechin out prosaic verse,  
An' like to brust!

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,  
*Scotland* an' *me* 's in great affliction,  
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction  
On *Aquavitæ*;  
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,  
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon *Premier Youth*  
The honest, open, naked truth:  
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,  
His servants humble:

roupet] having a cold      hearse] hoarse  
drouth] thirst

The muckle devil draw ye south,  
If ye dissemble!

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom;  
Speak out, an' never fash your thumb!  
Let posts and pensions sink or soop  
Wi' them wha grant 'em:  
If honestly they canna come,  
Far better want 'em.

In gath'rin votes you were na slack;  
Now stand as tightly by your tack;  
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,  
An' hum an' haw;  
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack  
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissle;  
Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whistle;  
An' damn'd Exeiscemen in a bussle,  
Seizin' a *Stell*,  
Triumphant crushin' t like a mussel  
Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,  
A blackguard Smuggler right behint her,  
An' check-for-chow a chuffie Vintner,  
Colleaguin join,  
Picking her pouch as bare as Winter  
Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' *Scot*,  
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,

glunch]	growl	fash]	bother	soom]	swim	lug]	ear
fidge]	wriggle	crack]	tale	greeting]	weeping	thrissle]	
thistle	mutchkin]	pint	stoup]	pot	toom]	empty	stell]
still	lampit]	limpet	chuffie]	fat-faced			

To see his poor auld Mither's *pot*  
                                         Thus dung in staves,  
 And plunder'd o' her hindmost groat  
                                         By gallows knaves ?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,  
 Trode i' the mire out o' sight!  
 But could I like *Montgomeries* fight,  
                                         Or gab like *Boswell*,  
 There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,  
                                         An' tie some hose well.

God bless your Honors, can ye see 't,  
 The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,  
 An' no get warmly to your feet,  
                                         An' gar them hear it,  
 An' tell them wi' a patriot-heat,  
                                         Ye winna bear it!

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,  
 To round the period an' pause,  
 An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause  
                                         To mak harangues;  
 Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's  
                                         Auld Scotland's wrangs.

*Dempster*, a true blue Scot I'se warran;  
 Thee, aith-detesting, chaste *Kilkerran*;  
 An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,  
                                         The Laird o' *Graham*;  
 An' anc, a chap that's damn'd auldfarran,  
                                         *Dundas* his name.

dung] broken	gab] talk	sark] shirt	cantie] cheerfu
carlin] old woman	gar] make	ken] know	alth] oath
glib-gabbet] smooth-tongued		auldfarran] shrewd	



An' strive, wi' a' your Wit and Lear,  
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,  
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;  
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!  
E'en cove the caddie!  
An' send him to his dicing box  
An' sportin lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld *Boconnock's*  
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,  
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's,\*  
Nine times a week,  
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,  
Wad kindly seek.

Could he some *commutation* broach,  
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,  
He need na fear their foul reproach  
Nor crudition,  
Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,  
The *Coalition*.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;  
She's just a devil wi' a rung;  
An' if she promise auld or young  
To tak their part,  
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,  
She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen *Five-and-Forty*,  
May still your Mither's heart support ye;

\* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in *Mauchline*, where he sometimes studies Politics over a glass of gude auld *Scotch Drink*.

lear]	learning	caddie]	varlet	mashlum]	mixed-meal
winnocks]	windows	raucle]	bitter	rung]	cudgel

Then, though a Minister grow dorty,  
     An' kick your place,  
 Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,  
     Before his face.

God bless your Honors a' your days,  
 Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,  
 In spite o' a' the thievish kaes,  
     That haunt St. *Jamie's*!  
 Your humble Poet sings and prays  
     While *Rab* his name is.

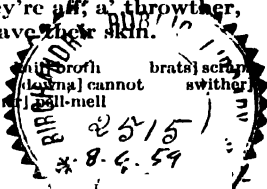
## POSTSCRIPT

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies  
 See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise;  
 Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,  
     But blythe and frisky,  
 She eyes her free-born, martial boys,  
     Tak aff their Whisky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,  
 While Fragrance blooms and Beauty charms!  
 When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,  
     The scented groves,  
 Or hounded forth, dishonor arms  
     In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burthen on their shouter;  
 They downa bide the stink o' powther;  
 Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither  
     To stan' or rin,  
 Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther,  
     To save their skin.

dorty]	sullen	sowps]	sups	with]	droft	brats]	scrip
claise]	clothes	kaes]	jackdaws	downa]	cannot	swither]	
doubt	skelp]	crack	throwther]	bill-mell			





But bring a *Scotsman* frae his hill,  
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,  
Say, such is royal *George's* will,  
An' there's the foc,  
He has nae thought but how to kill  
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;  
 Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him ;  
 Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him ;  
                                           An' when he fa's,  
 His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him  
                                           In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemp een may steek,  
An' raise a philosophic reek,  
An' physically causes seek,  
In clime an' season ;  
But tell me *Whisky's* name in Greek,  
I'll tell the reason.

**Scotland, my auld, respected Mither!**  
**Tho' whiles ye moistify your leather,**  
**Till when ye speak, ye aiblins blether;**  
**Yet deil mak matter!**  
*Freedom and whisky gang thegither!—*  
**Tak aff your whitter.**

cen] eyes      steek] shut      reek] smoke      aiblins] possibly  
whitter] a hearty draught

## THE HOLY FAIR

A robe of seeming truth and trust  
 Hid crafty Observation;  
 And secret hung, with poison'd crust,  
 The dirk of Defamation:  
 A mask that like the gorget show'd,  
 Dye-varying on the pigeon;  
 And for a mantle large and broad  
 He wrapt him in *Religion*.—HYPOCRISY À LA MODE.

## I

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,  
 When Nature's face is fair,  
 I walkèd forth to view the corn,  
 An' snuff the caller air.  
 The rising sun owre *Galston* muirs  
 Wi' glorious light was glintin;  
 The hares were hirplin down the furs,  
 The lav'rocks they were chantin  
 Fu' sweet that day.

## II

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,  
 To see a scene sae gay,  
 Three Hizzies, early at the road,  
 Cam skelpin up the way,  
 Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,  
 But ane wi' lyart lining;  
 The third, that gaed awec a-back,  
 Was in the fashion shining  
 Fu' gay that day.

caller]	cool	hirplin]	hopping	furs]	furrows	lav'rocks]
larks	glowr'd]	gazed	hizzies]	young women	skelping]	
walking	briskly	lyart]	grey	gaed]	walked	awec] a little

## III

The *twof* appear'd like sisters twin,  
 In feature, form, an' claes!  
 Their visage, wither'd, lang, an' thin,  
 An' sour as ony slacs:  
 The *third* cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,  
 As light as ony lambie,  
 An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,  
 As soon as e'er she saw me,  
 Fu' kind that day.

## IV

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, 'Sweet lass,  
 I think ye seem to ken me;  
 I'm sure I've stén that bonie face,  
 But yet I canna name ye.'  
 Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,  
 And taks me by the hands,  
 'Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck  
 Of a' the ten commands  
 A screed some day.

## V

'My name is *Fun*—your cronie dear,  
 The nearest friend ye hae;  
 An' this is *Superstition* here,  
 An' that's *Hypocrisy*.  
 I'm gaun to Mauchline *Holy Fair*,  
 To spend an hour in daffin:  
 Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,  
 We will get famous laughin  
 At them this day.'

claes] clothes      slacs] sloes      lowp] a jump      curchie]  
 courtsey      feck] bulk      screed] rip      daffin] merry-making  
 runkl'd] wrinkled

## VI

Quoth I, 'With a' my heart, I'll do't;  
 I'll get my Sunday's sark on,  
 An' meet you on the holy spot;  
 Faith, we 'se hae fine remarkin'!  
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time  
 An' soon I made me ready;  
 For roads were clad, frae side to side,  
 Wi' monie a weary body,  
 In droves that day.

## VII

Here farmers gash, in ridin graith  
 Gaed hoddin by their cotters;  
 There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,  
 Are springin o'er the gutters.  
 The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,  
 In silks an' scarlets glitter;  
 Wi' *sweet-milk cheese*, in monie a whang,  
 An' *furls*, bak'd wi' butter,  
 Fu' crump that day.

## VIII

When by the *plate* we set our nose,  
 Weel heapèd up wi' ha'pence,  
 A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,  
 An' we maun draw our tippence.  
 Then in we go to see the show,  
 On ev'ry side they're gathrin,

sark] shirt	crowdie] porridge	gash] sensible	graith]
kit	hoddin] jogging	barefit] barefooted	thrang]
thronged	whang] a large slice	furls] small cakes	crump]
crisp			

Some carrying dales, some chairs an' stools,  
 An' some are busy blethrin  
 Right loud that day.

IX

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,  
 An' screen our countra Gentry,  
 There, *racer Jess*, and twa-three wh-res,  
 Are blinkin at the enty.  
 Here sits a raw o' tittlin' jades,  
 Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,  
 An' there a batch o' wabster lads,  
 Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock,  
 For *fun* this day.

X

Here, some are thinkin on their sins,  
 An' some upo' their claes;  
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,  
 Anither sighs an' prays:  
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,  
 Wi' screw'd up, grace-proud faces;  
 On that a set o' Chaps at watch,  
 Thrang winkin on the lasses  
 To chairs that day.

XI

O happy is that man an' blest!  
 Nae wonder that it pride him!

dales] planks      blethrin] talking nonsense  
 whispering      wabster] weaver      fyl'd] dirtied  
 sample      thrang] busy

tittlin']  
 swatch]

Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,  
 Comes clinkin down beside him!  
 Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,  
 He sweetly does compose him;  
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,  
 An 's loof upon her bosom,  
 Unkend that day.

## XII

Now a' the congregation o'er  
 Is silent expectation;  
 For Moodie speels the holy door,  
 Wi' tidings o' damnation.  
 Should *Hornie*, as in ancient days,  
 'Mang sons o' God present him,  
 The vera sight o' Moodie's face,  
 To's ain het hame had sent him  
 Wi' fright that day.

## XIII

Hear how he clears the points o' faith  
 Wi' rattlin an' thumpin!  
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,  
 He's stampin an' he's jumpin!  
 His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,  
 His eldritch squel and gestures,  
 Oh, how they fire the heart devout,  
 Like cantharidian plasters,  
 On sic a day!

clinkin]	sitting	loof]	palm	unkend]	unnoticed
speels]	climbs	ain]	own	het]	hot
				eldritch]	unearthly

## XIV

But, hark! the *tent* has chang'd its voice;  
 There's peace and rest nae langer:  
 For a' the *real judges* rise,  
 They canna sit for anger.  
 Smith opens out his cauld harangues  
 On practice and on morals;  
 An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,  
 To gie the jars an' barrels  
 A lift 'that day.

## XV

What signifies his barren shine,  
 Of moral pow'rs and reason?  
 His English style, an' gesture fine,  
 Are a' clean out o' season.  
 Like *Socrates* or *Antonine*,  
 Or some auld pagan Heathen,  
 The moral man he does define,  
 But ne'er a word o' faith in  
 That's righ' that day.

## XVI

In guid time comes an antidote  
 Against sic poison'd nostrum;  
 For Pebbles, frae the water-fit,  
 Ascends the holy rostrum:  
 See, up he's got the word o' God,  
 An' meek an' mim has view'd it,  
 While *Common-Sense* has ta'en the road,  
 An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,  
 Fast, fast, that day.

water-fit] river's mouth

mim] prig

## XVII

Wee Miller, niest the Guard relieves,  
 An' Orthodoxy raibles,  
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes  
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables:  
 But, faith! the birkie wants a Manse,  
 So, cannily he hums them;  
 Altho' his carnal wit an' sense  
 Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him  
 At times that day.

## XVIII

Now but an' ben, the Change-house fills,  
 Wi' yill-caup Commentators:  
 Here's crying out for bakes and gills,  
 And there the pint-stowp clatters;  
 While thick an' thrang, an' loud, an' lang,  
 Wi' Logic, and wi' scripture,  
 They raise a din, that, in the end,  
 Is like to breed a rupture  
 O' wrath that day.

## XIX

Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair,  
 Than either School or College:  
 It kindles Wit, it waukens Lair,  
 It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.  
 Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,  
 Or ony stronger potion,

niest] next	raibles] gabbles	birkie] fellow	hums]
humbugs	hafflins] half	but an' ben] front and back	yill-
caup] ale cup	bakes] biscuits	leeze me on] dear to me is	
lair] learning	pangs] crams	wheep] small beer	



It never fails, on drinking deep,  
To kittle up our notion,  
By night or day.

XX

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent  
To mind baith saul an' body,  
Sit round the table, weel content,  
An' steer about the toddy.  
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,  
They're making observations;  
While some are cozie i' the neuk,  
An' formin assignations  
To meet some day.

XXI

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,  
Till a' the hills are rairin,  
An' echoes back return the shouts:  
Black Russell is na spairin:  
His piercing words, like Highlan swords,  
Divide the joints an' marrow;  
His talk o' Hell, whare devils dwell,  
Our vera 'sauls' does harrow\*  
Wi' fright that day.

XXII

A vast, unbottom'd boundless pit,  
Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,  
Whase ragin flame, an' scorchin heat,  
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!

\* Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

kittle] tickle  
stane] granite

neuk] corner

lowin'] burning

whun-

The half asleep start up wi' fear,  
 An' think they hear it roarin,  
 When presently it does appear  
   'Twas but some neebor snorin  
                   Asleep that day.

## XXIII

'Twad be owre lang a tale, to tell  
 How mony stories past,  
 An' how they crowd'd to the yill,  
 When they were a' dismiss't:  
 How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,  
 Amang the furms an' benches;  
 An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,  
 Was dealt about in lunghes,  
                   An' dawds that day.

## XXIV

In comes a gaucie, gash Guidwife,  
 An' sits down by the fire,  
 Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife,  
 The lasses they are shyer.  
 The auld Guidmen, about the *grace*,  
 Frae side to side they bother,  
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,  
 An' gi'es them 't like a tether,  
                   Fu' lang that day.

## XXV

Waesucks! for him that gets nac lass,  
 Or lasses that hae naething!

cogs] wooden	vessels	dawds] lumps	gaucie] jelly
syne] then	kebbuck] cheese	tether] rope	waesucks]
alas			

Sma' need has he to say a grace,  
 Or melvie his braw claithing!  
 O Wives, be mindfu' ance yoursel  
 How bonie lads ye wanted,  
 An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,  
 Let lasses be affronted  
 On sic a day!

XXVI

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattl'n' tow,  
 Begins to jow an' croon;  
 Some swagger hame, the best they dow,  
 Some wait the afternoon.  
 At slaps the billies halt a blink,  
 Till lasses strip their shoon:  
 Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,  
 They're a' in famous tune,  
 For crack that day.

XXVII

How monie hearts this day converts  
 O' Sinners and o' Lasses!  
 Their hearts o' stane gin night are gane,  
 As saft as ony flesh is.  
 There's some are fou o' love divine;  
 There's some are fou o' brandy;  
 An' monie jobs that day begin  
 May end in Houghmagandie  
 Some ither day.

melvie] soil      tow] rope      jow] swing      croon] toll      dow]  
 can      slaps] gaps      blink] moment      gin] before      hough-  
 magandie] fornication

## ADDRESS TO THE DEIL

'O Prince! O Chief of many thronèd Pow'rs,  
That led th' embattl'd Seraphim to war'—MILTON.

## I

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,  
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,  
Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,  
Clos'd under hatches,  
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,  
To scaud poor wretches!

## II

Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,  
An' let poor damnèd bodies be;  
I'm sure sina' pleasure it can gie,  
E'en to a *deil*,  
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,  
An' hear us squeel!

## III

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;  
Far kend and noted is thy name;  
An' tho yon lowin heugh's thy hame,  
Thou travels far;  
An', faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,  
Nor blate nor scaur.

Clootie]	Hoofle	spairges]	splashes	cootie]	dish	scaud]
scald	skelp]	slap	scaud]	strike	lowin]	flaming
hollow	lag]	backward	blate]	bashful	scaur]	afrald

## IV

Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,  
 For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin;  
 Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin  
     Tirling the kirks;  
 Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,  
     Unseen thou lurks.

## V

I've heard my reverend *Graunie* say,  
 In lanely glens ye like to stray;  
 Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,  
     Nod to the moon,  
 Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way  
     Wi' eldritch croon.

## VI

When twilight did my *Graunie* summon,  
 To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman!  
 Aft yont the dyke she's hear' vou bummin,  
     Wi' cerie drone;  
 Or, rustlin, thro' the boortries comin,  
     Wi' heavy groan.

## VII

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,  
 The stars shot down wi' sklentín light,  
 Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,  
     Ayont the lough;

whyles] sometimes	tirling] stripping	eldritch] unearthly
yont] beyond	bummin] humming	boortries] elders
sklentín] slanting	ayont] beyond	lough] lake

Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,  
Wi' waving sugh.

## VIII

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,  
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,  
When, wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick,  
Amang the springs,  
Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,  
On whistling wings.

## IX

Let *warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *hags*,  
Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,  
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,  
Wi' wicked speed;  
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,  
Owre howkit dead.

## X

Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,  
May plunge an' plunge the kirk in vain;  
For, Oh! the yellow treasure's taen  
By witching skill;  
An' dawtit, twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen  
As yell's the Bill.

rash-bush]	clump of rushes	sugh]	moan	nieve]	flst
stoor]	harsh	ragweed]	ragwort	howkit]	dug up
churn	dawtit]	petted	twal]	twelve	Hawkie]
yell]	dry	bill]	bull		

## XI

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,  
 On young Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse;  
 When the best wark-lume i' the house,  
     By cantraip wit,  
 Is instant made no worth a louse,  
     Just at the bit.

## XII

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,  
 An' float the jinglin' icy-boord,  
 Then *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord,  
     By your direction,  
 An' nighted Trav'lers are allur'd  
     To their destruction.

## XIII

An' aft your moss-traversing *Spunkies*  
 Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:  
 The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkeys  
     Delude his eyes,  
 Till in some miry slough he sunk is,  
     Ne'er mair to rise.

## XIV

When *Masons'* mystic word an' grip  
 In storms an' tempests raise you up,

guidmen]	husbands	crouse]	confident	wark-lume]	tool
cantraip]	magic	bit]	crisis	thowes]	thaws
will o' the wisps		bleezin]	blazing	Spunkies]	

XV

XVI

XVII

yard] garden	snick] latch	brogue] trick	shog] shake
bizz] flurry	reekit] smoked	duds] clothes	reestit]
smoke-dried	gizz] wig	smoutie] smutty	sklented]
squinted			



## XVIII

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,  
 An' brak him out o' house an' hal',  
 While scabs an' botches did him gall,  
     Wi' bitter claw,  
 And lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl,  
     Was warst ava ?

## XIX

But a' your doings to rehearse,  
 Your wily snares an' fechtin' fierce,  
 Sin' that day *Michael*\* did you pierce,  
     Down to this time,  
 Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,  
     In prose or rhyme.

## XX

An' now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkin,  
 A certain Bardie 's rantin, drinkin,  
 Some luckless hour will send him linkin  
     To your black pit ;  
 But, faith ! he'll turn a corner jinkin,  
     An' cheat you yet.

## XXI

But, fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben* !  
 O wad ye tak a thought an' men' !  
 Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken---  
     Still hae a *stake* --  
 I'm wae to think upo' yon den,  
     Ev'n for your sake !

\* Vide Milton, Book VI.

lows'd]	loosed	scawl]	scolding	ava]	of all	fechtin']
fighting	ding]	beat	Lallan]	Lowland	linkin]	hurrying
jinkin]	dodging	ablins]	perhaps	wae]	saft	

# THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YQWE

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE

As *Mailie*, an' her lambs thegither,  
Were ae day nibblin' on the tether,  
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,  
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch:  
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,  
While Hughoc he cam doytin by.  
Wi' glowrin' een an' lifted han's,  
Poor *Hughoc*\* like a statue stan's;  
He saw her days were near hand ended,  
But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!  
He gapèd wide, but naething spak;  
At length poor *Mailie* silence brak.

'O thou, whase lamentable face  
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!  
My *dying words* attentive hear,  
An' bear them to my Master dear.

'Tell him, if e'er again he keep  
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,  
O, bid him never tie them mair  
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!  
But ca' them out to park or hill,  
An' let them wander at their will:  
So may his flock increase, an' grow  
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'!

\* A nelbor herd-callan.

Mailie] Molly	yowe] ewe	cloot] hoof	coost] cast
warsl'd] floundered	doytin] doddering	glowrin'] staring	
waes] alas	'gear] money		

‘Tell him, he was a Master kin’,  
 An’ ay ~~was~~ guid to me and mine;  
 An’ now my dying charge I gie him,  
 My helpless lambs I trust them wi’ him.

‘O, bid him save their harmless lives,  
 Frac dogs, an’ tods, an’ butchers’ knives!  
 But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,  
 Till they be fit to fend themsel;  
 An’ tent them duly, e’er an’ morn,  
 Wi’ teats o’ hay, an’ rippis o’ corn.

‘An’ may they never learn the gaets  
 Of ither vile, wanrestfu’ *pets*!  
 To slink thro’ slaps, an’ reave an’ steal,  
 At stacks o’ pease, or stocks o’ kail.  
 So may they, like their great Forbears,  
 For monie a year come thro’ the sheers:  
 So wives will gie them bits o’ bread,  
 An’ bairns greet for them when they’re dead.

‘My poor *toop-lamb*, my son an’ heir,  
 O, bid him breed him up wi’ care!  
 An’ if he live to be a beast,  
 To pit some havins in his breast!  
 An’ warn him, what I winna name,  
 To stay content wi’ yowes at hame;  
 An’ no to rin an’ wear his cloots,  
 Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

‘An’ niest my *yowie*, silly thing,  
 Gude keep thee frae a tether string!

tods] foxes	teats] small quantities	rippis] handfuls	gaets]
habits	wanrestfu'] restless	slaps] breaches	greet] cry
toop] tup	havins] good manners	menseless]	unmannerly
yowie] ewekin			

O, may thou ne'er forgather up  
 Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop;  
 But aye keep mind to moop an' mell,  
 Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel!

'And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,  
 I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith:  
 An' when you think upo' your Mither,  
 Mind to be kin' to anc anither.

'Now, honest *Hughoc*, dinna fail  
 To tell my Master a' my tale;  
 An' bid him burn this cursed tether,  
 An', for thy pains, thou'se get my blather.'

This said, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,  
 And clos'd her een amang the dead.

### POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,  
 Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose;  
 Our Bardie's fate is at a close,  
     Past a' remead;  
 The last sad cape-stane o' his woes;  
     *Poor Mailie's* dead!

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,  
 That could sae bitter draw the tear,  
 Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear  
     The mourning weed:  
 He's lost a friend and neebor dear,  
     In *Mailie* dead.

moop] nibble	mell] mix	blather] bladder
saut] salt .	warl's] world's	gear] possessions
drooping		dowie]

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him;  
 A lang half-mile she could descry him;  
 Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,  
     She ran wi' speed:  
 A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,  
     Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,  
 An' could behave herself wi' mense:  
 I'll say 't, she never brak a fence,  
     Thro' thievish greed.  
 Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the Spence  
     Sin *Mailie*'s dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,  
 Her living image in her *yowe*,  
 Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,  
     For bits o' bread;  
 An' down the briny pearls rowe  
     For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,  
 Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips;  
 For her forbears were brouglt in ships  
     Frac yont the *Tweed*:  
 A bonnier *fleesh* ne'er cross'd the clips  
     Than *Mailie*'s dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape  
 That vile wanchancie thing—a *rape*!  
 It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,  
     Wi' chokin dread;  
 An' *Robin*'s bonnet wave wi' crape,  
     For *Mailie* dead.

toun] farm	mense] tact	spence] parlour	howe]
hollow	knowe] knoll	rowe] roll	get] born
tips] tups	tawted] matted	ket] fleece	fleesh] fleeces
clips] shears	wae worth] woe befall	wanchancie] unlucky	rape] rope

O, a' ye Bards on bonie *Doon!*  
An' wha on *Ayr* your chanter's tune!  
Come, join the melancholious croon  
O' *Robin's* reed!  
His heart will never get aboon!  
His *Mailie's* dead!

## EPISTLE TO JAMES SMITH

**'Friendship! my terious cement of the soul!  
Sweet'ner of Life, and solder of Society!  
I owe thee much——'** **BLAIR.**

**DEAR SMITH, the sleest, pawkie thief,  
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,  
Ye surely hac some warlock-breef  
Owre human hearts ;  
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief  
Against your arts.**

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,  
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,  
Ye've cost me twenty pair of shoon  
Just gaun to see you ;  
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,  
Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,  
To mak amends for scrimpit stature,  
She's turn'd you off, a human creature  
On her *first* plan ;  
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,  
She's wrote, *the Man*.

aboon] above      sleest]slyest      pawkle]artful      rief]plunder      warlock-breef]  
 wizard power      prief]proof      aboon] above      carlin] old woman  
 scripplit] scant'ed

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,  
 My barmie noddle's working prime,  
 My fancy yerkit up sublime

Wi' hasty summon :

Hae ye a leisure-moment's time  
 To hear what's comin' ?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash ;  
 Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash ;  
 Some rhyme to court the countra clash,

An' raise a din ;

For me, an *aim* I never fash ;  
 I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,  
 Has fated me the russet coat,  
 An' damn'd my fortune to the groat ;

But in requit,

Has blest me wi' a random shot  
 O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen a sklent,  
 To try my fate in guid, black *prent*;  
 But still, the mair I'm that way bent,  
 Something cries, 'Hoolie!

'I rede you, honest man, tak tent!  
 'Ye'll shaw your folly.

'There's ither poets, much your betters,  
 Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o' letters,  
 Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,  
 A' future ages ;

Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,  
 Their unknown pages.'

barmie] frothing      noddle] head      fash] bother about  
 sklent] turn      rede] warn      tent] care

Then farewel hopes o' laurel-boughs,  
 To garland my poetic brows!  
 Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs  
     Are whistling thrang,  
 An' teach the lancelly heights an' howes  
     My rustic sang.

I'll wander on wi' tentless heed  
 How never-halting moments speed,  
 Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;  
     Then, all unknown,  
 I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,  
     Forgot and gone!

But why o' death begin a tale?  
 Just now we're living sound and hale,  
 Then top and maintop croud the sail,  
     Heave *Care* o'er-side!  
 And large, before Enjoyment's gale,  
     Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,  
 Is a' enchanted fairy land,  
 Where Pleasure is the Magic Wand,  
     That, wielded right,  
 Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,  
     Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield;  
 For, ance that five-and-forty's speel'd,  
 Set crazy, weary, joyless Eild,  
     Wi' wrinkl'd face,  
 Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,  
     Wi' creepin pace.

thrang] busily  
 speel'd] climb'd

howes] hollows  
 hostin] coughing

tentless] careless  
 hirplin] limping



When ance *life's day* draws near the gloamin,  
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin;  
An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin,  
An' social noise;  
An' fareweel dear, deluding *woman*,  
The joy of joys!

O Life! how pleasant is thy morning,  
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!  
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,  
We frisk away,  
Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,  
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,  
We eye the rose upon the brier,  
Unmindful that the thorn is near,  
Among the leaves;  
And tho' the puny wound appear,  
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,  
For which they never toil'd nor swat;  
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,  
But care or pain;  
And, haply, eye the barren hut  
With high disdain.

With steady aim, some Fortune chase;  
Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace;  
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,  
And seize the prey;  
Then canie, in some cozie place,  
They close the *day*.

And others, like your humble servan',  
 Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin;  
 To right or left, eternal swervin, '  
     They zig zag on;  
 Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin,  
     They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' straining—  
 But truce with peevish, poor complaining!  
 Is fortune's fickle *Luna* waning?  
     E'en let her gang!  
 Beneath what light she has remaining,  
     Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,  
 And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs!' and warm implore,  
 'Tho' I should wander *Terra* o'er,  
     In all her climes,  
 Grant me but this, I ask no more,  
     Ay rowth o' rhymes.

'Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds,  
 Till icicles hing frae their beards;  
 Gie fine braw clacs to fine Life-guards,  
     And Maids of Honor!  
 And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds,  
     Until they sconner.

A Title, *Dempster* merits it;  
 A Garter gie to *Willie Pitt*;  
 Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit,  
     In cent. per cent.  
 But gie me real, sterling Wit,  
     And I'm content.

rowth] plenty  
 sconner] sicken

clacs] clothes

yill] ale

cairds] tinkers

'While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,  
 I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,  
 Be't *water-brose*, or *muslin-kail*,  
                                     Wi' chearfu' face,  
 As lang's the Muses dinna fail  
                                     To say the grace.'

An anxious e'e I never throws  
 Behint my lug, or by my nose;  
 I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows  
                                     As weel's I may;  
 Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Prose,  
                                     I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,  
 Grave, tideless, blooded, calm and cool,  
 Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!  
                                     How much unlike!  
 Your hearts are just a standing pool,  
                                     Your lives, a dyke!

Nae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces  
 In your unletter'd, nameless faces!  
 In *arioso* trills and graces  
                                     Ye never stray,  
 But, *gravissimo*, solemn basses  
                                     Ye hum away.

Ye are sae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wise*;  
 Nae ferly tho' ye do despise  
 The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,  
                                     The rattlin squad:  
 I see you upward cast your eyes—  
                                     —Ye ken the road.

water-brose] meal and water      muslin-kail] thin broth      lug]  
 ear      jouk] duck      douce] sedate      ferly] wonder

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—  
 Wi' you I'll scarce gang *ony where*—  
 Then, *Jamie*, I shall say nac mair,  
                                 But quat my sang,  
 Content wi' *You* to mak a pair,  
                                 Whare'er I gang.

## THE VISION

## DUAN FIRST\*

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,  
 The Curlers quat their roaring play,  
 An' hunger'd Maukin taen her way  
                                 To kail-yards green,  
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray  
                                 Whare she has been.

The Thresher's weary *flingin-tree*  
 The lee-lang day had tirèd me;  
 And when the Day had clos'd his e'e,  
                                 Far i' the West,  
 Ben i' the *Spence*, right pensivelie,  
                                 I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,  
 I sat and cy'd the spewing reek,  
 That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking sneek,  
                                 The auld, clay biggin;  
 An' heard the restless rattons squeak  
                                 About the riggin.

\* *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive Poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. 2, of M'Pherson's translation.

haud]	hold	quat]	quilt			
quat]	quitted	Maukin]	hare	ilk]	each	
flingin-tree]	flail					
lee-lang]	live-long	ben]	through	spence]	parlour	
reek]						
smoke	hoast]	cough	sneek]	smoke	biggin]	building
ratton]	rat					

All in this mottie, misty clime,  
 I backward mus'd on wasted time,  
 How I had spent my youthfu' prime,  
     And done nae-thing,  
 But stringin blethers up in rhyme,  
     For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,  
 I might, by this, hae led a market,  
 Or strutted in a Bank an' clarkit  
     My cash-account:  
 While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,  
     Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead! coof!  
 And heav'd on high my waukit loof,  
 To swear by a' yon starry roof,  
     Or some rash aith,  
 That I, henceforth, would be *rhyme-proof*  
     Till my last breath—

When, click! the string the snick did draw:  
 And, jee! the door gae'd to the wa';  
 And by my ingle-lowe I saw,  
     Now bleezin bright,  
 A tight, outlandish *Hizzie*, braw,  
     Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;  
 The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht;  
 I glowr'd as eerie 's I'd been dusht  
     In some wild glen;  
 When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,  
     And steppèd ben.

mottie]	dusty	blethers]	nonsense	sarkit]	shirted	coof]
ninny	waukit]	horny	loof]	palm	aith]	oath
snick]						
latch	lowe]	flame	hizzle]	young woman	whisht]	peace
glowr'd]	stared	dusht]	pushed	agalnst		

Green, slender, leaf-clad *Holly-boughs*  
 Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows—  
 I took her for some *Scottish Muse*,  
                                           By that same token ;  
 An' come to stop those reckless vows,  
                                           Wou'd soon been broken.

A 'hare-brain'd, sentimental trace'  
 Was strongly markèd in her face ;  
 A wildly-witty, ristic grace  
                                           Shone full upon her ;  
 Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,  
                                           Beam'd keen with Honor.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,  
 Till half a leg was scrimply seen ;  
 And such a leg! my bonie *Jean*  
                                           Could only peer it ;  
 Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean,  
                                           Nane else came near it.

Her *Mantle* large, of greenish huc,  
 My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;  
 Deep *lights* and *shades*, bold-mingling, threw  
                                           A lustre grand ;  
 And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,  
                                           A *well known Land*.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost ;  
 There, mountains to the skies were tost :  
 Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,  
                                           With surging foam ;  
 There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,  
                                           Thé lordly dome.

scrimply] barely

Here, *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods ;  
There well-fed *Irwine* stately thuds :  
Auld hermit *Ayr* staw thro' his woods,  
    On to the shore ;  
And many a lesser torrent scuds,  
    With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,  
An ancient *Borough* rear'd her head ;  
Still, as in Scottish story read,  
    She boasts a Race  
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,  
    And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r or palace fair,  
Or ruins pendent in the air,  
Bold stems of Heroes, here and there  
    I could discern ;  
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,  
    With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,  
To see a Race\* heroic wheel,  
And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel  
    In sturdy blows ;  
While back-recoiling seem'd to reel  
    Their Suthron foes.

His COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR,† mark him well !  
Bold *Richardton*'s‡ heroic swell ;

\* The Wallaces.

† William Wallace.

‡ Adam Wallace of Richardton, cousin to the Immortal Preserver  
of Scottish Independence.

staw] stole

The chief on *Sark*\* who glorious fell,  
     In high command;  
 And *He* whom ruthless Fates expel  
     His native land.

There, where a sceptred *Pictish* shade†  
 Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,  
 I mark'd a martial race, portray'd  
     In colours strong;  
 Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd  
     They strode along.

‡Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,  
 Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,  
 (Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love,  
     In musing mood),  
 An *aged Judge*, I saw him rove,  
     Dispensing good.

§With deep-struck reverential awe  
 The learn'd *Sire* and *Son* I saw,  
 To Nature's God and Nature's law  
     They gave their lore,  
 This, all its source and end to draw,  
     That, to adore.

\* Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought *anno* 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

† Collus, King of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Collsfield, where his burial-place is still shown.

‡ Barskimming, the seat of the Lord Justice Clerk.

§ Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor Stewart.



*Brydon's* brave ward\* I well could spy,  
Beneath old *Scotia's* smiling eye ;  
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,  
To hand him on,  
Where many a Patriot-name on high  
And Hero shone.

## DUAN SECOND

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,  
I view'd the heav'nly-seeming *Fair*;  
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear  
Of kindred sweet,  
When with an elder Sister's air  
She did me greet.

'All hail! my own inspirèd Bard!  
In me thy native Muse regard!  
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,  
Thus poorly low!  
I come to give thee such reward  
As we bestow.

'Know, the great *Genius* of this Land  
Has many a light, aërial band,  
Who, all beneath his high command,  
Harmoniously,  
As Arts or Arms they understand,  
Their labours ply.

'They *Scotia's* race among them share ;  
Some fire the Soldier on to dare .  
Some rouse the Patriot up to bare  
Corruption's heart :  
Some teach the Bard, a darling care,  
The tuneful art.

\* Colonel Fullarton.

'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,  
They ardent, kindling spirits pour ;  
Or, 'mid the venal Senate's roar,  
                    They, sightless, stand,  
To mend the honest Patriot-lore,  
                    And grace the hand.

'And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,  
Charm or instruct the future age,  
They bind the wild, Poetic rage,  
                    In energy,  
Or point the inconclusive page  
                    Full on the eye.

'Hence *Fullarton*, the brave and young ;  
Hence *Dempster's* zeal-inspired tongue ;  
Hence sweet, harmonious *Beattie* sung  
                    His 'Minstrel lays' ;  
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,  
                    The *Sceptic's* bays.

'To lower orders are assign'd  
The humbler ranks of Human-kind,  
The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,  
                    The Artisan ;  
All chuse, as various they're inclin'd  
                    The various man.

'When yellow waves the heavy grain,  
The threat'ning storm some, strongly, rein ;  
Some teach to meliorate the plain,  
                    With tillage-skill ;  
And some instruct the Shepherd-train,  
                    Blythe o'er the hill.

'Some hint the Lover's harmless wile ;  
Some grace the Maiden's artless smile :  
Some soothe the Lab'rer's weary toil,  
For humble gains,  
And make his cottage-scenes beguile  
His cares and pains.

'Some, bounded to a district-space,  
Explore at large Man's infant race,  
To mark the embryotic trace  
Of *rustic Bard* ;  
And careful note each op'ning grace,  
A guide and guard.

'Of these am I—*Coilu* my name ;  
And this district as mine I claim,  
Where once the *Campbells*, chiefs of fame,  
Held ruling pow'r :  
I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,  
Thy natal hour.

'With future hope, I oft would gaze,  
Fond, on thy little early ways,  
Thy rudely caroll'd, chiming phrase,  
In uncouth rhymes,  
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays,  
Of other times.

'I saw thee seek the sounding shore,  
Delighted with the dashing roar ;  
Or when the North his fleecy store  
Drove thro' the sky,  
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar  
Struck thy young eye.

'Or when the deep green-mantl'd Earth  
Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,  
And joy and music pouring forth  
    In ev'ry grove,  
I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth  
    With boundless love.

'When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,  
Call'd forth the Reaper's rustling noise,  
I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,  
    And lonely stalk,  
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise,  
    In pensive walk.

'When youthful Love, warm-blushing strong,  
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,  
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,  
    Th' adorèd Name,  
I taught thee how to pour in song,  
    To soothe thy flame.

'I saw thy pulse's maddening play,  
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,  
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,  
    By Passion driven;  
But yet the *light* that led astray  
    Was *light* from Heaven.

'I taught thy manners-painting strains,  
The loves, the ways of simple swains,  
Till now, o'er all my wide domains  
    Thy fame extends;  
And some, the pride of *Coila's* plains,  
    Become thy friends.

'Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,  
To paint with *Thomson's* landscape glow ;  
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,  
                    With *Shenstone's* art :  
Or pour, with *Gray*, the moving flow  
                    Warm on the heart.

'Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd Rose,  
The lowly Daisy sweetly blows ;  
Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws  
                    His army shade,  
Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,  
                    Adown the glade.

'Then never murmur nor repine ;  
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;  
And, trust me, not *Potosi's* mine,  
                    Nor King's regard,  
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,  
                    A rustic Bard.

'To give my counsels all in one,  
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;  
Preserve the *Dignity of Man*,  
                    With soul erect ;  
And trust the *Universal Plan*  
                    Will all protect.

'And wear thou this'—she solemn said ;  
And bound the *Holly* round my head :  
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,  
                    Did rustling play ;  
And, like a passing thought, she fled  
                    In light away.

## HALLOWEEN\*

The following Poem will, by many Readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, Notes are added to give some account of the principal Charms and Spells of that night, so big with Prophecy to the Peasantry in the West of Scotland. The passion of prying into Futurity makes a striking part of the history of Human Nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the Author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.—BURNS.

'Yes! et the Rich deride, the Proud disdain  
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;  
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.'

GOLDSMITH.

## I

UPON that night, when fairies light  
On *Cassilis Downans*† dance,  
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,  
On sprightly coursers prance;  
Or for *Colean* the route is ta'en,  
Beneath the moon's pale beams;  
There, up the *Cove*‡ to stray an' rove  
Among the rocks an' streams  
To sport that night.

\* Is thought to be a night when Witches, Devils, and other mischief-making beings are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands; particularly those ærial people, the Fairies, are said, on that night, to hold a grand Anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

‡ A noted cavern near Colean-house, called the Cove of Colean: which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed, in country story, for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

lays] pasture

## II

Amang the bonnie, winding banks  
 Where *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,  
 Where BRUCE\* ance rul'd the martial ranks,  
 An' shook his *Carrick* spear,  
 Some merry, friendly, countra folks,  
 Together did convene,  
 To *burn* their nits, an' *pou* their stocks,  
 An' haud their *Halloween*  
 Fu' blythe that night.

## III

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,  
 Mair braw than when they're fine;  
 Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,  
 Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':  
 The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,  
 Weel knotted on their garten,  
 Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,  
 Gar lasses hearts gang startin  
 Whyles fast at night.

## IV

Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,  
 Their *stocks*† maun a' be sought ance;

\* The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

† The first ceremony of Halloween is pulling each a *Stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune, and the taste of the *cabine*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and

wimplin]	winding	nits]	nuts	pou]	pull	stocks]	cabbage
plants	feat]	spruce	kythe]	show	leal]	loyal	wooer-
babs]	love-knots	garten]	garters	unco]	very	blate]	shy
gabs]	talk	gar]	make	whyles]	sometimes		

They steek their een, an' graip an' wale,  
 For muckle anes an' straught anes,  
 Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,  
 An' wandered through the *Bow-kail*,  
 An' pou't, for want o' better shift,  
 A *run*t was like a sow-tail,  
 Sae bow't that night.

## V

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,  
 They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;  
 The vera wee-things, toddlin, rin  
 Wi' stocks out-owre their shouter;  
 An' gif the *custoc*'s sweet or sour,  
 Wi' joetelegs they taste them;  
 Sync coziely, aboon the door,  
 Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them  
 To lie that night.

## VI

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',  
 To pou their *stalks o' corn* ;\*  
 But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,  
 Behint the muckle thorn:

disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

\* They go to the barnyard and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of Oats. If the third stalk wants the *tap-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed anything but a Maid.

steek] shut    een] eyes    graip] grope    wale] choose    muckle]  
 big    straught] straight    hav'rel] foolish    bow-kail] cabbage  
 pou't] pulled    bow't] bent    throu'ther] pell-mell    joetelegs]  
 clasp-knives    sync] then    aboon] above    cannie] prudent  
 staw] stole    • jinks] dodges



He grippet Nelly hard an' fast ;  
 Loud skirl'd a' the lasses ;  
 But her *tap-pickle* maist was lost  
 When kiutlin in the Fause-house\*  
 Wi' him that night.

## VII

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet *nits*†  
 Are round an' round divided,  
 An' mony lads' an' lasses' fates  
 Are there that night decided :  
 Some kindle, couthie, side by side,  
 An' burn thegither trimly ;  
 Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,  
 And jump out-owre the chimlie  
 Fu' high that night.

## VIII

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie c'e ;  
 Wha 'twas, she wadna tell ;  
 But this is *Jock*, an' this is · e,  
 She says in to hersel :  
 He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,  
 As they wad never mair part ;  
 'Till, fuff! he started up the lum,  
 An' Jean had c'en a sair heart  
 To see 't that night.

\* When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind ; this he calls a *Fause-house*.

† Burning the *nits* is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the Courtship will be.

kiutlin] cuddling      couthie] comfortably      tentie] watchful  
 lum] chimney

## IX

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-kail runt*,  
 Was *brunt* wi' primsie Mallie;  
 An' Mallie, nae doubt, took the drunt,  
 To be compar'd to Willie;  
 Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,  
 An' her ain fit it brunt it;  
 While Willie lap, an' swoor *by jing*,  
 'Twas just the way he wanted  
 To be that night.

## X

Nell had the Fause-house' in her min',  
 She pits hersel an' Rob in;  
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,  
 'Till white in ase they're sobbin:  
 Nell's heart was dancin at the view,  
 She whisper'd Rob to leuk for 't:  
 Rob, stowlins, prie'd her bonie mou,  
 Fu' cozie in the neuk for 't,  
 Unseen that night.

## XI

But Merran sat behint their backs,  
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;  
 She lea'es them gashing at their cracks,  
 An' slips out by hersel:

brunt]	burned	primse]	demure	drunt]	huff	lap]
leapt	ase]	ashes	stowlins]	by	stealth	prie'd]
neuk]	corner	gashing]	chatting	cracks]	talks	tasted

She thro' the yard the nearest taks,  
 An' to the kiln she goes then,  
 An' darklins grapit for the bauks,  
 And in the *blue-clue*\* throws then,  
 Right fear't that night.

## XII

An' aye she win't, an' aye she swat,  
 I wat she made nae jaukin;  
 'Till something held within the pat,  
 Guid L—d! but she was quakin!  
 But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,  
 Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',  
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,  
 She did na wait on talkin  
 To spier that night.

## XIII

Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,  
 'Will ye go wi' me, Graunie?  
 I'll eat the apple† at the glass,  
 I gat frae uncle Johnie':

\* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and, darkling, throw into the *pot*, a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread: demand, *wha hauds?* i.e. who holds; and answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and Sirname of your future Spouse.

† Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

bauks] cross-beams      win't] wound      swat] sweated  
 jaukin] trifling      spier] inquire

She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,  
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin,  
 She notic't na, an aizle brunt  
 Her braw new worset apron  
 Out thro' that night.

## XIV

'Ye little Skelpie-limmer's face!  
 I daur you try sic sportin,  
 As seek the foul Thief ony place,  
 For him to spae your fortune:  
 Nae doubt but ye may get a *sight*!  
 Great cause ye hae to fear it;  
 For monie a ane has gotten a fright,  
 An' liv'd an' di'd delectet,  
 On sic a night.

## XV

Ac Hairst afore the Sherra-moor,  
 I mind't as weel's yestreen,  
 I was a gilpey then, I'm sure  
 I was na past fyfteen:  
 The Simmer had been cauld an' wat,  
 An stuff was unco green;  
 An' aye a rantin kirn we gat,  
 An' just on *Halloween*  
 It fell that night.

lunt] smoke	aizle] cinder	worset] worsted	skelpie-
limmer] mix	spae] tell	delectet] mad	hairst] harvest
gilpey] young girl	rantin] rollicking	kirn] harvest	
home			

## XVI

'Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,  
 A clever, sturdy fallow;  
 His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,  
 That liv'd in Achmacalla:  
 He gat *hemp-seed*,\* I mind it weel,  
 An' he made unco light o't;  
 But monie a day was *by himsel*,  
 He was sa sairly frightened  
 That vera night.'

## XVII

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,  
 An' he swoor by his conscience,  
 That he could *shw hemp-seed* a peck;  
 For it was a' but nonsense.  
 The auld guidman raught down the pock,  
 An' out a handfu' gied him;  
 Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,  
 Sometime when nae ane sec'd him,  
 An' try 't that night.

## XVIII

He marches thro' amang the stacks,  
 Tho' he was something sturtin';

\* Steal out unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed; harrowing it with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, 'Hemp-seed I saw thee, hemp-seed I maw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee.' Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, 'come after me, and shaw thee,' that is, *show* thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, 'come after me and harrow thee.'

stibble-rig] leading reaper      sin] son      wean] child      by  
 himsel] beside himself      sairly] sorely      fechtin] fighting  
 saw] sow      raught] got      pock] bag      sturtin] soared

The *graip* he for a *harrow* taks,  
 An' haurls at his curpin:  
 An' ev'ry now an' then, he says,  
 'Hemp-seed, I saw thee,  
 An' her that is to be my lass,  
 Come after me, and draw thee  
 As fast this night.'

## XIX

He whistl'd up Lord Lennox' march,  
 To keep his courage cheary;  
 Altho' his hair began to arch,  
 He was sae fley'd an' cerie:  
 Till presently he hears a squeak,  
 An' then a grane an' grundle;  
 He by his shouter gae a keek,  
 An' tumbl'd wi' a winkle  
 Out-owre that night.

## XX

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,  
 In dreadfu' desperation!  
 An' young an' auld came rinnin out,  
 An' hear the sad narration;  
 He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,  
 Or crouchie Merran Humphie,  
 Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';  
 An' wha was it but *Grumphie*  
 Asteer that night!

graip] fork	haurls] drags	curpin] crupper	fley'd] scared
grane] groan	keek] look	winkle] stagger	hilchin]
halting	crouchle] hunchbacked	Grumphie] the pig	

## XXI

Meg fain wad to' the *Barn* gaen,  
 To winn three wechts o' naething;\*  
 But for to meet the Deil her lane,  
 She pat but little faith in:  
 She gies the Herd a pickle nits,  
 An' twa red cheekit apples,  
 To watch, while for the *Barn* she sets,  
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples  
 That vera night.

## XXII

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,  
 An' owre the threshold ventures;  
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca',  
 Syne bauldly in she enters:  
 A *ratton* rattled up the wa',  
 And she cried, L—d, preserve her!  
 An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a,  
 An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,  
 Fu' fast that night.

\* This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived, and alone. You go to the *barn*, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger, that the *being*, about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country-dialect, we call a *wecht*; and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time, an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance of retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

lane] lonesome      herd] shepherd      pickle] few      cannie]  
 cautious      thraw] twist      ratton] rat      midden-hole]  
 dunghill

## XXIII

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice;  
 They hecht him some fine braw ane;  
 It chanc'd the *Stack* he *faddom't thrice*,\*  
 Was timmer-propt for thrawin;  
 He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,  
 For some black, grousome *Carlin*;  
 An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,  
 'Till skin in blypes cam haurlin  
 Aff's nieves that night.

## XXIV

A wanton widow Leezie was,  
 As canty as a kittlen;  
 But, Och! that night, amang the shaws,  
 She gat a fearfu' settlin!  
 She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,  
 An' owre the hill gaed serievin,  
 Whare *three Lairds' lands met at a burn*,†  
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,  
 Was bent that night.

\* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a *Bear-stack*, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke fellow.

† You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south running spring or rivulet, where 'three Lairds' lands meet, and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and, some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

hoy't]	urged	hecht]	promised	timmer]	timber	thrawin]	
bending		swirlie]	twisted	carlin]	old woman	loot]	let
out	winze]	curse		blypes]	shreds	nieves]	lists
cantie]	lively	kittlen]	kitten	shaws]	woods	serievin]	
careering		sark]	shift				



## XXV

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,  
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't;  
 Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;  
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;  
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,  
 Wi' bickerin, dancing dazzle;  
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,  
 Below the spreading hazle,  
 Unseen that night.

## XXVI

Amang the brachens, on the brae,  
 Between her an' the moon.  
 The Deil, or else an outler Quey,  
 Gat up an' gae a croon:  
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;  
 Near lav'rock-height she jumpit,  
 But mist a fit, an' in the pool  
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit.  
 Wi' a plunge that night.

## XXVII

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,  
 The *Luggies* three\* are ranged,  
 And ev'ry time great care is ta'en,  
 To see them duly changed:

\* Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, and leave the third empty: blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of Matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

linn] fall      scar] cliff      wiel] eddy      bickerin] racing  
 brachens] ferns      outler] unhoused      quey] young cow      maist]  
 almost      lap] leapt out of      hool] skin      lav'rock] lark      fit]  
 foot      out-owre] over      lugs] ears

Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys  
 Sin *Mar's-year* did desire,  
 Because he gat the toom-dish thrice,  
 He heav'd them on the fire  
 In wrath that night.

## XXVIII

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,  
 I wat they did na weary;  
 An' unco tales, an' funnie jokes,  
 Their sports were cheap an' cheary;  
 Till *butler'd So'ns*,\* wi' fragrant lunt,  
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin';  
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,  
 They parted aff careerin'  
 Fu' blythe that night.

\* Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Halloween Supper*.

Mar's-year]	1715	toom]	empty	wat]	wot	unco]
wonderful	lunt]	steam	gabs]	tongues	steerin]	wagging
strunt]	liquor					

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR MORNING  
SALUTATION TO HIS  
AULD MARE, MAGGIE,  
ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIPP OF CORN  
TO HANSEL IN THE NEW-YEAR

A *GUID New-Year* I wish thee, Maggie!  
Hae, there's a *ripp* to thy auld baggie:  
Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,  
I've seen the day,  
Thou could hae gaen like onie staggie  
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,  
An' thy auld hid<sup>o</sup> as white's a daisy,  
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glaizie,  
A bonie gray:  
He should been tight that daur't to *raize* thee,  
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,  
A *filly* buirdly, steeve, an' swa. k,  
An' set weel down a shapely shank,  
As e'er tread yird;  
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,  
Like ony bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year,  
Sin thou was my Guid-father's *Meerc*;  
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,

ripp] handful	hansel] be the first gift	baggy] belly
howe] hollow	knaggie] knobbly	staggie] colt
dowie] drooping	glaizie] shiny	daur't] dared
excite	buirdly] well-knit	steeve] firm
yird] earth	stank] pool	guid-father] father-in-law
dowry		tocher]

An' fifty mark;  
 Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,  
 An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,  
 Ye then was trottin' wi' your *Minnie*:  
 Tho' ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,  
 Ye ne'er was donsie;  
 But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,  
 An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,  
 When ye bure hame my bonny *Bride*:  
 An' sweet and gracefu' she did ride,  
 Wi' maiden air!  
*Kyle-Stewart* I could bragged wide,  
 For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,  
 An' wintle like a saumont-coble,  
 That day ye was a jinker noble,  
 For heels an' win'!  
 An' ran them till they a' did wauble,  
 Far, far behin'!

When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,  
 An' stable-meals at Fairs were driegh,  
 How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skriegh,  
 An' tak the road!  
 Town's bodies ran, an' stood abiegh,  
 An' ca't thee mad.

gear] money	stark] strong	minnie] mother	slee] sly
donsie] vicious	tawie] tractable	cannie] gentle	unco]
very	sonsie] plump	muckle] great	bragged] have
challenged	dow] can	hoyte] stumble	wintle] wobble
saumont-coble] salmon boat		wauble] wobble	skiegh]
skittish	driegh] tedious	snore] snort	skriegh] whinny
ablegh] aloof			

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,  
 We took the road ay like a Swallow:  
 At *Brooses* thou had ne'er a fellow,  
                     For pith an' speed;  
 But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,  
                     Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma' droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle,  
 Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;  
 But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,  
                     An' gar't them whaizle:  
 Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle  
                     O' saugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble *Fittie-lan'*,  
 As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!  
 Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,  
                     On guid March-weather,  
 Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han';  
                     For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, an' fetch't, and fliskit,  
 But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,  
 An' spread abreed thy weel-filled brisket.  
                     Wi' pith and pow'r,  
 'Till spritty knowes wad rair't and risket,  
                     An' slypet owre.

corn't]	fed with oats	brooses]	wedding races	rumpl't]
cruppered	aihlins]	perhaps	waur't]	beat
gar't]	made	whaizle]	wheeze	saugh]
willow	fittie-	lan']	near horse of hind pair in the plough	tug]
raw	hide-	tow]	rope	aight]
eight	gaun]	going	sax]	six
beside	our hand]	by ourselves	braindg't]	rushed forward
fetch't]	pulled unevenly	spritty]	full of rushes	rair]
roar	risket]	crackled	slypet]	fallen smoothly

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,  
An' threaten'd labor back to keep,  
I gied thy *cog* a wee-bit heap  
                Aboon the tinner;  
I kenn'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep  
                For that, or Simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit;  
The steyest brac thou wad hae fac't it;  
Thou never lap, nor sten't, an' breastit,  
Then stood to blaw;  
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,  
Thou snoov't awa.

My *Pleugh* is now thy bairn-time a' ;  
 Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw ;  
 Forbye sax mac, I've sell't awa,  
                                     That thou hast nurst :  
 They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,  
                                     The vera warst.

Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,  
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!  
An' monie an anxious day, I thought  
We wad be beat!  
Yet here to crazy Age we're brought,  
Wi' something yet.

An' think na, my auld, trusty Servan',  
That now perhaps thou's less deservin',  
An' thy auld days may end in starvin'

cog] wooden dish	timmer] wooden edge	for that, or
without that, until	steyest] steepest	lap] leaped
reared	snoov't]	sten't]
went smoothly	pleugh]	plough (train)
hain-time] issue	forbye] besides	mae] more
day's work		daurk]

**THE FARMER TO HIS AULD MARE 75**

For my last *fow*,  
A heapit *Stimpart*, I'll reserve ane  
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;  
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;  
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,  
To some hain'd rig,  
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,  
Wi' sma' fatigue.

**THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT**

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESQ.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
The short but simple annals of the Poor. GRAY.

I

My lov'd, my honor'd, much respectet friend!  
No mercenary bard his homage pays;  
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,  
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:  
To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,  
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;  
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;  
What Aiken in a Cottage would have been;  
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I  
ween!

fow] bushel	stimpart] quarter peck	toyte] totter
tentle] heedful	flit] shift	hain'd] reserved
rax] stretch	leather] stomach	rig] ridge

## II

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh ;  
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;  
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;  
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose :  
 The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labour goes,  
*This night* his weekly moil is at an end,  
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
 Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,  
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward  
 bend.

## III

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;  
 Th' expectant *wee-things*, todulin, stacher through  
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.  
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,  
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie *Wife's* smile,  
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,  
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,  
 An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

## IV

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,  
 At service out, amang the Farmers roun' ;  
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin  
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :  
 Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,  
 In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e.  
 Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,  
 Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,  
 To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship be.

sugh] wall      frae] from      pleugh] plough      stacher] walk  
 uncertainly      flichterin] fluttering      belyve] by-and-by      ca']  
 follow      tentie] heedful      cannie] simple      sair] hard



V

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,  
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:  
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;  
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;  
 The Parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;  
 Anticipation forward points the view.  
 The *Mother*, wi' her needle an' her sheers,  
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;  
 The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI

Their Master's an' their Mistress's command,  
 The younkers a' are warnèd to obey;  
 An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,  
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;  
 'An' O! be sure to fear the LORD alway!  
 An' mind your *duty*, duely, morn an' night!  
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
 Implore his counsel an' assisting might:  
 They never sought in vain that sought the LORD  
 aright.'

VII

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door;  
*Jenny*, wha kens the meaning o' the same-  
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,  
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.  
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
 Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek;  
 Wi' heart-struck anxious care, enquires his name,  
 While *Jenny* haflins is afraid to speak;  
 Weel pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worth-  
 less Rake.

spiers] inquires      uncos] unusual things      gars] makes  
 eydent] diligent      jauk] trifle      haflins] partly

## VIII

Wi' kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben ;  
 A strappan youth ; he tak's the Mother's eye ;  
 Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;  
 The Father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.  
 The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
 But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;  
 The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae  
 grave ;  
 Weel pleas'd to think her *bairn*'s respected like the  
 lave.

## IX

O happy love ! where love like this is found !  
 O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !  
 I've pac'd much this weary, *mortal round*,  
 And sage *Experience* bids me this declare—  
 'If Heav'n a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,  
 One cordial in this melancholy Vale,  
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,  
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the  
 ev'ning gale.'

## X

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—  
 A Wretch ! a Villain ! lost to love and truth !  
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
 Betray sweet *Jenny*'s unsuspecting youth ?

ben] inside  
 laithfu'] bashful

cracks] chats  
 lave] rest

kye] cattle

blate] shy

Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!  
 Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd?  
 Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,  
 Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child?  
 Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction  
 wild!

XI

But now the Supper crowns their simple board,  
 The halsome *Parritch*, chief of *Scotia's* food:  
 The soupe their only *Hawkie* does afford,  
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:  
 The dame brings forth in complimental mood,  
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,  
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;  
 The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell,  
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin Lint was i' the bell.

XII

The cheerfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,  
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;  
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,  
 The big *ha'-Bible*, ance his father's pride:  
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;  
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
 He wales a portion with judicious care,  
 And '*Let us worship GOD!*' he says, with solemn air.

soupe] milk	Hawkie] cow	hallan] wall	cood] food
hain'd] saved	kebbuck] cheese	fell] tasty	towmond]
twelvemonth	sin] since	lint] flax	bell] flower
grey	haffets] side-whiskers	wales] selects	lyart]

## XIII

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;  
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :  
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild-warbling measures rise,  
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name ;  
 Or noble *Elgin* beats the heav'n-ward flame,  
 The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays :  
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;  
 The tickl'd ear no heart-felt raptures raise ;  
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

## XIV

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,  
 How *Abram* was the *Friend* of God on high ;  
 Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage  
 With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny :  
 Or how the *royal bard* did groaning lye  
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;  
 Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;  
 Or rapt *Isaiah's* wild, seraphic fire ;  
 Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

## XV

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,  
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;  
 How *He*, who bore in Heav'n the second name,  
 Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head :  
 How His first followers and servants sped ;  
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :  
 How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banishèd,  
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;  
 And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd by  
 Heav'n's command.

beets] fans

XVI

Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL  
KING,

The *Saint*, the *Father*, and the *Husband* prays:  
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'\*

That *thus* they all shall meet in future days:  
There, ever bask in uncreated rays,

No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,

In such society, yet still more dear;  
While circling Time moves round in an eternal  
sphere.

XVII

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
In all the pomp of method, and of art,

When men display to congregations wide,

Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart*!

The *Pow'r*, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,

The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;

But, haply, in some *Cottage* far apart,

May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the  
Soul;

And in His *Book of Life* the inmates poor enrol.

XVIII

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;

The youngling Cottagers retire to rest:

The parent pair their *secret homage* pay,

And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request

\* Pope's *Windsor Forest*.

That *He* who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,  
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,  
 Would in the way His Wisdom sees the best,  
 For them and for their little ones provide;  
 But chiefly, in their hearts with *Grace divine*  
 preside.

## XIX

From scenes like these old *Scotia's* grandeur  
 springs,  
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:  
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
 'An honest man's the noblest work of GOD:'  
 And *certes*, in fair Virtue's heav'nly road,  
 The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind.  
 What is a lordling's pomp! a cumbrous load,  
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
 Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd!

## XX

O *Scotia!* my dear, my native soil!  
 For whom my warmest wish to heav'n is sent!  
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,  
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet  
 content!  
 And, oh! may Heav'n, their simple lives prevent  
 From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!  
 Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,  
 A *virtuous Populace* may rise the while,  
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd  
*Isle*.

XXI

O *Thou!* who pour'd the patriotic tide,  
 That stream'd through *Wallace's* undaunted  
 heart;  
 Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,  
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
 (The Patriot's *God*, peculiarly thou art,  
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)  
 Oh, never, never *Scotia's* realm desert;  
 But still the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot-bard*,  
 In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard!

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH  
 NOVEMBER 1785

WEE, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,  
 Oh, what a panic 's in thy breastie!  
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,  
     Wi' bickering brattle!  
 I wad be laith to rin an' cha' thee,  
     Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion  
 Has broken Nature's social union,  
 An' justifies that ill opinion  
     Which makes thee startle,  
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,  
     An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou mayst thieve;  
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!

sleekit] sleek  
 laith] sorry

bickering] hurrying  
 pattle] plough-staff

brattle] scamper  
 whyles] sometimes

A *daimen icker* in a *thrave*  
                                           'S a sma' request.  
 I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,  
                                           And never miss 't!

Thy wee bit *housie*, too, in ruin!  
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!  
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,  
                                           O' foggage green!  
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin,  
                                           Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,  
 An' weary Winter comin' fast,  
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
                                           Thou thought to dwell,  
 'Till crash! the cruel *coulter* past  
                                           Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble  
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!  
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,  
                                           But house or hald,  
 To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,  
                                           An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,  
 In proving *foresight* may be vain:  
 The best laid schemes o' *Mice* an' *Men*,  
                                           Gang aft a-gley,  
 An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,  
                                           For promis'd joy!

daimen] odd    icker] ear of corn    thrave] twenty-four sheaves  
 lave] rest    wa's] walls    win's] winds    big] build    foggage]  
 coarse grass    baith] both    snell] bitter    stibble] stubble  
 but] without    hald] holding    thole] endure    cranreuch]  
 hoar-frost    lane] alone    a-gley] awry



Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!  
 The present only toucheth thee:  
 But, Och! I backward cast my e'e,  
                                           On prospects drear!  
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,  
                                           I guess an' fear!

## FIRST EPISTLE TO DAVIE

A BROTHER POET

January, 1784.

## I

WHILE winds frae off *Ben-Lomond* blaw,  
 And bar the doo'rs wi' driving snaw,  
   And hing us owre the ingle,  
 I set me down, to pass the time,  
 And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,  
   In hamely westlin jingle.  
 While frosty winds blaw in the drift,  
   Ben to the chimla lug,  
 I grudge a wee the *Great Folk*'s gift,  
   That live sae bien an' snug:  
     I tent less, and want less  
     Their roomy fire-side;  
 But hanker and canker  
     To see their cursèd pride.

## II

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,  
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,

ingle] fire  
chimney

westlin] westland  
lug] corner

ben] through  
bien] prosperous

chimla]  
tent] value

To see how things are shar'd ;  
 How best o' chjels are whiles in want,  
 While Coofs on countless thousands rant,  
 And ken na how to wair 't:  
 But, *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,  
 Tho' we hae little gear,  
 We're fit to win our daily bread,  
 As lang's we're hale and fier:  
 'Mair spier na, nor fear na,'\*  
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg,  
 The last o't, the warst o't,  
 Is only but to beg.

## III

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,  
 When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,  
 Is, doubtless, great distress!  
 Yet then content could make us blest ;  
 Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste  
 Of truest happiness.  
 The honest heart that's free frae a'  
 Intended fraud or guile,  
 However fortune kick the ba',  
 Has ay some cause to smile,  
 And mind still, you'll find still,  
 A comfort this nae sma' ;  
 Nae mair then, we'll care then,  
 Nae farther can we fa'.

\* Ramsay.

chjels]	fellows	whiles]	sometimes	coofs]	dolls	wair]
spend	fash]	bother	gear]	possessions	fler]	sound
inquire	feg]	fig				spier]

## IV

What tho', like Commoners of air,  
 We wander out, we know not where,  
 But either house or hal' ?  
 Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,  
 The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,  
 Are free alike to all.  
 In days when Daisies deck the ground,  
 And Blackbirds whistle clear,  
 With honest joy our hearts will bound,  
 To see the coming year:  
 On braes when we please, then,  
 We'll sit an' sowth a tune ;  
 Sync *rhyme* till 't, we'll time till 't,  
 And sing & when we hae done.

## V

It's no in titles nor in rank ;  
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,  
 To purchase peace and rest .  
 It's no in makin muckle *mair* ,  
 It's no in books ; it's no in lear,  
 To make us truly blest :  
 If Happiness hae not her seat  
 And centre in the breast,  
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
 But never can be blest :  
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,  
 Could make us happy lang ;  
 The *heart* ay's the part ay  
 That makes us right or wrang.

but] without      hal'] holding      sowth] hum      sync] then  
 till] to      muckle] much      mair] more      lear] learning

## VI

Think ye, that sic as you and I,  
 Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,  
     Wi' never-ceasing toil;  
 Think ye, are we less blest than they,  
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,  
     As hardly worth their while?  
 Alas! how aft in haughty mood,  
     God's creatures they oppress!  
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,  
     They riot in excess!  
     Baith careless, and fearless,  
     Of either Heav'n or Hell!  
     Esteeming and deeming  
     It a' an idle tale!

## VII

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;  
 Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,  
     By pining at our state;  
 And, even should Misfortunes come,  
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,  
     An's thankfu' for them yet.  
 They gie the wit of Age to Youth;  
     They let us ken oursel;  
 They make us see the naked truth,  
     The *real* guid and ill.  
     Tho' losses, and crosses,  
     Be lessons right severe,  
     There's wit there, ye'll get there,  
     Ye'll find nae other where.

tent] notice  
 oursel] ourselves

baith] both

an's] and am

ken] know

## VIII

But tent me, *Davie*, Ace o' Hearts!  
 (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,  
     And flatt'ry I detest)  
 This life has joys for you and I;  
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy;  
     And joys the very best.  
 There's a' the *pleasures o' the Heart*,  
     The Lover an' the Frien';  
 Ye hae your *Meg*, your dearest part,  
     And I my darling *Jean*!  
     It warms me, it charms me,  
     To mention but her *name*:  
     It heats me, it beets me,  
     And sets me a' on flame!

## IX

O, all ye Pow'rs who rule above!  
 O *Thou*, whose very self art *love*!  
     *Thou* know'st my words sin are!  
 The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,  
 Or my more dear Immortal part,  
     Is not more fondly dear!  
 When heart-corroding care and grief  
     Deprive my soul of rest,  
 Her dear idea brings relief  
     And solace to my breast.  
     *Thou Being*, All-seeing,  
     O hear my fervent pray'r;  
 Still take her, and make her  
     *Thy* most peculiar care!

## X

All hail, ye tender feelings dear!  
 The smile of love, the friendly tear,  
     The sympathetic glow;  
 Long since, this world's thorny ways  
 Had number'd out my weary days,  
     Had it not been for you!  
 Fate still has blest me with a friend,  
     In every care and ill;  
 And oft a more endearing band,  
     A tie more tender still.  
     It lightens, it brightens,  
     The tenebrific scene,  
 To meet with, and greet with  
     My *Davie* or my *Jean*.

## XI

O, how that *name* inspires my style!  
 The words come skelpin, rank and file,  
     Amaist before I ken!  
 The ready measure rins as fine  
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine  
     Were glowrin owre my pen.  
 My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,  
     Till ance he's fairly het;  
 And then he'll hileh, and stilt, and jimp,  
     An' rin an unco fit:  
     But lest then, the beast then,  
     Should rue this hasty ride,  
 I'll light now, and dight now  
     His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

skelpin]	running	amaist]	almost	rins]	runs	glowrin]
gazing	spaviet]	spavined	het]	hot	hileh]	hobble
limp	dight]	wipe	stilt]			

## MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN

## A DIRGE

## I

WHEN chill November's surly blast  
Made fields and forests bare,  
One ev'ning, as I wandered forth  
Along the banks of *Ayr*,  
I spy'd a man whose agèd step  
Seem'd weary, worn with care ;  
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,  
And hoary was his hair.

## II

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou !  
Began the rev'rend Sage ;  
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,  
Or youthful Pleasure's rage ?  
Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,  
Too soon thou hast began  
To wander forth, with me, to mourn  
The miseries of man.

## III

The Sun that overhangs yon moors,  
Out-spreading far and wide,  
Where hundreds labour to support  
A haughty lordling's pride ;  
I've seen yon weary winter-sun  
Twice forty times return ;  
And ev'ry time has added proofs,  
That Man was made to mourn.

## IV

O Man! while in thy early year,  
How prodigal of time!  
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,  
Thy glorious youthful prime!  
Alternate Follies take the sway;  
Licentious Passions burn;  
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,  
That Man was made to mourn.

## V

Look not alone on youthful Prime,  
Or Manhood's active might;  
Man then is useful to his kind,  
*Supported* is his right:  
But see him on the edge of life,  
With cares and Sorrows worn;  
Then Age and Want—Oh! ill match'd pair!  
Show Man was made to mourn.

## VI

A few seem favourites of Fate,  
In Pleasure's lap carest;  
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great  
Are likewise truly blest.  
But, Oh! what crowds in ev'ry land,  
Are wretched and forlorn.  
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,  
That man was made to mourn.

## VII

my and sharp the num'rous ills  
Inwoven with our frame!  
More pointed still we make ourselves,  
Regret, Remorse, and Shame!



And Man, whose heav'n-erected face  
The smiles of love adorn,  
Man's inhumanity to Man  
Makes countless thousands mourn!

**VIII**

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,  
So abject, mean, and vile,  
Who begs a brother of the earth  
To give him leave to toil;  
And see his lordly *fellow-worm*  
The poor Petition spurn,  
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife  
And helpless offspring mourn.

**IX**

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,  
By Nature's law design'd,  
Why was an independent wish  
E'er planted in my mind?  
If not, why am I subject to  
His cruelty, or scorn?  
Or why has Man the will and pow'r  
To make his fellow mourn?

**X**

Yet, let not this too much, my son,  
Disturb thy youthful breast:  
This partial view of humankind  
Is surely not the *last*!  
The poor, oppress'd, honest man  
Had never, sure, been born,  
Had there not been some recompense  
To comfort those that mourn!

## XI

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,  
 The kindest and the best!  
 Welcome the hour my agèd limbs  
 Are laid with thee at rest!  
 The Great, the wealthy fear thy blow,  
 From pomp and pleasure torn;  
 But, Oh! a blest relief to those  
 That weary-laden mourn!

## TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ON TURNING ONE DOWN, WITH THE PLOUGH, IN  
 APRIL 1786

## I

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,  
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;  
 For I maun crush amang the stoure  
                                   Thy slender stem.  
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
                                   Thou bonie gem.

## II

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
 The bonnie *Lark*, companion meet!  
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat!  
                                   Wi' spreckl'd breast,  
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet,  
                                   The purpling East.

stoure] dust

## III

Could blaw the bitter-biting North  
 Upon thy early, humble birth;  
 Yet chearfully thou glinted forth  
                                 Amid the storm,  
 Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth  
                                 Thy tender form.

## IV

The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,  
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;  
 But thou, beneath the random bield  
                                 O' clod or stane,  
 Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,  
                                 Unseen, alane.

## V

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,  
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
                                 In humble guise;  
 But now the *share* uptears thy hed,  
                                 And low thou lies!

## VI

Such is the fate of artless Maid  
 Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade!  
 By Love's simplicity betray'd,  
                                 And guileless trust,  
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid  
                                 Low i' the dust.

wa's] walls      bield] shelter      histie] bare      stibble] stubble  
 snawie] snowy

## VII

Such is the fate of simple Bard,  
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!  
Unskilful he to note the card,  
                    Of prudent Lore,  
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
                    And whelm him o'er!

## VIII

Such fate to suffering Worth is giv'n,  
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,  
By human pride or cunning driv'n  
                    To Mis'ry's brink,  
Till, wench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,  
                    He, ruin'd, sink!

## IX

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
That fate is thine —no distant date;  
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,  
                    Full on thy bloom,  
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,  
                    Shall be thy doom!

## EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND

May, 1786.

## I

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,  
 A Something to have sent you,  
 Tho' it should serve nae other end  
 Than just a kind *Memento*;  
 But how the subject-theme may gang,  
 Let time and chance determine;  
 Perhaps it may turn out a Sang;  
 Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

## II

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,  
 And, *Andrew* dear, believe me,  
 Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,  
 And muckle they may grieve ye:  
 For care and trouble set your thought,  
 Ev'n when your end's attained;  
 And a' your views may come to nought,  
 Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

## III

I'll no say, men are villains a';  
 The real, harden'd wicked,  
 Wha hae nac check but human law,  
 Are to a few restricked:  
 But, Och, mankind are unco weak,  
 An' little to be trusted;  
 If *Self* the wavering balance shake,  
 It's rarely right adjusted!

gang] go

unco] strange, strangely

## IV

Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,  
 Their fate ~~wæ~~ should na censure,  
 For still, th' *important end* of life,  
 They equally may answer:  
 A man may hae an honest heart,  
 Tho' Poortith hourly stare him;  
 A man may tak a neebor's part,  
 Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

## V

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,  
 When wi' a bosom crony;  
 But still keep something to yoursel  
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.  
 Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can  
 Frae critical dissection;  
 But keek thro' ev'ry other man,  
 Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

## VI

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,  
 Luxuriantly indulge it;  
 But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,  
 Tho' naething should divulge it:  
 I waive the quantum of the sin,  
 The hazard of concealing;  
 But, Och! it hardens a' within,  
 And petrifies the feeling!

poortith] poverty      keek] look      lowe] flame

## VII

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,  
Assiduous wait upon her:  
And gather gear by ev'ry wile  
That's justified by Honor:  
Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
Nor for a train-attendant;  
But for the glorious privilege  
Of being *independent*.

## VIII

The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip  
To haud the wretch in order;  
But where ye feel your *Honor* grip,  
Let that ay be your border:  
Its slightest touches, instant pause—  
Debar a' side pretences;  
And resolutely keep its laws,  
Unearring consequences.

## IX

The great *Creator* to revere  
Must sure become the *Creature*:  
But still the preaching cant forbear,  
And ev'n the rigid feature:  
Yet ne'er with Wits profane to range,  
Be complaisance extended;  
An Atheist-laugh's a poor exchange  
For Deity offended!

gear] possessions

haud] hold

## X

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,  
 Religion may be blinded;  
 Or if she gie a *random sting*,  
 It may be little minded;  
 But when on Life we're tempest-driv'n,  
 A Conscience but a canker—  
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,  
 Is sure a noble *anchor*!

## XI

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth!  
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting!  
 May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth  
 Erect your brow undaunting!  
 In ploughman phrase, 'God, send you speed'  
 Still daily to grow wiser;  
 And may you better reckon the *rede*  
 Than ever did th' Adviser.

## A DEDICATION TO GAVIN HAMILTON, Esq.

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,  
 A fleechin, fleth'rin Dedication,  
 To roose you up, an ca' you guid,  
 An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid;  
 Because ye're sirnam'd like *His Grace*,  
 Perhaps related to the race;  
 Then when I'm tir'd—and sac are *ye*,  
 Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,  
 Set up a face, how I stop short,  
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

rede] counsel

fleechin] wheedling

fleth'rin] flattering

roose] praise



This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha  
 Maun please the Great Folk for a wamefou;  
 For me! sae laigh I needna bow,  
 For, Lord be thankit, *I can plough*;  
 And when I downa yoke a naig,  
 Then, Lord be thankit, *I can beg*;  
 Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,  
 It's just *sic Poet*, an *sic Patron*.

The Poet, some guid Angel help him,  
 Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him!  
 He may do weel for a' he's done yet,  
 But only he's no just begun yet.

The Patron (Sir, ye maun forgie me,  
 I winna lie, come what will o' me)  
 On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,  
 He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,  
 He downa sec a poor man want;  
 What's no his ain he winna tak it,  
 What ance he says he winna break it;  
 Ought he can lend he'll no refus 't,  
 Till aft his guidness is abus'd;  
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,  
 Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang:  
 As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,  
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;  
 Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that;  
 It's naething but a milder feature,  
 Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature:

wamefou]	bellyful	laigh]	low	downa]	cannot	naig]
nag	skelp]	beat	whyles]	sometimes		

Ye'll get the best o' moral works,  
 'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks,  
 Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,  
 Wha never heard of Orthodoxy.  
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,  
 The *Gentleman* in word and deed,  
 It's no thro' terror of Damnation;  
 It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,  
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!  
 Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is  
 In *moral* Mercy, Truth, and Justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;  
 Abuse a brother to his back;  
 Steal thro' a *winnock* frae a wh-re,  
 But point the Rake that takes the *door*;  
 Be to the Poor like onie whunstane,  
 And haud their noses to the grunstane:  
 Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving;  
 No matter, stick to *sound* believing.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,  
 Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces;  
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,  
 And damn a' parties but your own;  
 I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver,  
 A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer.

O ye wha leave the springs o' *Calvin*,  
 For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin!  
 Ye sons of Heresy and Error,  
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror!  
 When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,

plack] farthing      winnock] window      whunstane] grindstone  
 looves] palms-      gumlie] muddy      dubs] puddles

And in the fire throws the sheath ;  
When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,  
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him :  
While o'er the *Harp* pale Mis'ry moans,  
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,  
Still louder shrieks and heavier groans !

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,  
I maist forgat my *Dedication* ;  
But when Divinity comes cross me,  
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapour,  
But I maturely thought it proper,  
When a' my works I did review,  
To dedicate them, Sir, to *You* :  
Because (ye need na tak it ill)  
I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronise them wi' your favour,  
And your petitioner shall ever——  
I had amaist said, *ever pray*.  
But that's a word I need na say :  
For prayin I hae little skill o't ;  
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't ;  
But I 'se repeat each poor man's *pray'r*  
That kens or hears about you, Sir—

'May ne'er Misfortune's growling bark,  
Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk* !  
May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,  
For that same gen'rous spirit smart !  
May Kennedy's far-honour'd name  
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,  
Till Hamiltons, at least a dizen,

baith] both

sweer] reluctant

beet] add fuel to

Are frae their nuptial labours risen :  
 Five bonie lasses round their table,<sup>†</sup>  
 And seven braw Fèllows, stout an' able,  
 To serve their King and Country weel,  
 By word, or pen, or pointed steel!  
 May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,  
 Shine on the ev'ning o' his days ;  
 Till his wee, curlie *John's* ier-oc,  
 When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,  
 The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !

I will not wind a lang conclusion,  
 Wi' complimentary effusion :  
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours,  
 Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,  
 I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,  
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent)  
 That iron-hearted carl, *Want*,  
 Attended in his grim advances,  
 By sad mistakes, and black mischances,  
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,  
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,  
 Your *humble servant* then no more ;  
 For who would humbly serve the Poor ?  
 But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n !  
 While recollection's pow'r is given,  
 If, in the vale of humble life,  
 The victim sad of Fortune's strife,  
 I, thro' the tender gushing tear,  
 Should recognise my *Master dear*,  
 If friendless, low, we meet together,  
 Then, Sir, your hand,—my *Friend and Brother* !

## TO A LOUSE

## ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie!  
 Your impudence protects you sairly:  
 I canna say but ye strunt rarely,  
                                     Owre gauze and lace;  
 Tho', faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely  
                                     On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,  
 Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,  
 How dare ye set your fit upon her,  
                                     Sae fine a Lady!  
 Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner,  
                                     On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;  
 There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle  
 Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,  
                                     In shoal<sup>s</sup> and nations;  
 Whare *horn* nor *bane* ne'er daur unsettle  
                                     Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,  
 Below the fatt'rels, snug an' tight;  
 Na faith, ye yet! ye'll no be right  
                                     'Till ye've got on it  
 The vera tapmost, tow'ring height  
                                     O' *Miss's bonnet*.

whare] where are                      crowlin] crawling                      ferlie' wonder  
 strunt] swagger                      wonner] wonder                      swith] get away                      haffet]  
 temple                      squattle] squat                      sprattle] scramble                      fatt'rels]  
 ribbon-ends

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,  
 As plump and gray as onie grozet;  
 O for some rank, mercurial rozet,  
     Or fell, red smeddum,  
 I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,  
     Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpris'd to spy  
 You on an auld wife's flainen toy;  
 Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,  
     On 's wyliecoat;  
 But Miss's fine *Lunardi*! fie,  
     How daur ye do 't?

O, *Jenny*, dinna toss your head,  
 An set your beauties a' abroad!  
 Ye little ken what cursèd speed  
     The blastie 's makin!  
 Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,  
     Are notice takin!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us  
 To see oursels as others see us!  
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us  
     And foolish notion:  
 What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,  
     An' ev'n Devotion!

bauld] bold	grozet] gooseberry	rozet] rosin	fell]
deadly	smeddum] powder	droddum] breech	wad na]
would not have	flainen] flannel	toy] cap	ablins] may be
duddie] ragged	wyliecoat] undervest		

## EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD

*April 1, 1785.*

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,  
 An' Paitricks sraichin loud at e'en,  
 An' morning Poussie whiddin seen,  
                   Inspire my Muse,  
 'This freedom in an *unknown* frien',  
                   I pray excuse.

On Fasten-een we had a rockin,  
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;  
 And there was muckle fun an' jokin,  
                   Ye need na doubt.  
 At length we had a hearty yokin  
                   At *sang about*.

There was ae *sang*, amang the rest,  
 Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,  
 That some kind husband had addrest  
                   To some weet wife:  
 It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,  
                   A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ough't describ'd sae weel,  
 What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;  
 Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele,  
                   Or Beattie's wark!'  
 They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel  
                   About *Muirkirk*.

paitricks]	partridges	sraichin]	calling	poussie]	hare
whiddin]	running	rockin]	spinning evening	ca']	call forth
crack]	chat	muckle]	much	yokin]	set-to
chie]	fellow			thirl'd]	thrilled

It pat me fidgetin-fain to hear't,  
 And sae about him there I spier't,  
 Then a' that kep't him round declar'd  
                                   He had *ingine*,  
 That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,  
                                   It was sae fine.

That set him to a pint of ale,  
 An' either douce or merry tale,  
 Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,  
                                   Or witty catches,  
 'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,  
                                   He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith,  
 Tho' I should pawn my pleugh and graith,  
 Or die a cadger pownie's 'death,  
                                   At some dyke-back,  
 A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,  
                                   To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,  
 Amaist as soon as I could spell,  
 I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,  
                                   Tho' rude and rough,  
 Yet crooning to a body's sel,  
                                   Does weel enough.

I am nae *Poet*, in a sense,  
 But just a *Rhymer*, like, by chance,  
 An' hae to Learning nae pretence,  
                                   Yet, what the matter?  
 Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,  
                                   I jingle at her.

fidgetin-fain] fidgetting eagerly                    spier't] inquired                    ken't]  
 knew                    ingine] genius                    douce] gentle                    graith] harness  
 cadger] hawker                    pownie] pony                    baith] both                    crambo-  
 jingle] rhyming                    body's sel] one's self



Your Critic-folk may cock their nose,  
 And say, 'How can you e'er propose,  
 You, wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,  
 To mak a *sang*?'

But, by your leaves, my learned foes,  
 Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,  
 Your Latin names for horns an' stools;  
 If honest nature made you *fools*,  
 What sairs your Grammars?  
 Ye'd better taen up spades and shoos,  
 Or knappin-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited Hashes,  
 Confuse their brains in College-classes!  
 They *gang in* Stirks, and *come out* Asses,  
 Plain truth to speak;  
 And syne they think to climb Parnassus  
 By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,  
 That's a' the learning I desire;  
 Then, though I drudge thro' lub and mire  
 At pleugh or cart,  
 My Muse, though hamely in attire,  
 May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' *Allan's* glee,  
 Or *Ferguson's*, the bauld and slec,  
 Or bright *Lapraik's*, my friend to be,  
 If I can hit it!  
 That would be *lear* enough for me,  
 If I could get it.

sairs] serves      shoos] shovels      knappin] stone breaking  
 hashes] good-for-nothings      stirks] young bullocks      syne]  
 then      dub] puddle      spunk] spark      slec] sly      lear] learning

Now Sir, if ye hae friends enow,  
 Tho' real friends, I b'lieve are few,  
 Yet, if your catalogue be fou,  
                                 I 'se no insist,  
 But gif ye want ae friend that's true,  
                                 I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel;  
 As ill I like my fauts to tell;  
 But friends and folks that wish me well,  
                                 They sometimes roose me;  
 Tho' I maun own, as monie still  
                                 As far abuse me.

There's ae *wee faut* they whiles lay to me,  
 I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!  
 For monie a plack they wheedle frae me,  
                                 At dance or fair;  
 May be some *ither thing* they gie me  
                                 They weel can spare.

But *Mauchline* Race, or *Mauchline* Fair,  
 I should be proud to meet you there;  
 We 'se gie ae night's discharge to care,  
                                 If we forgather,  
 An' hae a swap o' *rhyming-ware*  
                                 Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we' se gar him clatter,  
 An' kirsen him wi' reekin water;  
 Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whittér,  
                                 To chear our heart;  
 An' faith, we 'se be acquainted better  
                                 Before we part.

fou] full	blaw] brag	roose] praise	whiles] sometimes
plack] farthing	swap] exchange	chap] cup	gar] make
kirsen] christen	reekin] steaming	whittér] draught	

Awa, ye selfish warly race,  
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,  
Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place  
    *To catch-the-plack!*  
I dinna like to see your face,  
    Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,  
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,  
Who hold your *being* on the terms,  
    'Each aid the others,'  
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,  
    My friends, my brothers!

But, to conclude my lang epistle,  
As my auld pen's sworn to the grissle;  
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fistle,  
    Who am, most fervent,  
While I can either sing, or whistle,  
    Your friend and servant.

warly   worldly	havins   good manners	catch-the-plack
coining money	fistle   bustle	

## TO THE SAME

*April 21, 1785.*

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,  
 An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,  
 This hour on e'cnin's edge I take,  
                                 To own I'm debtor,  
 To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,  
                                 For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,  
 Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,  
 Or dealing thro' amang the naigs  
                                 Their ten hours bite,  
 My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs,  
                                 I wou'd na write.

The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie,  
 She's saft at best, an' something lazy,  
 Quo' she, 'Ye ken, we've been sae busy,  
                                 This month an' mair,  
 That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,  
                                 An' something sair.'

Her dowff excuses pat me mad;  
 'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad!  
 I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,  
                                 This vera night;  
 So dinna ye affront your trade,  
                                 But rhyme it right.

ca'd] driven	kye] cattle	rowte] low	pownies] ponies
reek] steam	braik] harrow	forjesket] worn out	rigs]
ridges	naigs] horses	tapetless] spineless	ramfeezled]
exhausted	hizzle] girl	saft] weak-headed	dowff] dull
thowless] lazy	blaud] screed		



Now comes the sax and twentieth simmer,  
 I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,  
 Still persecuted by the limmer

Frae year to year;  
 But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,  
*I, Rob, am here.*

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,  
 Behint a kist to lie and sklent,  
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.  
 And muckle wame,  
 In some bit Brugh to represent  
 A *Bailie's* name?

Or is 't the paughty, feudal Thane,  
 Wi' ruffled sark an' glancing cane,  
 Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,  
 But lordly stalks,  
 While caps and bonnets aff are taen,  
 As by he walks?

'O *Thou* wha gies us each guid gift!  
 Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,  
 Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift,  
 Thro' Scotland wide;  
 Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,  
 In a' their pride!

Were this the *charter* of our state,  
 'On pain o' hell be rich an' great,'  
 Damnation then would be our fate,  
 Beyond remead;  
 But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate  
 We learn our creed.

timmer] woods	limmer] jade	kittle] fickle	kimmer] gossip
kist] chest	sklent] cheat	muckle] big	wame] stomach
brugh] borough	paughty] petulant	sark] shirt	bane] bone
lift] load	remead] remedy	gate] way	

For thus the royal Mándate ran,  
 When first the human race began,  
 'The social, friendly, honest man,  
     'Whate'er he be,  
 'Tis he fulfils *great Nature's plan*,  
     And none but *he*!

O Mandate, glorious and divine!  
 The ragged followers o' the Nine,  
 Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine  
     In glorious light,  
 While sordid sons o' Mammon's line  
     Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,  
 Their worthless nievefu' of a soul  
 May in some *future carcase* howl,  
     The forest's fright;  
 Or in some day-detesting owl  
     May shun the light.

Then may *Lapraik* and *Burns* arise,  
 To reach their native, kindred skies,  
 And *sing* their pleasures, hopes an' joys,  
     In some mild sphere,  
 Still closer knit in friendship's ties  
     Each passing year!

nievefu'] flstful

TO W. SIMPSON, *Ochiltree*

May 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome *Willie*;  
 Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;  
 Tho' I maun say 't, I wad be silly,  
     An' unco vain,  
 Should I believe, my coaxin billie,  
     Your flatterin strain.

But I 'se believe ye kindly meant it,  
 I sud be laith to think ye hinted  
 Ironie satire, sidelins sklentend  
     On my poor Musie;  
 Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,  
     I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,  
 Should I but dare a *hope* to speel,  
 Wi' *Allan*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,  
     The braes o' fame;  
 Or *Ferguson*, the writer-chiel,  
     A deathless name.

(O *Ferguson*! thy glorious parts  
 Ill suited law's dry, musty arts!  
 My curse upon your whunstane hearts,  
     Ye Enbrugh Gentry!  
 The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes  
     Wad stow'd his pantry!)

brawlie]	heartily	unco]	uncommonly	billie]	brother	laith]
loath	sidelins]	sideways	sklentend]	squinted	phraisin]	
flattering	creel]	basket (whirl)	speel]	climb	writer]	
lawyer	chiel]	fellow	whunstane]	whinstone		



Yet when a tale comes i' my head,  
 Or lasses gie my heart a screed,  
 As whiles they're like to be my dead,  
     (O sad disease!)  
 I kittle up my *rustic reed*;  
     It gies me ease.

Auld *Coila*, now may fidge fu' fain,  
 She's gotten Poets o' her ain,  
 Chiels wha their chanter's winna hain,  
     But tunc their lays,  
 Till echoes a' resound again  
     Her weel-sung praise.

Nae Poet thought her worth his while,  
 To set her name in measur'd style;  
 She lay like some unkenned of isle  
     Beside *New Holland*,  
 Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil  
     Besouth *Magellan*.

*Ramsay* an' famous *Ferguson*  
 Gied *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon;  
*Yarrow* an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune,  
     Owre Scotland rings,  
 While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, an' *Doon*,  
     Naebody sings.

Th' *Illissus*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, an' *Seine*,  
 Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line!  
 But, *Willie*, set your fit to mine,  
     An' cock your crest.  
 We'll gar our streams and burnies shine  
     Up wi' the best.

screed] tear      whiles] sometimes      kittle] tickle      fidge]  
 fidget      fain] eagerness      chanter] fingerpiece of bagpipe  
 hain] spare      aboon] above (up)      fit] foot      gar] make

bare] bore off      gree] prize      wat] wet      haugha] hollow  
 lintwhites] llnnets      whids] gambols      cushat] wood-pigeon  
 croods] coos

The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,  
 Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,  
 Adown some trotting burn's meander  
     An' no think lang;  
 O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder  
     A heart-felt sang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive,  
 Hog-shouter, jundie, stretch an' strive,  
 Let me fair *Nature's* face describe,  
     And I, wi' pleasure,  
 Shall let the busy, grumbling hive  
     Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composing brither!'  
 We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither:  
 Now let us lay our heads thegither,  
     In love fraternal:  
 May *Envy* wallop in a tether,  
     Black fiend, infernal!

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes;  
 While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies;  
 While Terra Firma on her axis,  
     Diurnal turns,  
 Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,  
     In *Robert Burns*.

## POSTSCRIPT

My memory's no worth a preen;  
 I had amaist forgotten clean,  
 Ye bade me write you what they mean  
     By this *new light*,  
 'Bout which our *herds* sae aft hae been  
     Maist like to fight.

fand] found	warly] worldly	hog-shouter] shouter	ter out
jundie] jostle	describe] describe	bum] hum	wallop] hang
herself	herds] shepherds	braxies] dead sheep	preen] pin

In days when mankind were but callans  
 At *Grammar*, *Logic*, and sic talents,  
 They took nae pains their speech to balance,  
     Or rules to gie,  
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,  
     Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the *Moon*,  
 Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,  
 Wore by degrees, till her last roon  
     Gaed past their viewing,  
 An' shortly after she was done  
     They gat a new ane.

This pass'd for certain, undisputed;  
 It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,  
 Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,  
     And ca'd it wrang;  
 An' muckle din there was about it,  
     Baith loud an' lang.

Some *herds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,  
 Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;  
 For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,  
     An' out o' sight,  
 An' backlins-comin, to the leuk  
     She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;  
 The *herds* and *hissels* were alarm'd:  
 The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,  
     That beardless laddies  
 Should think they better were inform'd  
     Than their auld daddies.

callans]	youngsters	Lallans]	Lowlands	sark]	shirt
roon]	round	beuk]	Bible	threap]	maintain
backlins]	backwards	leuk]	appearance	hissels]	flocks
				neuk]	corner

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;  
 Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks;  
 An' monie a fallow gat his licks,  
     Wi' hearty crunt;  
 An' some, to learn them for their tricks,  
     Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,  
 An' *auld-light* caddies bure sic hands,  
 That faith, the youngsters took the sands  
     Wi' nimble shanks,  
 The Lairds forbade, by strict commands,  
     Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light* herds gat sic a cowe,  
 Folk thought them ruined stick-an-stowe,  
 Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe,  
     Ye'll find ane plac'd;  
 An' some their *new light* fair avow,  
     Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the *auld-light* flocks are bleatin;  
 Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatin;  
 Mysel, I've even seen them reetin  
     Wi' girnin spite,  
 To hear the *Moon* sac sadly li'd on  
     By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns!  
 Some *auld-light* herds in neebor towns  
 Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,  
     To tak a flight,  
 An' stay ac month among the *Moons*,  
     An' see them right.

clours]	blows	nicks]	cuts	licks]	punishment	crunt]
blow		brunt]	burned	caddies]	followers	bure]
stick-an-stowe]	completely	knowe]	hillock	greetin]	weeping	
girnin]	whining	louns]	fools			

Guid observation they will gie them ;  
 An' when the *auld Moon*'s gaun<sup>v</sup> to lea'e them,  
 The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,  
                     Just i' their pouch,  
 An' when the *new-light* billies see them,  
                     I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter  
 Is naething but a 'moonshine matter';  
 But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter  
                     In logic tulzie,  
 I hope, we Bardies ken some better  
                     Than mind sic brulzie.

## EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKINE

### *Inclosing some Poems*

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankine,  
 The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin!  
 There's monie godly folks are thinkin,  
                     Your *dreams*\* and tricks  
 Will send you Korah-like, a-sinkin,  
                     Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants,  
 And in your wicked, drucken rants,  
 Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,  
                     An' fill them fou ;  
 And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,  
                     Are a' seen thro'.

\* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

shaird] shard      pouch] pocket      tulzie] squabble      brulzie]  
 brawling

wale] pluck      cants] remarks

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!  
 That holy robe, O dinna tear it!  
 Spare 't for their sakes wha aften wear it,  
     The lads in *black*!  
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,  
     Rives 't aff their back.

Think, wicked *Sinner*, wha ye're skaithing,  
 It's just the *Blue-gown* badge an' claithing  
 O' saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing  
     To ken them by,  
 Frae ony unregenerate Heathen  
     Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,  
 A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair;  
 Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,  
     I will expect  
 Yon *Sang*.† ye'll sen 't wi' cannie care,  
     And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!  
 My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing!  
 I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,  
     An' dane'd my fill!  
 I'd better gaen an' sair't the king,  
     At *Bunker's Hill*.

T'was ae night lately in my fun,  
 I gaed a roving wi' the gun,  
 An' brought a *Patrick* to the grun',  
     A bonie hen,  
 And, as the twilight was begun,  
     Thought nane wad ken.

† A *song* he had promised the Author.

rives] tears	skaithing] injuring	sen 't] send it	cannie]
gentle	dow] can	spring] tune	sair't] served
patrick]	grun'] ground		patrick]

The poor, wee thing was little hurt;  
 I strakit it a wee for sport,  
 Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't;  
                                 But, Deil-ma-care!  
 Somebody tells the *Poacher-court*  
                                 The hale affair.

Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note,  
 That sic a hen had got a shot;  
 I was suspected for the plot:  
                                 I scorn'd to lie;  
 So gat the whistle o' my groat,  
                                 An' pay't the *fee*.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,  
 An' by my pouter an' my hail,  
 An' by my hen, an' by her tail,  
                                 I vow an' swear!  
 The *Game* shall pay, o'er moor an' dale,  
                                 For this, neist year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,  
 An' the wee pouts begun to cry,  
 L—d, I 'se hae sportin by an' by,  
                                 For my gowd guinea:  
 Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye  
                                 For 't, in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!  
 'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,  
 But twa-three dhaps about the wame  
                                 Scarce thro' the feathers;  
 An' baith a yellow George to claim,  
                                 An' thole their blethers!

strakit] stroked	fash] worry	hale] whole	wale] pick
pouter] powder	hail] shot	neist] next	pouts] chicks
kye] cattle	wame] belly	thole] endure	blethers] silly talk



It pits me ay as mad's a hare ;  
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair ;  
But *pennyworths* again is fair,  
When time's expedient :  
Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,  
Your most obedient.

## SONG

**Tune, *Corn rigs are bonie***

It was upon a Lammas night,  
When corn rigs are bonie,  
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,  
I held awa to Annie:  
'The time flew by, wi' tentless heed,  
Till 'tween the late and early ;  
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,  
To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
The moon was shining clearly ;  
I set her down, wi' right good will,  
Amang the rigs o' barley :  
I kent her heart was a' my ain ;  
I lov'd her most sincerely ;  
I kiss'd her owre and owre again  
Amang the rigs o' barley.

**I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;  
Her heart was beating rarely :  
My blessings on that happy place,  
Amang the rigs o' barley !**

**rigs] ridges      tentless] careless**

But by the moon and stars so bright,  
 That shone that hour so clearly!  
 She ay shall bless that happy night,  
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear;  
 I hae been merry drinking;  
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;  
 I hae been happy thinking:  
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,  
 Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,  
 That happy night was worth them a',  
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

## CHORUS

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,  
 An' corn rigs are bonie:  
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,  
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

## THE FAREWELL

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE  
 TARBOLTON

*Tune, Goodnight and joy be wi' you a'*

## I

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!  
 Dear brothers of the *mystic tye*!  
 Ye favour'd, ye *enlighten'd* Few,  
 Companions of my social joy!

gear | possessions

Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,  
 Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',  
 With melting heart, and brimful eye,  
 I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II

Oft have I met your social Band,  
 And spent the chearful, festive night;  
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,  
 Presided o'er the *Sons of light*:  
 And, by that *Hieroglyphic* bright,  
 Which none but *Craftsmen* ever saw!  
 Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write  
 Those happy scenes when far awa'!

III

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,  
 Unite you in the *grand Design*,  
 Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,  
 The glorious *Architect* Divine!  
 That you may keep th' *unerring line*,  
 Still rising by the *plumme: & law*,  
 Till *Order* bright completely shine,  
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

IV

And *You*, farewell! whose merits claim,  
 Justly, that *highest badge* to wear!  
 Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble Name,  
 To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear!

A last request permit me here,  
 When yearly ye assemble a',  
 One *round*—I ask it with a *tear*,  
 To him, the *Bard that's far awa'*.

# ADDED, EDINBURGH EDITION, 1787

## DEATH AND DOCTOR HORNBOOK

### A TRUE STORY

SOME books are lies frae end to end,  
 And some great lies were never penn'd:  
 Ev'n Ministers, they hae been kenn'd,  
                                                           In holy rapture,  
 A rousing whid, at times, to vend,  
                                                           And nail 't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,  
 Which lately on a night befel,  
 Is just as true 's the Deil 's in hell  
                                                           Or Dublin city:  
 That e'er he nearer comes oursel  
                                                           'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,  
 I wasna fou, but just had plenty;  
 I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay  
                                                           To free the ditches;  
 An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes, kenn'd ay  
                                                           F'rae ghaists an' witches.

kenn'd]	known	whid]	untruth	muckle]	great	clachan]
village	yill]	ale	canty]	jolly	fou]	drunk
staggered	whyles]	occasionally	tent]	care	stacher'd]	free]
clear						

The rising Moon began to glow  
 The distant *Cumnock* hills out-owre:  
 To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,  
                                 I set mysel;  
 But whether she had three or four,  
                                 I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,  
 And todlin down on *Willie's mill*,  
 Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,  
                                 To keep me sicker;  
 Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,  
                                 I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* did forgather,  
 That pat me in an eerie swither;  
 An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouter,  
                                 Clear-dangling, hang;  
 A three-tae'd leister on the ither  
                                 Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,  
 The queerest shape that c'er I saw,  
 For fient a wame it had ava;  
                                 And then its shanks,  
 They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'  
                                 As cheeks o' branks.

'Guid-een, quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin,  
 When ither folk are busy sawin?'\*  
 It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',

\* This rencountre happened in seed time, 1785.

sicker] steady    bicker] run    swither] doubt    shquther] shoulder  
 tae'd] pronged    leister] fish-spear    fient] never    wame] belly  
 ava] at all    branks] horse curbs    mawin] mowing    sawin]  
 sowing    stan'] halt

But naething spak;  
 At length, says I, 'Friend, whare ye gaun,  
 Will ye go back?'

It spak right howe—'My name is *Death*,  
 But be na fley'd.'—Quoth I, 'Guid faith,  
 Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;  
 But tent me, billie;  
 I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,  
 See there's a gully!'

'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,  
 I'm no design'd to try its mettle;  
 But if I did, I wad be kittle  
 To be mislear'd,  
 I wad na mind it, no that-spittle  
 Out-owre my beard.'

'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't;  
 Come, gie 's your hand, an' sae we're gree't;  
 We'll ease our shanks an' tak a scat,  
 Come, gie 's your news;  
 This while\* ye hae been mony a gate,  
 At mony a house.'

'Ay, ay!' quo' he, an' shook his head,  
 'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed  
 Sin' I began to nick the thread,  
 An' choke the breath:  
 Folk maun do something for their bread,  
 An' sae maun *Death*.

\* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

whare]	where are	howe]	hollow	fley'd]	scared	tent]	
heed	billie]	brother	red]	advise	skaith]	damage	
gully]	knife	whittle]	blade	kittle]	quick	mislear'd]	
mischievous		gree't]		agreed to it		gate]	road

'Sax thousand years are near hand fled  
 Sin' I was to the butching bred,  
 An' mony a scheme in vain 's been laid,  
                     To stap or scar me;  
 Till ane Hornbook 's\* ta'en up the trade,  
                     An' faith, he'll waur me.

'Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i' the Clachan,  
 Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!  
 He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' *Buchan*,†  
                     An' ithier chaps,  
 The weans haud out their fingers laughin,  
                     An' pouk my hips.

'See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,  
 They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;  
 But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi' his art  
                     And cursèd skill,  
 Has made them baith no worth a f—t,  
                     Damn'd haet they'll kill!

''Twas but yestreen, nae fart! r gaen,  
 I threw a noble throw at ane;  
 Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;  
                     But deil-ma-care,  
 It just play'd dirl on the bane,  
                     But 'did nae mair.

\* This gentleman, Dr. Hornbook, is, professionally, a brother of the sovereign Order of the Ferula; but by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.

† *Buchan's Domestic Medicine.*

stap] stop	scar] scare	waur] worst	king's-hood]
scrotum	spleuchan]	tobacco-pouch	weans] children
pouk] poke	damn'd haet]	not one	dirl] rattle

'Hornbook was by wi' ready art,  
 And had sae fortify'd the part,  
 That when I lookèd to my dart,  
                                   It was sae blunt,  
 Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart  
                                   Of a kail-runt.

'I drew my scythe in sic a fury,  
 I near-hand cowpit wi' my hurry,  
 But yet the bauld *Apothecary*  
                                   Withstood the shock;  
 I might as weel hae try'd a quarry  
                                   O' hard whin rock.

'Ev'n them he canna get attended,  
 Although their face he ne'er had kend it,  
 Just sh—— in a kail-blade, and send it,  
                                   As soon 's he smells 't,  
 Baith their disease, and what will mend it,  
                                   At once he tells 't.

'And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,  
 Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,  
 A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,  
                                   He's sure to hae;  
 Their Latin names as fast he rattles  
                                   As A B C.

'Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;  
 True Sal-marinum o' the seas;  
 The Farina of beans and pease,  
                                   He has 't in plenty;  
 Aqua-fortis, what you please,  
                                   He can content ye.

fient haet] not a bit                      kail-runt] cabbage stalk                      near-  
 hand] nearly ,                      cowpit] tumbled                      whittles] knives



'Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,  
 Urinus Spiritus of capons;  
 Or Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,  
                     Distill'd *per se*;  
 Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail-clippings,  
                     And mony mae.'

'Waes me for *Johnny Ged's Hole*\* now,'  
 Quoth I, 'if that thae news be true!  
 His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,  
                     Sae white and bonie,  
 Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew;  
                     They'll ruin *Johnie*!'

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,  
 And says, 'Ye needna yoke the pleugh,  
 Kirkyards will soon be till'd enugh,  
                     Tak ye nae fear:  
 They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh  
                     In twa-three year.

'Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae death,  
 By loss o' blood or want o' breath,  
 This night I'm free to tak my aith,  
                     That *Hornbook's* skill  
 Has clad a score i' their last clai<sup>th</sup>,  
                     By drap an' pill.

'An honest Wabster to his trade,  
 Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel bred,  
 Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,  
                     When it was sair;  
 The wife slade cannie to her bed,  
                     But ne'er spak mair.

\* The grave-digger.

forbye]	beskies	mae]	more	waes me]	alas	rive]	split
plew]	plough	grain'd]	groaned	sheugh]	ditch	strae]	straw
(in bed)	wabster]	weaver	nieves]	fists	sair]	sore	slade]
crept	cannie]	quietly					

batts] bolts (colic)	curmurring] commotion	gimmer-
petaj] pet ewes	hov'd] swelled	wame] belly
swatch] sample	nialt] next	wad] wager
fairin] deserts	ayont] beyond	twall] twelve

## THE ORDINATION

'For sense they little owe to Frugal Heav'n—  
To please the Mob they hide the little giv'n.'

## I

KILMARNOCK Wabsters, fidge an' claw,  
An' pour your creeshie nations;  
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,  
Of a' denominations,  
Swith to the *Laigh Kirk*, ane an' a',  
An' there tak up your stations;  
'Then aff to *Begbie's* in a raw,  
An' pour divine libations  
For joy this day.

## II

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' hell,  
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder;\*  
But Oliphant aft made her yell,  
An' Russell sair misca'd her;  
This day Mackinlay taks the flail,  
And he's the boy will blaud her!  
He'll clap a *shangan* on her tail,  
An' set the bairns to daud 'er  
Wi' dirt this day.

## III

Mak haste an' turn king David owre  
An' lilt wi' holy clangor;  
O' double verse come gie us four,  
An' skirl up the Bangor:

\* Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. L— to the *Laigh Kirk*.

wabsters] weavers    fidge] fidget    claw] scratch    creeshie]  
greasy    rax] stretch    swith] haste    blaud] slap    shagan]  
cleft stick    daud] pelt    owre] over    skirl] shrill

This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,  
 Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,  
 For Heresy is in her pow'r,  
 And gloriously she'll whang her  
 Wi' pith this day.

## IV

Come, let a proper text be read,  
 An' touch it aff wi' vigour,  
 How graceless *Ham* leugh at his dad,  
 Which made *Canaan* a nigger;  
 Or *Phineus* drove the murdering blade,  
 Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour;  
 Or *Zipporah*, the scauldin jad,  
 Was like a bluidy tiger  
 I' th' inn that day.

## V

There, try his mettle on the creed,  
 And bind him down wi' caution,  
 That *Stipend* is a carnal weed  
 He taks but for the fashion;  
 And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,  
 And punish each transgression;  
 Especial, *rams* that cross the breed,  
 Gie them sufficient threshin,  
 Spare them nae day.

## VI

Now, auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,  
 An' toss thy horns fu' canty;  
 Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,  
 Because thy pasture's scanty;

stoure] dust      whang] flog      leugh] laughed      scauldin]  
 scolding      canty] joyfully      rowte] low

For lapfu's large o' *gospel kail*  
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,  
 And *runts* o' *grace* the pick and wale,  
 No gi'en by way o' dainty,  
 But ilka day.

## VII

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll weep,  
 To think upon our *Zion*;  
 And hing our fiddles up to sleep,  
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin:  
 Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,  
 And o'er the thairms be tryin;  
 Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep,  
 An' a' like lamb-tails flyin  
 Fu' fast this day!

## VIII

Lang *Patronage*, wi' rod o' 'rn,  
 Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,  
 As lately *Fenwick*, sair forfairn,  
 Has proven to its ruin:  
 Our patron, honest man! Glencairn,  
 He saw mischief was brewin;  
 And like a godly elect bairn,  
 He's wal'd us out a true ane,  
 An' sound this day.

runts]	stalks	wale]	choice	ilka]	every	clouts]	cloths
thairms]	strings	elbucks]	elbows	wheep]	jerk	airn]	
iron	shor'd]	threatened	forfairn]	forlorn			

## IX

Now, Robertson, harangue nae mair,  
 But steek your gab for ever:  
 Or try the wicked town of Ayr,  
 For there they'll think you clever;  
 Or, nae reflection on your lear,  
 Ye may commence a Shaver;  
 Or to the *Netherton* repair,  
 And turn a Carpet-weaver  
 Aff-hand this day.

## X

Mu'trie and you were just a match,  
 We never had sic twa drones:  
 Auld *Hornie* did the *Laigh Kirk* watch,  
 Just like a winkin baudrons:  
 And ay he catch'd the tither wretch,  
 To fry them in his caudrons:  
 But now his honour maun detach,  
 Wi' a' his brimstane squadrons,  
 Fast, fast this day.

## XI

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes  
 She's swingein thro' the city;  
 Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!  
 I vow it's unco pretty:  
 There, Learning, with his Greekish face,  
 Grunts out some Latin ditty;  
 And Common Sense is gaun, she says,  
 To mak to *Jamie Beattie*  
 Her plaint this day.

steek] shut	gab] mouth	lear] learning	shaver] barber
sic] such	twae] two	baudrons] cat	tither] other
faes] fœs	unco] very		

## XII

But there's Morality himsel,  
 Embracing all opinions;  
 Hear, how he gies the tither yell,  
 Between his twa companions;  
 See, how she peels the skin an' fell,  
 As ane were peelin onions!  
 Now there, they're packèd aff to hell,  
 And banish'd our dominions,  
 Henceforth this day.

## XIII

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!  
 Come bouse about the porter!  
 Morality's demaure decoys  
 Shall here nae mair find quarter:  
 Mackinlay, Russell, are the boys  
 That Heresy can torture;  
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,  
 And cow her measure shorter  
 By th' head some day.

## XIV

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,  
 And here's, for a conclusion,  
 To every *New-light* mother's son,  
 From this time forth, Confusion:  
 If mair they deave us with their din,  
 Or Patronage intrusion,  
 We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,  
 We'll rin them aff in fusion  
 Like oil, some day.

fell] flesh    bouse] drink    rape] rope    hoyse] holst    cow]  
 cut    deave] deafen    spunk] match

**ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID  
OR THE  
RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS**

My son, these maxims make a rule,  
And lump them ay thegither;  
The *Rigid Righteous* is a fool,  
The *Rigid Wise* anither;  
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight  
May hae some pyles o' caff in;  
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight  
For random fits o' daffin.

SOLOMON.—Ecclea. ch. vii, ver. 16.

I

O YE wha are sac guid yoursel,  
Sae pious and sae holy,  
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell  
Your Neebour's fauts and folly!  
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,  
Supply'd wi' store o' water,  
The heapet happer's ebbing still,  
An' still the clap plays clatter.

II

Hear me, ye venerable Core,  
As counsel for poor mortals,  
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door  
For glaikit Folly's portals;  
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,  
Would here propone defences,  
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,  
Their failings and mischances.

dight]	sifted	caff]	chaff	daffin]	fooling	fauts]	faults
weel-gaun]	smoothly	running	happer]	hopper	clap]	clapper	
core]	company	douce]	sober	glaikit]	giddy	donsie]	
restive							



**III**

**Ye see your state wi' their's compar'd,  
And shudder at the niffer.  
But cast a moment's fair regard,  
What maks the mighty differ?  
Discount what scant occasion gave,  
That purity ye pride in,  
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)  
Your better art o' hiding.**

**IV**

**Think, when your castigated pulse  
Gies now and then a wallop,  
What ragings must his veins convulse,  
That still eternal gallop!  
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,  
Right on ye scud your sea-way;  
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,  
It maks an unco leeway.**

**V**

**See Social-life and Glee sit down,  
All joyous and unthinking,  
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown  
Debauchery and Drinking:  
O, would they stay to calculate  
Th' eternal consequences;  
Or your more dreaded hell to state,  
Damnation of expenses!**

**niffer] exchange****lave] rest****unco] very big**

## VI

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,  
Ty'd up in godly laces,  
Before ye gie poor *Frailty* names,  
Suppose a change o' cases ;  
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,  
A treacherous inclination—  
But, let me whisper i' your lug,  
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

## VII

Then gently scan your brother Man,  
Still gentler sister Woman ;  
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,  
To step aside is human :  
One point must still be greatly dark,  
The moving *Why* they do it :  
And just as lamely can ye mark,  
How far perhaps they rue it.

## VIII

Who made the heart, 'tis *He* alone  
Decidedly can try us ;  
He knows each chord its various tone,  
Each spring, its various bias :  
Then at the balance let's be mute,  
We never can adjust it ;  
What's *done* we partly may compute,  
But know not what's *resisted*.

lug] ear      aiblins] maybe      kennin] a little bit

## TAM SAMSON'S\* ELEGY

*An honest man's the noblest work of God.*—POPE.

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the Deil?  
 Or great M'Kinlay† thrawn his heel?  
 Or Robertson‡ again grown weel,  
     To preach an' read?  
 'Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel,  
     'Tam Samson's dead!'

Kilmarnock lang may grunt an' grane,  
 An' sigh, an' sob, an' greet her lane,  
 An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,  
     In mourning weed;  
 To Death, she's dearly paid the kane,  
     Tam Samson's dead!

The Brethren o' the mystic level  
 May hing their head in wofu' bevel,  
 While by their nose the tears will revel,  
     Like ony bead;  
 Death's gien the Lodge an unto devel—  
     Tam Samson's dead!

\* When this worthy old sportsman went out last mairfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, 'the last of his fields'; and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the mairs. On this hint the Author composed his Elegy and Epitaph.

† A certain Preacher, a great favourite with the Million. *Vide* the ORDINATION, p. 135.

‡ Another Preacher, an equal favourite with the Few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also the ORDINATION, stanza ix.

thrawn]	twisted	waur]	worse	ilka]	each	chiel]	fellow
grane]	groan	greet]	weep	her lane]	alone	cleed]	clothe
wean]	child	kane]	rent in kind	unco]	great	'devel]	

stunning blow

When Winter muffles up his cloak,  
 And binds the mire like a rock;  
 When to the lochs the Curlers flock,  
                     Wi' gleesome speed,  
 Wha will they station at the cock,  
                     Tam Samson's dead?

He was the king o' a' the Core,  
 To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,  
 Or up the rink like *Jehu* roar  
                     In time of need;  
 But now he lags on Death's *hog-score*,  
                     Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately Sawmont sail,  
 And Trouts be-dropp'd wi' crimson hail,  
 And Eels weel ken'd for souple tail,  
                     And Geds for greed,  
 Since dark in Death's *fish-creel* we wail  
                     Tam Samson dead!

Rejoice, ye birring Pairicks a';  
 Ye cootie Moorcocks, crouselly craw;  
 Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,  
                     Withoutten dread;  
 Your mortal Fae is now awa',  
                     Tam Samson's dead!

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd  
 Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd,  
 While Pointers round impatient burn'd,  
                     Frae couples freed;  
 But, Och! he gaed and ne'er return'd:  
                     Tam Samson's dead!

cock] mark	core] company	wick, bore, hog-score] terms
in curling	sawmont] salmon	ged] pike
partridges	cootie] leg-plumed	pairicks]
maukins] hares	fud] tail	crouselly] confidently
	graith] clothes	

In vain Auld-age his body batters ;  
 In vain the Gout his ancles fetters ;  
 In vain the burns cam down like waters,  
     An acre-braid !  
 Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,  
     'Tam Samson's dead !'

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,  
 An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,  
 Till coward Death behind him jumpit,  
     Wi' deadly feide ;  
 Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,  
     'Tam Samson's dead !'

When at his heart he felt the dagger,  
 He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,  
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger  
     Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;  
 'L—d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger ;  
     Tam Samson's dead !

Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither ;  
 Ilk Sportsman youth bemoan'd a father ;  
 Yon auld grey stane, amang the heather,  
     Marks out his head,  
 Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,  
     'Tam Samson's dead !'

There low he lies, in lasting rest ;  
 Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast  
 Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,  
     To hatch an' breed :  
 Alas ! nae mair he'll them molest !  
     Tam Samson's dead !

waters] lakes      braid] broad      greetin] weeping      hag] pit  
 in a moor      felde] feud      ilk] each      blether] gabble      bigs]  
 builds

When August winds the heather wave,  
 And Sportsmen wander by yon grave,  
 Three vollies let his mem'ry crave

O' pouter an' lead,  
 'Till Echo answer frae her cave,  
 'Tam Samson's dead!'

Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be!  
 Is th' wish o' mony mae than me:  
 He had twa fauts, or maybe three,  
 Yet what remead?  
 Ae social, honest man want we:  
 Tam Samson's dead!

## EPITAPH

TAM SAMSON'S weel-worn clay here lies,  
 Ye canting Zealots, spare him!  
 If Honest Worth in Heaven rise,  
 Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

## PER CONTRA

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly  
 Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' *Killie*,\*  
 Tell ev'ry social, honest billie  
 To cease his grievin,  
 For yet, unskait'h'd by Death's gleg gullie,  
*Tam Samson's livin.*

\* *Killie* is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the West.

mae] more      remead] remedy      neuks] corners      billie]  
 fellow      gleg] quick      gullie] knife

## TO A HAGGIS

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,  
 Great Chieftain o' the Puddin-race!  
 Aboon them a' ye tak your place,  
                     Painch, tripe, or thairm:  
 Weel are ye wordy of a *grace*  
                     As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,  
 Your hurdies like a distant hill,  
 Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill  
                     In time o' need,  
 While thro' your pores the dews distil  
                     Like amber bead.

His knife see Rustic labour dight,  
 An' cut you up wi' ready slight,  
 Trenching your gushing entrails bright  
                     Like onie ditch;  
 And then, O what a glorious sight,  
                     Warm-reekin, rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,  
 Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,  
 Till all their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve  
                     Are bent like drums;  
 Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,  
                     *Bethankit* hums.

sonsie] fat and jolly	painch] paunch	thairm] small guts
hurdies] hips	pin] skewer	dight] wipe
reekin] steaming	horn] spoon	weel-swallow'd] well-swollen
kytes] bellies	belyve] by-and-by	maist] almost
burst		rive]

Is there that o'er his French *ragout*,  
 Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,  
 Or *fricusee* wad mak her spew  
                                     Wi' perfect sconner,  
 Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view  
                                     On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,  
 As feckless as a wither'd rash,  
 His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,  
                                     His nieve a nit;  
 Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,  
                                     O how unfit!

But mark the Rustic, *haggis-fed*,  
 The trembling earth resounds his tread,  
 Clap in his walie nieve a blade,  
                                     He'll mak it whissle;  
 An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,  
                                     Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,  
 And dish them out their bill o' fare,  
 Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware  
                                     That jaups in luggies;  
 But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,  
                                     Gie her a *Haggis*!

staw] nauseate    sconner] disgust    feckless] helpless    rash]  
 rush    nieve] fist    nit] nut    walie] ample    sned] cut  
 off    thrissle] thistle    skinking] watery    jaups] splashes  
 luggies] wooden dishes



**JOHN BARLEYCORN\***

**A BALLAD**

**THERE** was three kings into the east,  
Three kings both great and high,  
An' they hae swore a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,  
Put clods upon his head,  
And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful Spring came kindly on,  
And show'rs began to fall;  
John Barleycorn got up again,  
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,  
And he grew thick and strong,  
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,  
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,  
When he grew wan and pale;  
His bending joints and drooping head  
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,  
He faded into age;  
And then his enemies began  
To shew their deadly rage.

\* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,  
And cut him by the knee;  
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,  
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,  
And cudgell'd him full sore;  
They hung him up before the storm,  
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit  
With water to the brim,  
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,  
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,  
To work him farther woe,  
And still, as signs of life appear'd,  
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,  
The marrow of his bones;  
But a Miller us'd him worst of all,  
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,  
And drank it round and round;  
And still the more and more they drank,  
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,  
Of noble enterprisc,  
For if you do but taste his blood,  
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;  
'Twill heighten all his joy:  
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,  
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,  
Each man a glass in hand;  
And may his great posterity  
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

## SONG

*Tune, My Nanie, O*

BEHIND yon hills, where Stinchar\* flows,  
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,  
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,  
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill;  
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;  
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,  
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, swee\* an' young;  
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:  
May ill befa' the flattering tongue  
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
As spotless as she's bonie, O;  
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,  
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

[\* So all editions to 1794. Burns suggested 'Lugar' and so it is now usually printed.—*Ed.*]

mirk] dark      gowan] daisy

A country lad is my degree,  
 An' few there be that ken me, O;  
 But what care I how few they be,  
 I'm welcome aye to Nanie, O.

My riches a's my penny fee,  
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O;  
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,  
 My thoughts are a' my Nanie, O.

Our auld Guidman delights to view  
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonic, O;  
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,  
 An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,  
 I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;  
 Nae ither care in life have I,  
 But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

## GREEN GROW THE RASHES

### A FRAGMENT

#### CHORUS

*Green grow the rashes, O;  
 Green grow the rashes, O;  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,  
 Are spent among the lasses, O.*

#### I

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',  
 In every hour that passes, O;  
 What signifies the life o' man,  
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O?

cannie] carefully      warl's] worldly      gear] possessions  
 kye] cattle      , care na by] do not care

**II**

The warly race may riches chase,  
An' riches still may fly them, O;  
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

**III**

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,  
My arms about my Dearie, O;  
An' warly cares, an' warly men,  
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

**IV**

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,  
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:  
The wisest Man the warl' e'er saw,  
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

**V**

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears  
Her noblest work she classes, O:  
Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man,  
An' then she made the lasses, O.

warly] worldly  
douce] gentle

canny] quiet

tapsalteerie] topsy-turvy

## SONG

Tune, *Johnny's Grey Brecks*

## I

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees  
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,  
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze  
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

*And\* maun I still on Menie† doat,  
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!  
 For it's jet, jet black, and it's like a hawk,  
 An' it winna let a body be!*

## II

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,  
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring;  
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,  
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

## III

The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,  
 Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks,  
 But life to me's a weary dream,  
 A dream of ane that never wauks.

## IV

The wanton coot the water skims,  
 Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,  
 The stately swan majestic swims,  
 And every thing is blest but I.

\* This Chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the Author's.

† *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Marianne*.

shaw] wooded dell      mavis] thrush      lintwhite] linnet  
 tentle] careful      wauks] wakes

## V

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,  
And owre the moorlands whistles shill,  
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step  
I meet him on the dewy hill.

## VI

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,  
Blyth waukens by the daisy's side,  
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,  
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

## VII

Come, Winter, wi' thine angry howl,  
And raging bend the naked tree;  
Thy gloom will soothe my chearless soul,  
When Nature all is sad like me!

*And maun I still on Menie doat,  
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!  
For it's jet, jet black, and it's like a hawk,  
An' it winna let a body be!*

steeks] shuts up      faulding] fold      slap] gate

## SONG

*Tune. Roslin Castle*

## I

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,  
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
I see it driving o'er the plain ;  
The Hunter now has left the moor,  
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,  
While here I wander, prest with care,  
Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

## II

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn  
By early Winter's ravage torn ;  
Across her placid, azure sky,  
She sees the scowling tempest fly :  
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,  
I think upon the stormy wave,  
Where many a danger I must dare,  
Far from the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

## III

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,  
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;  
Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,  
Thé Wretched have no more to fear :  
But round my heart the ties are bound,  
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;  
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
To leave the bonie banks of *Ayr*.



## IV

Farewell, old *Coila's* hills and dales,  
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;  
 The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,  
 Pursuing past unhappy loves !  
 Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !  
 My peace with these, my love with those—  
 The bursting tears my heart declare,  
 Farewell, the bonie banks of *Ayr* !

## ADDED, EDINBURGH EDITION, 1793

## TAM O' SHANTER

## A TALE

*Of Brownie's and of Bogillie full is this buke.* GAWIN DOUGLAS

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,  
 And drouthy neebors, neebors meet ;  
 As market-days are wearing late,  
 An' folk begin to tak the gate ;  
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,  
 An' getting fou and unco happy,  
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,  
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and .tyles,  
 That lie between us and our hame,  
 Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest *Tam o' Shanter*,  
 As he frae *Ayr* ae night did canter,  
 (Auld *Ayr*, wham ne'er a town surpasses,  
 For honest men and bonny lasses).

chapman] pedlar    billies] fellows    drouthy] thirsty    .gate]  
 road    bousing] drinking    nappy] ale    unco] uncommonly  
 mosses] bogs    slaps] gaps

O *Tam*! hadst thou but been, *iae* wise,  
 As ta'en thy ain wife *Kate's* advice!  
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,  
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;  
 That frae November till October,  
 Ae market-day thou was nae sober;  
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,  
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;  
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,  
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;  
 That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.  
 She prophesy'd that, late or soon,  
 Thou would be found, deep drown'd in Doon;  
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,  
 By *Alloway's* auld haunted kirk.  
 Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,  
 To think how mony counsels sweet,  
 How mony lengthen'd sage advices,  
 The husband frac the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,  
*Tam* had got planted unco right;  
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;  
 And at his elbow, Souter *Johnny*,  
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;  
*Tam* lo'ed him like a vera brither;  
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.  
 The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;  
 And ay the ale was growing better:

skellum]	worthless fellow	blethering]	chattering	blellum]
babbler	ilka]	melder]	meal-grinding	siller]
naig]	nag	warlock]	wizard	mirk]
greet]	weep	reaming]	foaming	swats]
cobbler			new ale	souter]

The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious,  
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:  
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;  
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:  
The storm without might rair and rustle,  
*Tam* didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy,  
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:  
Kings may be blest, but *Tam* was glorious,  
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white—then melts for ever;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
Evanishing amid the storm.—  
Nae man can tether time or tide;  
The hour approaches *Tam* maun ride;  
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,  
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;  
And sic a night he tak's the road in,  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;  
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;  
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:  
That night, a child might understand,  
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, *Meg*,  
 A better never lifted leg,  
*Tam* skelpit on thro' dub and mire,  
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire;  
 Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;  
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;  
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,  
 Lest bogles catch him unawares:  
*Kirk-Alloway* was drawing nigh,  
 Where ghaists an' houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,  
 Whare in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd;  
 An' past the birks and meikle stane,  
 Whare drunken *Charlie* brak's neck-bane;  
 An' thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,  
 Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;  
 An' near the thorn, aboon the well,  
 Whare *Mungo's* mither hang'd hersel.—  
 Before him *Doon* pours all his floods;  
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;  
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole;  
 Near and more near the thunders roll:  
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,  
*Kirk-Alloway* seem'd in a bleeze;  
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;  
 An' loud resounded mirth and dancing.—  
 Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn*!  
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!  
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;  
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!—

skelpit]	spanked	dub]	puddle	whiles]	sometimes
houlets]	owls	smoor'd]	was smothered	birks]	birches
meikle]	big	brak's]	broke his	whins]	furze
tippenny]	twop	nny ale	usquabae]	whisky	

The swat<sup>4</sup> sae ream'd in *Tammie's* noddle,  
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.  
 But *Maggie* stood, right sair astonish'd,  
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,  
 She ventur'd forward on the light;  
 And, vow! *Tam* saw an unco sight!  
 Warlocks and witches in a dance;  
 Nae cotillion brent new frac *France*,  
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels  
 Put life an' mettle in their heels,  
 A winnock-bunker in the east,  
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;  
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,  
 To gie them music was his charge:  
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,  
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—  
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,  
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;  
 And by some devilish cantraip slight  
 Each in its cauld hand held a light.—  
 By which heroic *Tam* was able  
 To note upon the haly table,  
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;  
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;  
 A thief, new-cuttet frac a rape,  
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
 Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;  
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;  
 A garter, which a babe had strangled;  
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,

dells] even      boddle] farthing      brent] brand      winnock-  
 bunker] window-seat      towzie] shaggy      tyke] dog      gart]  
 made      skirl] squeal      dirl] ring      presses] cupboards  
 cantraip] magic      slight] device      airns] irons      rape] rope  
 gab] mouth

Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;  
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu',  
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As *Tammie* glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,  
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:  
 The piper loud an' louder blew;  
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;  
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,  
 'Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,  
 And coost her duddies to the wark,  
 An' linket at it in her sark!

Now *Tam*! O *Tam*! had thae been queans,  
 A' plump an' strapping in their teens,  
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,  
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen!  
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
 That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,  
 I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,  
 For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!

But withered beldams, auld and droll,  
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,  
 Lowping and flinging on a crummock,  
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But *Tam* kend what was what fu' brawlie,  
 There was ae winsome wench an' wawlie,  
 That night enlisted in the core  
 (Lang after kend on *Carrick* shore;

stack]	stuck	heft]	haft	cleekit]	linked	themselves
carlin]	old woman	swat]	sweated	reckit]	steamed	coost]
cast off	duddies]	clothes	linket]	tripp'd	creeshie]	greasy
hurdies]	thighs	rigwoodie]	lean	spean]	wean	lowping]
leaping	crummock]	cudgel	brawlie]	well	wawlie]	ample
core]	company,					

For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
An' perish'd mony a bony boat,  
An' shook baith meikle corn and bear,  
And kept the country-side in fear).  
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,  
That while a lassie she had worn,  
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,  
It was her best, an' she was vauntie.—  
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,  
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,  
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),  
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;  
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;  
To sing how Nannie lap an' flang  
(A souple jade she was, and strang),  
And how *Tam* stood, like ane bewitch'd,  
And thought his very een enrich'd;  
Ev'n Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,  
An' hotched an' blew wi' might an' main:  
Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
*Tam* tint his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, 'Weel done, Cutty-sark!'  
And in an instant all was dark.  
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,  
When plundering herds assail their byke;  
As open pussie's mortal foes,  
When, pop! she starts before their nose:

meɪkəl much      beər] barley      kʌtɪ] short      hɜ:n] coarse  
 klɒθ vaʊntəl proud      kɒt] bought      kɔ:ə] stoop      ləp]  
 li:pəd sɒpəl] supple      fɪdʒ'd] fidgetted      faɪn] eagerly  
 hɒtʃəd] jerked      saɪn] then      tɪnt] lost      fyke] fret      baɪk]

As eager runs the market-crowd,  
 When 'Catch the thief!' resounds aloud;  
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
 Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, *Tam*! ah, *Tam*! thou'll get thy fairin!  
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!  
 In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin!  
*Kate* soon will be a woefu' woman!  
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
 An' win the key-stane\* o' the brig;  
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
 A running stream they dare na cross.  
 But ere the key-stane she could make,  
 The fient a tail she had to shake!  
 For Nannie, far before the rest,  
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
 An' flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;  
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—  
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
 But left behind her ain grey tail:  
 The carlin clautht her by the rump,  
 An' left poor Maggie scarce a stump.  
 Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:  
 Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,  
 Or cutty sarks run in your mind,  
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,  
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

\* It is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

fairin] reward  
 clautht] caught;

fient] devil  
 ilk] each

ettle] design

hale] whole



# ON THE LATE CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,  
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnie Groat's;—  
If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rede you tent it:  
A chiel's amang you, takin' notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light  
Upon a fine, fat, fodge! wight,  
O' stature short, but genius bright,  
That's he, mark weel—  
And wow! he has an unco slight  
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,\*  
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,  
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in  
Some eldritch part,  
Wi' deils, they say, L--d save's! colleaguin  
At some black 'rt.—

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,  
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor,  
And you deep read in hell's black grammar,  
Warlocks and witches;  
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,  
Ye midnight bitches.

\* *Vide his Antiquities of Scotland.*

rede] advise	tent] care for	chie] lad	prent] print
fodge] dumpy	unco] uncommon	slight] skill	cauk] caul
chalk	keel] ruddle	houlet] owl	biggin] dwelling
each	chamer] chamber		

It's tauld he was a sodger bred;  
 And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;  
 But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,  
                     And dog-skin wallet,  
 And ta'en the—*Antiquarian trade*,  
                     I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:  
 Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,\*  
 Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,  
                     A townmont gude;  
 And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,  
                     Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;  
 Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender;  
 That which distinguished the gender  
                     O' Balaam's ass;  
 A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,  
                     Weel shod wi brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg  
 The cut of Adam's philibeg;  
 The knife that nicket Abel's craig  
                     He'll prove you fully  
 It was a faulding joeteleg,  
                     Or lang-kail gullie.—

But wad ye see him in his glee,  
 For meikle glee and fun has he.

\* *Vide* his treatise on ancient armour and weapons.

quat]	quilted	spurtle]	sword	fouth]	abundance	airn]
iron	tackets]	shoe-nails	townmont]	twelvemonth	parritch-	
pats]	porridge-pots	saut-backets]	salt-buckets	shool]	shovel	
forbye]	besides	gleg]	smartly	philibeg]	kilt	nicket]
craig]	throat	faulding]	folding	joeteleg]	clasp knife	lang-
kail]	cabbage	gullie]	knife	meikle]	much	

Then set him down, and twa or three  
Gude fellows wi' him ;  
And *port, O port!* shine thou a wee,  
And then ye'll see him!

Now, by the Pow'rs o' Verse and Prose!  
Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose!—  
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,  
They sair misca' thee ;  
I'd take the rascal by the nose,  
Wad say, Shame fa' thee.

chie! fellow

**On the BIRTH of a POSTHUMOUS CHILD,  
born in peculiar Circumstances of *Family Distress***

SWEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,  
And ward o' mony a prayer,  
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,  
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair.

November hirples o'er the lea,  
Chill, on thy lovely form;  
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree,  
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May HE who gives the rain to pour,  
And wings the blast to blaw,  
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,  
The bitter frost and snaw.

May HE, the friend of woe and want,  
Who heals life's various stounds,  
Protect and guard the mother plant,  
And heal her cruel wounds.

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,  
Fair on the summer-morn:  
Now, feebly bends she, in the blast,  
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

' Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem.  
Unscath'd by ruffian hand!  
And from thee many a parent stem  
Arise to deck our land.

## THE JOLLY BEGGARS

## A CANTATA

## RECITATIVO

WHEN lyart leaves bestrow the yird,  
 Or wavering like the Bauckie-bird,  
     Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;  
 When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,  
 And infant Frosts begin to bite,  
     In hoary cranreuch drest;  
 Ae night at e'en a merry core  
     O' randie, gangrel bodies,  
 In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore,  
     To drink their orra' dudies:  
     Wi' quaffing, and laughing,  
     They ranted an' they sang;  
     Wi' jumping an' thumping,  
     The vera girdle rang.

First, neist the fire, in auld, red rags,  
 Ane sat; weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,  
     And knapsack a' in order;  
 His doxy lay within his arm,  
 Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm,  
     She blinket on her Sodger:

lyart]	withered	yird]	earth	bauckie-bird]	bat	skytte]
lash	cranreuch]	rime	core]	company	randie]	quarrelsome
gangrel]	vagrant	splore]	carousal	orra]	superfluous	dudies'
rags	ranted]	were noisy	girdle]	iron baking plate	neist]	
next	usquebae]	whisky	blinket]	leered		

An' ay he gies the tozie drab  
 The tither skelpan kiss,  
 While she held up her greedy gab,  
 Just like an aumous dish:  
 Ilk smack still did crack still,  
 Just like a cadger's whip;  
 Then staggering an' swaggering,  
 He roar'd this ditty up—

## AIR

*Tune, Soldier's Joy*

I AM a Son of Mars who have been in many wars,  
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;  
 This here was for a Wench, and that other in a  
 trench,  
 When welcoming the French at the sound of the  
 drum.

*Lal dé daudle, etc.*

My prenticeship I past where my Leader breath'd  
 his last,  
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights of  
 Abram;  
 And I served out my Trade when the gallant game  
 was play'd,  
 And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the  
 drum.

I lastly was with Curtis among the floating batt'ries,  
 And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb;  
 Yet let my Country need me, with Elliot to head  
 me,  
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the scund of a  
 drum.

tozie] fuddled	skelpan] smacking	gab] mouth	aumous ]
aims	ilk] each	cadger] hawker	

And now tho I must beg, with a wooden arm and  
leg,

And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,  
I'm as happy with my wallet my bottle and my  
callet,

As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.

What tho', with hoary locks I must stand the  
winter shocks,

Beneath the woods and rocks aftentimes for a  
home,

When the tother bag I sell and the tother bottle tell,  
I could meet a troop of Hell at the sound of a  
drum.

RECITATIVO

He ended ; and the kebars sheuk,  
Aboon the chorus, roar ;  
While frighted rattons backward leuk,  
And seek the benmost bore :

A fairy Fiddler frae the neuk,  
He skirl'd out, ENCORE.  
But up arose the martial chuck,  
An' laid the loud uproar—

AIR

Tune, *Sodger laddie*

I ONCE was a Maid tho' I cannot tell when,  
And still my delight is in proper young men :  
Some one of a troop of DRAGOONS was my dadie,  
No wonder I'm fond of a Sodger laddie.  
Sing, lal de lal, etc.

callet] trull	kebars] rafters	rattons] rats	benmost]
inmost	bore] hole	neuk] corner	skirl'd] screamed
chuck] dear			

The first of my Loves was a swaggering blade,  
 To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;  
 His leg was so tight and his check was so ruddy,  
 Transported I was with my Sodger laddie.

But the godly old Chaplain left him in the lurch;  
 The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;  
 He ventur'd the Soul, and I risked the Body  
 Twas then I prov'd false to my Sodger laddie.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified Sot,  
 The Regiment at large for a husband I got;  
 From the gilded SPONTOON to the FIFE I was ready,  
 I asked no more but a Sodger laddie.

But the Peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,  
 Till I met my old boy at a CUNNINGHAM fair;  
 His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,  
 My heart it rejoic'd at a Sodger laddie.

And now I have lived—I know not how long,  
 And still I can join in a cup and a song:  
 But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass  
 steady,  
 Here's to thee, my Hero, my Sodger laddie.

## RECITATIVO

Poor Merry andrew in the neuk,  
 Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie;  
 They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,  
 Between themselves they were sae busy:  
 At length wi' drink an' courting dizzy,  
 He stoiter'd up an' made a face;  
 Then turnd, an' laid a smack on Grizzie  
 Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

tinkler] tinker  
 syne] then

hizzie] wench

stoiter'd] struggled



**AIR**

*Tune, Auld Sir Symon*

SIR WISDOM's a fool when he's fou;  
 Sir Knave is a Fool in a Session,  
 He's there but a prentice, I trow,  
 But I am a fool by profession.

My Grannie she bought me a beuk,  
 An' I held awa' to the school;  
 I fear I my talent misteuk,  
 But what will ye hac of a fool.

For drink I would venture my neck;  
 A hizzie's the half o' my Craft,  
 But what could ye other expect  
 Of ane that's avowedly daft.

I, ance, was ty'd up like a stirk,  
 For civilly swearing and quaffing;  
 I, ance, was abus'd i' the kirk,  
 For touzing a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport  
 Let naebody name wi' a jeer;  
 There's even, I'm tauld, i' the Court  
 A Tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observ'd ye yon reverend lad  
 Mak faces to tickle the Mob;  
 He rails at our mountebank squad,  
 It's rivalship just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,  
 For faith I'm confoundedly dry:  
 The chiel that's a fool for himsel,  
 Guid I.—d, he's far dafter than I.

fou] full      daffin] fun      chiel] fellow

## RECITATIVO

Then neist outspak a raucle Carlin,  
 Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the Sterlin;  
 For mony a pursie she had hooked,  
 An had in mony a well been douked:  
 Her love had been a Highland laddie,  
 But weary fa' the wae fu' woodie!  
 Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began  
 To wail her braw JOHN HIGHLANDMAN—

## AIR

*Tune, O an ye were dead, Gudeman*

A HIGHLAND lad my Love was born,  
 The lalland laws he held in scorn:  
 But he still was faithfu' to his clan,  
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman!  
 Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman!  
 There's not a lad in a' the lan'  
 Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,  
 An' guid Claymore down by his side,  
 The ladies' hearts he did trepan,  
 My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,  
 An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay:  
 For a lalland face he fearèd none,  
 My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

neist] next	raucle] sturdy	carlin] old woman	cleek]
steal	douked] ducked	weary fa'] curses upon	wae fu'
woodie] gallows	lalland] lowland	philibeg] kilt	

They ba<sup>h</sup>ish'd him beyond the sea,  
But ere the bud was on the tree,  
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,  
Embracing my John Highlandman.

But Och! they catch'd him at the last,  
And bound him in a dungeon fast,  
My curse upon them every one,  
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.

And now a Widow, I must mourn  
The Pleasures that will ne'er return;  
Nae comfort but a hearty can,  
When I think on John Highlandman.

RECITATIVO

A pigmy Scraper wi' his Fiddle,  
Wha us'd to trysts and fairs to driddle,  
Her strappan limb an' gaucy middle,  
(He reach'd nae higher)  
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle.  
An' blawn 't on fire.

Wi' hand on hainch, and upward e'e,  
He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,  
Then in an *arioso* key,  
The wec Apollo,  
Set off wi' *allegretto* glee  
His *giga* solo—

## AIR

*Tune, Whistle owre the lave o't*

LET me ryke up to dight that tear,  
And go wi' me an' be my DEAR;  
And then your ev'ry CARE and FEAR  
May whistle owre the lave o't.

*I am a Fiddler to my trade,  
And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,  
The sweetest still to wife or maid,  
Was whistle owre the lave o't.*

At KIRNS and WEDDINS we'se be there,  
An' O! sae n'cely's we will fare!  
We'll bouse about till Dadie Care  
Sing *whistle owre the lave o't*.

Sae merrily the baxes we'll pyke,  
And sun oursells about the dyke;  
An' at our leisure when ye like  
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,  
And while I kittle hair on thairms  
HUNGER, CAULD, an' a' sic harms  
May whistle owre the lave o't.

## RECITATIVO

Her charms had struck a Sturdy Caird,  
As weel as poor gutscraper;  
Hé taks the Fiddler by the beard,  
An' draws a roosty rapier—

ryke] reach	dight] wipe	owre] over	lave] rest	kirns]
harvest-homes	bouse] drink	pyke] pick	kittle] tickle	
thairms] catguts,	caird] tinker	roosty] rusty		

He swoof by a' was swearing worth  
 To speet him like a Pliver,  
 Unless he wad from that time forth  
 Relinquish her for ever:  
 Wi' ghastly c'e poor Tweedledee  
 Upon his hunkers bended,  
 And pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,  
 An' so the quarrel ended;  
 But tho' his little heart did grieve,  
 When round the Tinkler press'd her,  
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve  
 When thus the CAIRD address'd her—

AIR

*Tune, Clout the Caudron*

MY bonie lass I work in brass,  
 A TINKLER is my station;  
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground  
 In this my occupation;  
 I've ta'en the GOLD an' been enroll'd  
 In many a noble squadron:  
 But vain they search'd when off I marched  
 To go an' clout the CAUDRON  
 I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Despise that SHRIMP, that wither'd IMP,  
 With a' his noise an cap'rin;  
 An' take a share with those that bear  
 The BUDGET and the APRON!  
 And *by* that STOWP! my faith an' houpe,  
 And *by* that dear KILBAIGIE,\*

\* A peculiar sort of Whistle so called: a great favourite with Poosle-Nansie's Clubs.

speet] split      pliver] plover      hunkers] hams      snirtle] snigger  
 clout] patch      stowp] pot

If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,  
 May I ne'er weet my craigie!  
 And by that stowp, &c.

## RECITATIVO

The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair  
 In his embraces sunk;  
 Partly wi' Love, o'ercome sae sair,  
 An' partly she was drunk:  
 SIR VIOLINO, with an air  
 That show'd a man o' spunk,  
 Wish'd UNISON between the pair,  
 An' made the bottle clunk  
 To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,  
 That play'd a DAME a shavie—  
 The Fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft,  
 Behint the Chicken cavie.  
 Her LORD, a wight o' HOMER'S\* craft,  
 Tho' limpan wi' the Spavie,  
 He hirpl'd up, an' lap like daft,  
 And shor'd them DAINTY DAVIE  
 O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade  
 As ever Bacchus listed!  
 Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,  
 His heart she ever miss'd it.

\* Homer is allowed to be the eldest Ballad Singer on record.

weet] wet	craigie] throat	spunk] spirit	shavie] trick
cavie] coop	spavie] spavin	hirpl'd] hobbled	lap] lept
shor'd] offered	o' boot] free		

He had no WISH but—to be glad,  
 Nor WANT but—when he thirsted;  
 He hated nought but—to be sad,  
 And thus the Muse suggested  
 His sang that night.

AIR

*Tune, For a' that an' a' that*

I AM a BARD of no regard  
 Wi' gentle folks an' a' that;  
 But HOMER LIKE, the glowran byke,  
 Frae town to town I draw that.

*For a' that, an' a' that,  
 An' twice as muckle 's a' that,  
 I've lost but ANE, I've TWA behin',  
 I've WIFE ENEUGH for a' that.*

I never drank the Muses' STANK,  
 Castalia's burn an' a' that;  
 But there it streams, and richly reams—  
 My HELICON I ca' that.

Great love I bear to a' the FAIR,  
 Their humble slave, an' a' that;  
 But lordly WILL, I hold it still  
 A mortal sin to thraw that.

In raptures sweet this hour we meet,  
 Wi' mutual love an' a' that;  
 But for how lang the flie may stang,  
 Let INCLINATION law that.

glowran byke]	staring crowd	muckle]	much	stank]	reek
reams]	foams	thraw]	thwart	stang]	sting

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,  
 They've ta'en me in, an' a' that,  
 But clear your decks an' here's the SEX  
 I like the jads for a' that.

*For a' that an' a' that,  
 An' twice as muckle 's a' that,  
 My dearest bluid to do them guid,  
 They're welcome till 't for a' that.*

## RECITATIVO

So sang the BARD—and Nansie's waws  
 Shook with a thunder of applause  
 Re-echo'd from each mouth!  
 They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their duds,  
 They scarcely left to coor their fuds,  
 To quench their lowan drouth,  
 Then owre again the jovial thrang  
 The Poet did request  
 To lowse his PACK an' wale a sang,  
 A ballad o' the best.  
 He, rising, rejoicing,  
 Between his TWA DEBORAHs,  
 Looks round him an' found them  
 Impatient for the Chorus:—

## AIR

*Tune, Jolly Mortals, fill your glasses*

SEE the smoking bowl before us,  
 Mark our jovial ragged ring!  
 Round and round take up the Chorus,  
 And in raptures let us sing,—

till 't] to it	waws] walls	toom'd] emptied	pocks] bags
duds] clothes	coor] cover	fuds] tails	lowan] burning
drouth] thirst	lowse] untie	wale] choose	



*A fig for those by law protected!  
LIBERTY's a glorious feast!  
Courts for Cowards were erected,  
Churches built to please the Priest.*

What is title, what is treasure,  
What is REPUTATION's care?  
If we lead a life of pleasure,  
'Tis no matter HOW or WHERE.

With the ready trick and fable  
Round we wander all the day;  
And at night, in barn or stable,  
Hug our doxies on the hay.

Does the train-attended CARRIAGE  
Thro' the country lighter rove?  
Does the sober bed of MARRIAGE  
Witness brighter scenes of love?

Life is all a VARIORUM,  
We regard not how it goes;  
Let them cant about DECORUM  
Who have characters to lose.

Here's to BUDGETS, BAGS, and WALLETS!  
Here's to all the wandering train!  
Here's our ragged BRATS and CALLETS!  
One and all cry out, AMEN!

*A fig for those by LAW protected,  
LIBERTY's a glorious FEAST  
COURTS for cowards were erected,  
CHURCHES built to please the priest.*

**THE TWA HERDS; OR, THE HOLY TULZIE**

Blockheads with reason wicked Wits abhor,  
But Fool with Fool is barbarous civil war. POPE.

O a' ye pious, godly Flocks,  
Weel fed in pastures orthodox,  
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,  
Or worryin tykes?  
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks  
About the dykes?

The twa best Herds in a' the west  
That e'er gae gospel horns a blast  
This five and fifty simmers past  
O dool to tell!  
Hae had a bitter, black outcast  
Atween themsel.

O Moodie man, and wordy Russel,  
How could you breed sae vile a bustle?  
Ye'll see how New-light herds will whistle,  
And think it fine!  
The L—d's cause gat na sic a twissle  
Since I hae min'.

O Sirs! wha' ever wad expectit  
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit?  
You wha was ne'er by Lairds respeckit,  
To wear the Plaid;  
But by the vera Brutes cleckit  
To be their Guide.

tulzie] quarrel    tykes] dogs    tent] care for    crocks] old ewes  
dool] sad    a'ween] between    twissle] twist

What Flock wi' Moodie's Flock could rank,  
Sae hale and hearty every shank?  
Nae poison'd Ariminian stank

He loot them taste;  
But Calvin's fountain-head they drank,  
That was a feast!

The Fulmart, Wil-cat, Brock and Tod  
Weel ken'd his voice thro' a' the wood;  
He knew their ilka hole an road,  
Baith out and in:  
And liked weel to shed their blood,  
And sell their skin.

And wha like Russel tell'd his tale;  
His voice was heard o'er moor and dale:  
He kend the L-d's sheep ilka tail,  
O'er a' the height;  
And tell'd gin they were sick or hale  
At the first sight.

He fine a maingie sheep could scrub,  
And nobly swing the Gospel-club;  
Or New-light Herds could nicely drub,  
And pa' their skin;  
Or hing them o'er burning dub,  
Or shute them in.

Sic twa—O, do I live to sec't,  
Sic famous twa sud disagrec't!  
And names, like 'Villain,' 'Hypocrite,'  
Each other giein;  
While enemies wi' laughin spite  
Say 'Neither's liein.

stank]	pond	loot]	let	fulmart]	polecat	wil-cat]
wildcat	brock]	badger	tod]	fox	ilka]	every
maingie]	mangy	dub]	puddle	giein]	gives	

fauld| fold      shaul| shallow      gar| make      gree| agree  
winna| will not      fac| foe      melkle| great      wae| woe      blae|  
blue      buff| bang      forby| besides

O a' ye flocks o'er a' the hills,  
 By mosses, meadows, moors and fells,  
 Come join your counsels and your skills  
                                             To cowe the Lairds,  
 And get the Brutes the power themsels  
                                             To chuse their Herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,  
 And Learning in a woody dance;  
 And that curst cur ca'd Common Sense  
                                             Wha bites sae sair,  
 Be banish'd o'er the seas to France,  
                                             Let him bark there.

# ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACHE

My curse upon your venom'd stang,  
 That shoots my tortur'd gums alang;  
 And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,  
                                             Wi' gnawing vengeance;  
 Tearing my nerves wi' bitter parg,  
                                             Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,  
 Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes;  
 Our neighbours' sympathy may ease us,  
                                             Wi' pitying moan;  
 But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,  
                                             Ay mocks our groan!

woody] gallows  
 stang] sting

lugs] ears

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!  
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,  
As round the fire the giglets keckle,  
To see me loup;  
While raving mad, I wish a heckle  
Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,  
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, *cutty stools*,  
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,  
Sad sight to see!  
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,  
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,  
Whence a' the tones o' this'ry yell,  
And rankèd plagues their numbers tell,  
In dreadfu' raw,  
Thou, TOOTH-ACHE, surely bear'st the bell  
Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,  
That gars the notes of *discord* squeel,  
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel  
In gore a shoe-thick ;—  
Gie a' the faes o' SCOTLAND'S weal  
A towmond's Tooth-Ache!

mickle] big	keckle] cackle	loup] jump	heckle] comb
for hemp	doup] backside	dools] ills	har'sts] harvests
cutty] short	(penitence)	mools] earth of	graves
annoyance	gree] prize	chiel] fellow	fash]
towmond's]	twelvemonth's		gars] makes

# HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

O THOU, wha in the heavens dost dwell,  
 Wha, as it pleases best Thysel',  
 Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,  
                                   A' for Thy glory,  
 And no' for any guid or ill  
                                   They've done afore Thee!

I bless and praise Thy matchless might,  
 When thousands Thou hast left in night,  
 That I am here, afore Thy sight,  
                                   For gifts an' grace  
 A burning an' a shinin' light,  
                                   To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,  
 That I should get sic exaltation,  
 I wha deserve sic just damnation,  
                                   For broken laws,  
 Five thousand years 'fore my creation,  
                                   Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,  
 Thou might hae plung'd me into hell,  
 To gnash my gums, to weep an' wail,  
                                   In burnin' lake,  
 Whar damnèd devils roar and yell,  
                                   Chain'd to a stake.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,  
 To show Thy grace is great an' ample;  
 I'm here a pillar in Thy temple,  
                                   Strong as a rock,  
 A guide, a buckler an' example  
                                   To a' Thy flock.

But yet, O L—d! confess I must,  
 At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust;  
 An' sometimes, too, wi' worldly trust  
     Vile self gets in;  
 But Thou remembers we are dust,  
     Defil'd in sin.

O L—d! yestreen, Thou kens, wi' Meg,  
 Thy pardon I sincerely beg,  
 O! may it ne'er be a livin' plague  
     To my dishonour,  
 And I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg  
     Again upon her.

Besides, I fæther maun allow,  
 Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow;  
 But, L—d, that Friday 'I was fou,  
     When I came near her,  
 Or else, Thou kens, Thy *servant true*,  
     Wad ne'er hae steer'd her.

Maybe Thou lets this *fleshly thorn*  
 Beset Thy servant e'en and morn,  
 Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn,  
     'Cause he's sac *gifted*;  
 If sae, Thy han' maun e'en be borne,  
     Until Thou lift it.

L—d, bless Thy chosen in this place,  
 For *here* Thou hast a *chosen race*;  
 But G—d confound their stubborn face,  
     And blast their name,  
 Wha bring Thy elders to disgrace  
     An' public shame.

fash'd] troubled      fou] full (drunk)      wad] would      steer'd]  
 molested      owre] too      maun] must



L—d, mind Gau'n Hamilton's deserts,  
 He drinks, an' swears, and plays at cartes,  
 Yet has sae mony takin' arts,  
                     Wi' great and sma',  
 Frac G—d's ain priest the people's hearts  
                     He steals awa'.

An' whan we chasten'd him therefore,  
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,  
 As set the warld in a roar  
                     O' laughin' at us;  
 Curse Thou his basket and his store,  
                     Kail and potatoes.

L—d, hear my earnest cry ah' pray'r,  
 Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr;  
 Thy strong right hand, L—d, make it bare  
                     Upo' their heads,  
 L—d, weigh it down, and dinna spare,  
                     For their misdeeds.

O L—d, my G—d, that glib-tongued Aiken,  
 My very heart and saul are quakin',  
 To think how I stood sweatin' shakin',  
                     An' p—d wi' dread,  
 While he wi' hingin' lips and snakin',  
                     Held up his head.

L—d, in the day of vengeance try him,  
 L—d, v̄isit them wha did employ him,  
 And pass not in Thy mercy by 'em,  
                     Nor hear their pray'r;  
 But for Thy people's sake destroy 'em,  
                     And dinna spare!

But, L—d, remember me and mine,  
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,  
That I for gear and grace may shine,  
Extoll'd by name,  
An' a' the glory shall be Thine,  
Amen, Amen!

## THE INVENTORY

*Answer to a mandate sent by the Surveyor of the windows, carriages, &c., to each farmer, ordering him to send a signed list of his horses, servants, wheel-carriages, &c., and whether he was a married man or a bachelor, and what children they had.*

**SIR, as your mandate did request,  
I send you here a faithfu' list,  
My horses, servants, carts and graith,  
To which I'm free to tak my aith.**

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,  
I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle,  
As ever drew before a pettle.  
My *hand-afore*, a guid auld has-been,  
And wight and wilfu' a' his days seen.  
My *hand-a-hin*, a gude brown filly,  
That aft has borne me safe frae Killie,  
And your auld borough mony a time,  
In days when riding was nac crime:  
My *fur-a-hin*, a guid, gray beast;  
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd:

**gear] possessions**

**graith]** harness      **aith]** oath      **pettle]** plough-staff      **hand-**  
**afore]** fore horse on the left hand, in the plough      **wight]** strong  
**hand-a-hin]** hindmost on the left hand, in the plough      **fur-a-hin]**  
hindmost on the right hand, in the plough

The fourth's a Highland Donald hasty,  
 A damn'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie.  
 For-by a cowte, of cowtes the wale,  
 As ever ran before a tail;  
 An he be spar'd to be a beast,  
 He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.

Wheel-carriages I hae but few,  
 Three carts, an' twa are feckly new;  
 An auld wheel-barrow, mair for token,  
 Ae leg and baith the trams are broken;  
 I made a poker o' the spindle,  
 An' my auld mither brunt the trundle.  
 For men, I've three mischievous boys,  
 Run-deils for rantin and for noise;  
 A gadsman ane, a thrasher tother.  
 Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother.  
 I rule them as I ought discreetly,  
 And aften labour them compleatly;  
 And ay on Sundays duly nightly,  
 I on the questions tairge them tightly,  
 'Till faith, wee Davoc's grown sae gleg,  
 (Tho' scarcely langer than my leg)  
 He'll screed you aff *effectual cal'ng*,  
 As fast as ony in the dwelling.

I've nane in female servant station  
 Lord, keep me ay frae a' temptation!  
 I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,  
 And ye hae laid nae tax on misses;

wud] mad      blastie] a blasted creature      for-by] besides  
 cowte] colt      wale] pick      an] if      pund] pounds      feckly] partly  
 trams] shafts      spindle] axle      brunt] burned      trundle] wheel  
 run-deils] perfect devils      rantin] noisy      gadsman] ploughboy  
 hauds] holds (keeps)      nowte] cattle      fother] fodder      tairge]  
 exercise      gleg] sharp      screed] rattle

For weans I'm mair than weel contented,  
 Heav'n sent me ane mair than I wanted;  
 My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,  
 She stares the daddie in her face,  
 Enough of ought ye like but grace.  
 But her, my bonny, sweet, wee lady,  
 I've said enough for her already,  
 An' gin ye tax her or her mither,  
 By the L—d ye'se get them a' thegither!

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,  
 Nae kind of licence out I'm taking.  
 Thro' dirt an' dub for life I'll paidle,  
 Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;  
 I've sturdy stumps, the Lord be thanked!  
 And a' my gates on foot I'll shank it.  
 This list, wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,  
 The day and date as under noted;  
 Then know, all ye whom it concerns,

*Subscripsi huic*

ROBERT BURNS.

weans] children      sonsie] plump      ye'se] you shall      dub]  
 puddle      paidle] paddle

# LINES ON MEETING WITH LORD DAER

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,  
 I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,  
                                           October twenty-third,  
 A ne'er to be forgotten day,  
 Sae far I sprackled up the brac,  
                                           I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at druken *writers'* feasts,  
 Nay been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,  
                                           Wi' reverence be it spoken;  
 I've even join'd the honour'd jorum,  
 When mighty Squireships of the quorum,  
                                           Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord—stand out, my shin,  
 A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son,  
                                           Up higher yet, my bonnet;  
 An sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,  
 Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a'.  
                                           As I look o'er my sonnet.

But, O for Hogarth's magic pow'r  
 To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr,  
                                           An' how he star'd an' stammer'd,  
 When goavan, as if led wi' branks,  
 An stumpan on his ploughman shanks,  
                                           He in the parlour hammer'd.

sprackled]	clambered	druken]	drunken	writer]	attorney
fou]	drunk	drouth]	thirst	sloken]	slake
frightened	stare	goavan]	walking	vacantly	
				branks]	bridle

I sidling shelter'd in a nook,  
 An' at his Lordship steal't a look  
                   Like some portentous omen ;  
 Except good-sense and social glee,  
 An' (what surprised me) modesty,  
                   I markèd nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great,  
 The gentle pride, the lordly state,  
                   The arrogant assuming ;  
 The fient a pride, nae pride had he,  
 Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,  
                   Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,  
 Henceforth to meet, with unconcern,  
                   One rank as well's another ;  
 Nae *honest worthy* man need care,  
 To meet with noble youthful DAER,  
                   For he but meets a brother.

## SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE

### A BROTHER POET

AULD NEIBOR,

I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor  
 For your auld-farrant, frien'ly letter ;  
 Tho' I maun say 't, I doubt ye ilatter,  
                   Ye speak sae fair :  
 For my puir, silly, rhymin clatter'  
                   Some less mauit sair.

fient] devil

neibor] neigh'bour

auld-farrant] old-fashioned

sair] serve

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle!  
 Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle  
 To cheer you thro' the weary widdle  
                                     O' war'ly cares,  
 Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle  
                                     Your auld grey hairs!

But, Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit:  
 I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit;  
 An' gif it's sae, ye sud be lickit  
                                     Until ye fyke;  
 Sic han's as you sud ne'er be faiket,  
                                     Be hair't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,  
 Rivin the words to gar<sup>e</sup> them clink;  
 Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink  
                                     Wi' jads or Masons,  
 An' whyles, but ay owre late I think,  
                                     Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man  
 Commen' me to the Bardie clan:  
 Except it be some idle plan  
                                     O' rhyming clink—  
 The devil—haet that I sud ban!—  
                                     They ever think.

elbuck] elbow	diddle] jog	widdle] bustle	war'ly] worldly
balrn] child <sup>e</sup>	red] afraid	glaikit] foolish	sud] should
lickit] whipped	fyke] fidget	han] hand	faiket] excused
ha'n't] spared	rivin] tearing	gar] make	clink] rhyme
whyles] sometimes	daez't] dazed	jad] jade	owre] too
haet] have it			





The ill-thief blaw the Heron south!  
 And never drink be near his drouth!  
 He tald mysel by word o' mouth,  
                                     He'd tak my letter;  
 I lippen'd to the chiel in trowth,  
                                     And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron,  
 Had at the time some dainty fair one,  
 To ware his theologic care on,  
                                     And holy study;  
 And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,  
                                     E'en tried the body.

But what d' ye think, my trusty fier,  
 I'm turn'd a gauger--Peace be here!  
 Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear,  
                                     Ye'll now disdain me,  
 And then my fifty pounds a year  
                                     Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket, glcesome, dainty damies,  
 Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies,  
 Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,  
                                     Ye ken, ye ken,  
 That strang necessity supreme is  
                                     'Mang sons o' men.

drouth] thirst	tald] told	lippen'd] was attracted to
and trusted	chie] fellow	bade] asked
ware] spend	sauls] souls	lear] learning
glaiket] giddy	wimplin] winding	lowp] jump

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,  
 They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;  
 Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is,  
                                                           I need na vaunt,  
 But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,  
                                                           Before they want.

Lord, help me thro' this warld o' care!  
 I'm weary sick o' 't late and air!  
 Not but I hae a richer share  
                                                           Than mony ithers;  
 But why should ae man better fare,  
                                                           And a' men brithers!

Come, *Firm Resolvè*, take thou the van,  
 Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!  
 And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan  
                                                           A lady fair:  
 Wha does the utmost that he can,  
                                                           Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,  
 (I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,)  
 To make a happy fire-side clime  
                                                           To weans and wife,  
 That's the true pathos and sublime  
                                                           Of human life.

brose] (food)	brats] scraps	duddies] clothes	sned]
prune	thraw] weave	saugh] willow	woodies] twigs
air] early	carl] male	whyles] sometimes	weans]
children			

My compliments to sister Beckie;  
And eke the same to honest Lucky,  
I wat she is a dainty chuckie,  
As e'er tread clay!  
And gratefully, my gude auld cockie,  
I'm yours for ay.

## EPISTLE

TO JAMES TENNANT, OF GLENCONNER

AULD comrade dear and brither sinner,  
How's a' the folk about Glenconner?  
How do ye this blae eastlin' wind,  
That's like to blaw a body blind?  
For me, my faculties are frozen,  
My dearest member nearly dozen'd.  
I've sent you here, by 'Johnie Simson,  
Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on:  
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,  
An' Reid to common sense appealing.  
Philosophers have fought and wrangled,  
An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,  
Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd,  
And in the depth of science mir'ed,  
To common sense they now appeal—  
What wives an' wabsters see and feel!  
But, hark ye, friend! I charge you strictly,  
Peruse them, and return them quickly:  
For now I'm grown sac cursed douse,  
I pray and ponder butt the house,

wat] wot      chuckle] hen      tread] trod  
 blae] shrewd      castlin] easterly      dozen'd] torpid      meikle]  
 much      wabsters] weavers      douse] serious      butt the  
 house] in the kitchen

My shins my lane I there sit roastin,  
 Perusing Bunyan, Brown, an' Boston;  
 Till by an' by, if I haud on,  
 I'll grunt a real gospel groan.  
 Already I begin to try it,  
 To cast my een up like a pyet,  
 When by the gun she tumbles o'er,  
 Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore:  
 Sae shortly you shall see me bright,  
 A burning an' a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,  
 The ace an' wale of honest men:  
 When bending down wi' auld grey hairs  
 Beneath the load of years and cares,  
 May He who made him still support him,  
 An' views beyond the grave comfort him!  
 His worthy fam'ly far and near,  
 God bless them a' wi' grace and gear!

My auld schoolfellow, preacher Willie,  
 The manly tar, my Mason-billie,  
 An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy;  
 If he's a parent, lass or boy,  
 May he be dad and Meg the mither  
 Just five-and-forty years thegither!  
 An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,  
 I'm tauld he offers very fairly.  
 An', Lord, remember singing Sannock  
 Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock!  
 And next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,  
 Since she is fitted to her fancy,

lane] lonesom:  
 gear] possessions  
 whole

haud] hold  
 billie] brother

pyet] magpie  
 offers] promises

wale] pick  
 hale]

An' her kind stars hae airted till her  
 A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller!  
 My kindest, best respects, I sen' it,  
 To cousin Kate an' sister Janet:  
 Tell them, frae me, wi' chiels be cautious,  
 For, faith! they'll aiblins fin' them fashious;  
 To grant a heart is fairly civil,  
 But to grant a maidenhead's the devil!  
 An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,  
 May guardian angels tak a spell,  
 An' steer you seven miles south o' hell!  
 But first, before you see Heaven's glory,  
 May ye get monie a merry story,  
 Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,  
 And ay eneugh o' needfu' clink!

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you!  
 For my sake, this I beg it o' you:  
 Assist poor Simson a' ye can;  
 Ye'll fin' him just an honest man.  
 Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,  
 Yours, saint or sinner,

RAB THE RANTER.

**EPISTLE TO JOHN GOLDIE, K<sup>c</sup>. MARNOCK**

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS

O GOUDIE, terror o' the Whigs,  
 Dread o' black coats and rev'rend wigs!  
 Sour Bigotry on her last legs  
     Girns and looks back,  
 Wishing the ten Egyptian plagues  
     Wad seize you quick.

airted] directed      till] to      chiel] fellow      aiblins] perhaps  
 fashious] troublesome      clink] money      quat] quit      chanter] song  
 girns] snarls      wad] would

Poor gapin, glowrin Superstition!  
 Waes me, she's in a sad condition!  
 Fie! bring Black Jock, her state physician,  
                                           To see her water!  
 Alas! there's ground for great suspicion  
                                           She'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple  
 For every hole to get a stapple;  
 But now she fetches at the thrapple,  
                                           An' fights for breath:  
 Haste, gie her name up in the chapel,  
                                           Near unto death!

Enthusiasm's past redemption,  
 Gane in a gallopin consumption:  
 Not a' her quacks, wi' a' their gumption,  
                                           Can ever mend her;  
 Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption  
                                           She'll soon surrender.

'Tis you an' 'Taylor are the chief  
 To blame for a' this black mischief,  
 But gin the Lord's ain folk gat leave,  
                                           A toom tar barrel  
 An' twa red peats wad bring relief,  
                                           And end the quarrel.

For me, my skill's but very sma',  
 And skill in prose I've nane ava';  
 But quietlenswise between us twa,  
                                           Weel may ye speed!  
 And, tho' they sud you sair misca',  
                                           Ne'er fash your head!

waes] woe is	stapple] stopper	fetches] gurgles	thrapple]
windpipe	toom] empty	ava'] at all	quietlenswise] in
confidence	sud] should	sair] sorely	fash] bother

**EPISTLE TO JOHN GOLDIE, KILMARNOCK 203**

E'en swinge the dogs, and thresh them sicker!  
The mair they squeel ay chap the thicker,  
And still 'mang hands a hearty bicker  
O' something stout!  
It gars an owther's pulse beat quicker,  
And helps his wit.

There's naething like the honest nappy:  
Whare'll ye e'er see men sae happy,  
Or women sonsie, saft, and sappy  
'Tween morn and morn,  
As them wha like to taste the drappie  
In glass or horn?

I've seen me daez't upon a time,  
I scarce could wink or see a styme;  
Just ae hauf-mutchkin does me prime  
(Ought less is little);  
Then back I rattle on the rhyme  
As gleg's a whittle.

**THIRD EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK**

*September 13th, 1785.*

GUID speed an' further to you, Johny,  
Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bony;  
Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany  
The staff o' bread,  
May ye ne'er want a stoup o' brany  
To clear your head.

sicker] properly	chap] strike	gars] makes	owther]
author , nappy]	liquor	sonsie] buxom	daez't] dazed
a styme] in the least	hauf-mutchkin]	half-pint	gleg] keen
whittle] knife			
further] success	hale] whole	nickan] cutting	cany]
(cannily) expertly	stoup] cup		

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,  
 Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,  
 Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' hagg  
                                           : Like drivin' wrack;  
 But may the tapmast grain that wags  
                                           Come to the sack.

I'm bizzie too, an' skelpin' at it,  
 But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it,  
 Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it  
                                           Wi' muckle wark,  
 An' took my joeteleg an' whatt it,  
                                           Like ony clark.

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor,  
 For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,  
 Abusin' me for harsh ill pature  
                                           On holy men,  
 While deil a hair yoursel ye're better,  
                                           But mair profane.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,  
 Let 's sing about our noble sels;  
 We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills  
                                           To help, or roose us,  
 But browster wives an' whiskie-stills,  
                                           *They* are the muses.

Your friendship, sir, I winna quat it,  
 An' if ye mak' objections at it,  
 Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it,  
                                           An' witness take,  
 An' when wi' Usquabac we've wat it  
                                           It winna break.

rigs] ridges	rickles] stocks of grain	hags] pits in the moor
bizzie] busy	skelpin'] driving	daudin] pelting
wat] wet		
muckle] much	wark] work	joeteleg] clasp-knife
whatt]		
whittled	jads] jades	roose] inspire
browster] ale-house		
winna] will not	quat] quit	nleve] list
usquabac] whisky		



**THIRD EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK 205**

But if the beast and branks be spar'd  
Till kye be gaun without the herd,  
An' a' the vittel in the yard,

                    An' theckit right,  
I mean your ingle-side to guard  
                    Ac winter night.

Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ  
Shall make us baith sac blythe an' witty,  
Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty,

                    An' be as canty  
As ye were nine year less than thretty,  
                    Sweet ane an' twenty!

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,  
An' now the sinn kecks in the west,  
Then I maun riq amang the rest

                    An' quat my chanter;  
Sae I subscribe myself in haste,  
                    Yours, Rab the Ranter.

**EPISTLE TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH**

**ENCLOSING A COPY OF HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER,  
WHICH HE HAD REQUESTED**

*September 17th, 1785.*

WHILE at the stook the shearers cow'r  
To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r,  
Or in gulravage rinnin scow'r

                    To pass the time,  
To you' I dedicate the hour  
                    In idle rhyme.

branks]	bridle	kye]	cattle	gaun]	going	vittel]	grain
theckit]	thatched	ingle]	fire	gatty]	tired	can'tv]	merry
stooks]	shocks	cowpet]	overturned	quat]	quit	chanter]	song
stook]	shock	blaudin']	driving	gulravage]	ho'r e	play	
rinnin]	running	scow'r]	scour				

My music, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet  
On gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet,  
Is grown right cerie now she's done it,  
Lest they shou'd blame her,  
An' rouse their holy thunder on it  
And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,  
That I, a simple, countra bardie,  
Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,  
Wha, if they ken me,  
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,  
Lowse hell upon me.

But I gae mae' at their grimaces,  
 Their sighan, cantan grace-prood faces,  
 Their three-mile prayers, 'an' hauf-mile graces,  
     Their raxan conscience,  
 Whaws greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces  
     Waur nor their nonsense.

There's *Gaun*, miska't waur than a beast,  
Wha has mair honor in his breast  
Than many scores as guid's the priest  
Wha sae abus't him.  
An' may a bard no crack his jest  
What way they've use't him.

See him, the poor man's friend in need,  
The gentleman in word an' deed,  
An' shall his fame an' honor bleed  
By worthless skellums,  
An' not a muse erect her head  
To cove the blellums?

douse] sedate    eric] fearful    raxan] elastic    waur] worn  
skellums] good-for-nothings    blellums] blusterers

**EPISTLE TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH 207**

O, Pope, had I thy satire's darts  
To gie the rascals their deserts,  
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,  
An' tell aloud,  
Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts  
To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be,  
Nor am I even the thing I cou'd be,  
But twenty times, I rather wou'd be  
An atheist clean,  
Than under gospel colors hid be  
Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,  
An honest man may like a lass,  
But mean revenge, an' malice fause  
He'll still disdain,  
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,  
Like some we ken.

They take religion in their mouth;  
They talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth,  
For what? to gie their malice skouth  
On some puir wight,  
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,  
To ruin streight.

All hail, religion! maid divine!  
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,  
Who, in her rough imperfect line  
Thus daurs to name thee;  
To stigmatize false friends of thine  
Can ne'er defame thee.

fause] false

skouth] play

daur] dares

Tho' blotch't an' foul wi' mony a stain,  
An' far unworthy of thy train,  
With trembling voice I tune my strain  
    To join with those,  
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain  
    In spite of foes:

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,  
In spite of undermining jobs,  
In spite o' dark banditti stabs  
    At worth an' merit,  
By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,  
    But hellish spirit.

O Ayr, my dear, my native ground,  
Within thy presbyterial bound  
A candid lib'ral band is found  
    Of public teachers,  
As men, as christians too renown'd,  
    An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd;  
Sir, in that circle you are fam'd;  
An' some, by whom your doctrine 's blam'd  
    (Which gies ye honor)  
Even, Sir, by them your heart 's esteem'd,  
    An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,  
An' if impertinent I've been,  
Impute it not, good Sir, in ane  
    Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,  
But to his utmost would befriend  
    Ought that belang'd ye.

belang'd] belonged to

EPISTLE  
TO GAVIN HAMILTON, Esq., MAUCHLINE

RECOMMENDING A BOY

MOSGAVILLE, *May 3, 1786*

I

I HOLD it, Sir, my bounden duty  
To warn you how that Master Tootie,  
Alias, Laird M'Gaun,  
Was here to hire yon lad away  
'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,  
An' wad hae done 't aff<sup>h</sup>an':  
But lest he leagn the callan tricks,  
As faith I muckle doubt him,  
Like scrapin' out aul<sup>d</sup> Crummie's nicks,  
An' tellin' lies about them;  
As lieve then, I'd have then,  
Your clerkship he should sair,  
If sae be, ye may be  
Not fitted othewhere.

II

Altho' I say 't, he's gleg enough,  
An' 'bout a house that's rude an' rough,  
The boy might learn to *svear*;  
But then wi' *you*, he'll be sae taught,  
An' get sic fair *example* straught,  
I hae na ony fear.

aff han'] out of hand      callan] youngster      muckle] much  
nicks] rings on cow's horn      which tell age      sair] serve      gleg]  
sharp      straught] straight

Ye'll catechisc him every quirk,  
 An' shore him weel wi' *hell*;  
 An' gar him follow to the *kirk*—  
 Ay when ye gang *yoursel*.  
 If ye then, maun be then  
 Frae hame this comin Friday,  
 Then please, sir, to lea'e, sir,  
 The orders wi' your lady.

## III

My word of honor I hae gien,  
 In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,  
 To meet the *World's worm*;  
 To try to get the twa to gree,  
 An' name the airles an' the fee,  
 In legal mode an' form:  
 I ken he weel a *Snick* can draw,  
 When simple bodies let him;  
 An' if a *Devil* be at a',  
 In faith he's sure to get him.  
 To phrase you, an' praise you,  
 Ye ken your Laureat scorns:  
 The pray'r still, your share still,  
 Of grateful MINSTREL BURNS.

shore] threaten  
 snick] latch

gar] make  
 bodies] folk

airles] earnest-money

## EPISTLE TO WILLIAM CREECH

**WRITTEN AT SELKIRK**

**AULD chuckie *Reekie's* sair distrest,  
Down droops her ance weel-burnisht crest,  
Nae joy her bonie buskit nest  
Can yield ava,  
Her darling bird that she lo'es best  
Willie's awa!**

O Willie was a witty wight,  
And had o' things an unco sleight;  
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,  
And trig an' braw:  
But now they'll bask her like a fright  
Willie's awa!

**'The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd,  
'The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd;  
'They durst nae mair than he allow'd,  
That was a law:  
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd,  
Willie's awa!**

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools,  
Frac colleges and boarding schools,  
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools  
In glen or shaw;  
He wha could brush them down to mools  
Willie's awa!

chuckle] hen	sair] sore	buskit] trimmed	ava] at all
unco] uncommon	sleight] skill	trig] trim	busk] dress
bauldest] boldest	birkle] fellow	gowd] gold	gawwies]
foolish people	tawpies] foolish youngsters		gowks] fools
nuddock-stools] mushrooms	shaw] wood		mools] dust

The brethren o' the Commerce-chaumer  
 May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour;  
 He was a dictionar and grammar  
                                 Amang them a';  
 I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer  
                                 Willie's awa!

Nae mair we see his levee door  
 Philosophers and Poets pour,  
 And toothy critics by the score  
                                 In bloody raw!  
 The adjutant o' a' the core  
                                 Willie's awa!

Now worthy Gregory's latin face,  
 Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace;  
 Mackenzie, Stewart, such a brace  
                                 As Rome ne'er saw;  
 They a' maun meet some ither place,  
                                 Willie's awa!

Poor Burns - e'en Scotch drink canna quicken,  
 He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken,  
 Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleekin  
                                 By hoodie-craw;  
 Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin',  
                                 Willie's awa!

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin' bellum,  
 And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him;  
 And self-conceited critic skellum  
                                 His quill may draw;  
 He wha could brawlie ward their bellum  
                                 Willie's awa!

raw] row	core] company	maun] must	minnie] mother
cleekin] brood	hoodie-craw] carrion crow	girnin'] complaining	
bellum] raller	skellum] worthless fellow	bellum] assault	



**EPISTLE TO WILLIAM CREECH , 213**

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,  
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,  
And Ettrick banks now roaring red  
While tempests blaw;  
But every joy and pleasure's fled  
Willie's awa!

May I be slander's common speech;  
A text for infamy to preach;  
And lastly, streckit out to bleach  
In winter snaw;  
When I forget thee! WILLIE CREECH,  
Tho' far awa!

May never wicked fortune touzle him!  
May never wicktd men bamboozle him!  
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem!  
He canty claw!  
Then to the blessed New Jerusalem,  
Fleet wing awa!

wimpling] winding  
canty] cheerfully

streckit] stretched

pow] head

## EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER

IN this strange land, this uncouth clime,  
 A land unknown to prose or rhyme;  
 Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles,  
 Nor limpit in poetic shackles;  
 A land that prose did never view it,  
 Except when drunk he stacher't thro' it;  
 Here, ambush'd by the chimla cheek,  
 Hid in an atmosphere of reek,  
 I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,  
 I hear it—for in vain I leuk.—  
 The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,  
 Enhuskèd by a fog infernal:  
 Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,  
 I sit and count my sins by chapters;  
 For life and spunk like ither Christians,  
 I'm dwindled down to mere existence,  
 Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,  
 Wi' nae kend face but Jenny Geddes.\*  
 Jenny, my Pegasean pride!  
 Dowie she saunters down Nithside,  
 And ay a westlin leuk she throws,  
 While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!  
 Was it for this, wi' canny care,  
 Thou bure the Bard through many a shire?  
 At howes or hillocks never stumbled,  
 And late or early never grumbled?—  
 O, had I power like inclination,  
 I'd heeze thee up a constellation,

\* His mare.

stacher't]	staggered	chimla]	chimney	reek]	smoke
dowie]	drooping	westlin leuk]	westerly look	canny]	gentle
bure]	bore	howes]	hollows	heeze]	holst

To canter with the Sagitarre,  
 Or loup the ecliptic like a bar;  
 Or turn the pole like any arrow;  
 Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow,  
 Down the zodiac urge the race,  
 And cast dirt on his godship's face;  
 For I could lay my bread and kail  
 He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail.—  
 Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,  
 And sma', sma' prospect of relief,  
 And nought but peat reek i' my head,  
 How can I write what ye can read?—  
 Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,  
 Ye'll find me in a better tune;  
 But till we meet and weet out whistle,  
 Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

### EPISTLE TO MAJOR LOGAN

HAIL, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie!  
 Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly  
 To every fiddling, rhyming billie,  
     We never her'd,  
 But take it like the unback'd filly,  
     Proud o' her speed.

When idly goavin whyles we saunter  
 Yirr, fancy barks, awa we canter  
 Uphill, down brae, till some mishanter,  
     Some black bog-hole,  
 Arrests us, then the scathe an' banter,  
     We're forced to thole.

loup] leap	saut] salt	weet] wet	
thairm] fiddle-string		billie] fellow	goavin] moving
whyles] sometimes	mishanter] mishap		thole] endure

Hale be your heart! hale be your fiddle!  
 Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle,  
 To cheer you through the weary widdle  
                                   O' this wild warl',  
 Until you on a crummock driddle  
                                   A grey-hair'd carl.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,  
 Heav'n send your heart-strings ay in tune,  
 And screw your temper pins aboon  
                                   A fifth or mair,  
 The melancholius, lazie croon  
                                   O' cankrie care.

May still your life from day to day  
 Nae 'lente largo' in the play,  
 But 'allegretto forte' gay  
                                   Harmonious flow  
 A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey—  
                                   Encore! Bravo!

A blessing on the cheery gang,  
 Wha dearly like a jig or sang,  
 An' never think o' right an' wrang  
                                   By square an' rule,  
 But as the elegs o' feeling stang  
                                   Are wise or fool.

elbuck] elbow      diddle] work      widdle] struggle      warl']  
 world  
 stick      crummock diddle] walk slowly, leaning on a crooked  
 poortith] poverty      aboon] above      mair] more  
 cankrie] crabbed      elegs] gaddies      stang] sting

My hand-wal'd curse keep hard in chase  
 The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,  
 Wha count on poortith as disgrace—  
     Their tuncless hearts!  
 May fireside discords jar a base  
     To a' their parts!

But come, your hand, my careless brither,  
 I' th' ither warl' if there's anither,  
 An' that there is I've little swither  
     About the matter;  
 We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,  
     I 'se ne'er bid better.

We've faults and failings—granted clearly,  
 We're frail backsliding mortals merely,  
 Eve's bonny squad priests wyte them sheerly,  
     For our grand fa';  
 But still, but still, I like them dearly—  
     God bless them a'!

Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,  
 When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers,  
 The witching curs'd delicious blinkers  
     Hae put me hyte,  
 And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,  
     Wi' ginnan spite.

wal'd] plucked    hoodock] grasping    swither] doubt    chow]  
 jowl    I 'se] I shall    wyte] blame    sheerly] wholly  
 jinkers] gamesters    blinkers] ogles    hyte] furious    > 't]  
 made    weet] wet    waukrife] wakeful    ginnan] snarling

But by yon moon!—and that's high swearin'—  
 An' every star within my hearin'!  
 An' by her e'en wha was a dear ane!  
                                           I'll ne'er forget;  
 I hope to gie the jads a clearin'  
                                           In fair play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it,  
 I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it,  
 Ance to the Indies I were wonted,  
                                           Some cantraip hour,  
 By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted,  
                                           Then, *vive l'amour!*

*Faites mes baissemains respectueuse,*  
 To sentimental sister Susie,  
 An' honest Lucky; no to roose ye,  
                                           Ye may be proud,  
 That sic a couple fate allows ye  
                                           To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure,  
 An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nac treasure;  
 But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,  
                                           Be 't light, be 't dark,  
 Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure  
                                           To call at Park.

MOSSGIEL, 30th October 1786.

jads] jades            tint] lost            cantraip] witching            roose]  
 flatter,            sic] such

## TO WILLIAM STEWART

IN honest Bacon's ingle-neuk,  
 Here maun I sit and think,  
 Sick o' the warld and warld's fock,  
 An' sick, damn'd sick, o' drink!  
 I see, I see there is nae help,  
 But still down I maun sink;  
 Till some day, laigh enough I yelp  
 Wae worth that cursed drink.  
 Yestreen, alas! I was sae fu'  
 I could but yisk and wink;  
 And now, this day, sair, sair I rue,  
 The weary, weary drink.  
 Satan, I fear thy sooty claws,  
 I hate thy brunstane stink,  
 And ay I curse the lufkless cause,  
 The wicked soup o' drink—  
 In vain I would forget my woes  
 In idle rhyming clink  
 For past redemption damn'd in Prose,  
 I can do nought but drink.—  
 To you my trusty, well-tried friend,  
 May heaven still on you blink;  
 And may your life flow to the end,  
 Sweet as a dry man's drink!

ingle-neuk]	chimney-corner	fock]	people	laigh]	low
wae worth]	alas	yeastreen]	last night	fu']	full (drunk)
yisk]	hiccough	sair]	sorely	soup]	sup
				blink]	shine

## SONGS

## TO THE WEAVER'S GIN YE GO

My heart was ance as blythe and free  
 As simmer days were lang,  
 But a bonie, westlin weaver lad  
 Has gart me change my sang.

*To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids,  
 To the weaver's gin ye go,  
 I rede you right, gang ne'er at night,  
 To the weaver's gin you go.*

My mither sent me to the town  
 To warp a plaiden wab;  
 But the weary, weary warpin o't  
 Has gart me sigh and sab.

A bonie, westlin weaver lad  
 Sat working at his loom;  
 He took my heart as wi' a net  
 In every knot and thrum.

I sat beside my warpin-wheel,  
 And ay I ca'd it roun';  
 But every shot and every knock,  
 My heart it gae a stoun.

The moon was sinking in the west  
 Wi' visage pale and wan,  
 As my bonie westlin weaver lad  
 Convoy'd me thro' the glen.

westlin] western	gart] made	rede] warn	warp]
to make threads	wab] web	ca'd] turned	stoun] ache



But what was said, or what was done,  
 Shame fa' me gin I tell;  
 But, Oh! I fear the kintra soon  
 Will ken as weel's mysel!

# WHISTLE, AN' I'LL COME TO YOU

*O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad;  
 O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad:  
 Tho' father and mither should baith gae mad,  
 O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad.*

Come down the back stairs when ye come to court  
 me;  
 Come down the back stairs when ye come to court  
 me;  
 Come down the back stairs, and let naebody see;  
 And come as ye were na coming to me,  
 And come as ye were na coming to me.

At kirk, or at market, whenc'er ye meet me,  
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie;  
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
 And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;  
 But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,  
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,  
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

## I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET

## I

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,  
 Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir,  
 And lying in a man's bed,  
 I'm fley'd it make me irie, Sir.

*I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,  
 I'm o'er young to marry yet;  
 I'm o'er young, 'tend be a sin  
 Tø tuk me frae my mammy yet.*

## II

Hallowmas is come and gane,  
 The nights are lang in winter, Sir;  
 An' you an' I in ae bed,  
 In trouth, I dare na venture, Sir.

## III

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind  
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir;  
 But if ye come this gate again,  
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.

ae] only	unco] strange	fley'd] afraid	irie] eerie
timmer] woods	gate] way	aulder] older	gin] by

## THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY

*Bonny lassie, will ye go,  
Will ye go, will ye go,  
Bonny lassie, will ye go  
To the Birks of Aberfeldy?*

### I

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,  
And o'er the crystal streamlets plays;  
Come let us spend the lightsome days  
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

### II

The little birdies blythely sing,  
While o'er their heads the hazels hing;  
Or lightly flit on wanton wing  
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

### III

The braes ascend like lofty v's,  
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,  
O'er-hung wi' fragrant-spreading shaws,  
The birks of Aberfeldy.

### IV

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,  
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,  
And rising weets wi' misty showers  
The birks of Aberfeldy.

birks] birches

shaws] woods

linns] falls

weets] wets

## V

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,  
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me!  
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

## McPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

## I

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,  
 The wretch's destinie!  
 McPherson's time will not be long,  
 On yonder gallows-tree.

*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,  
 Sae dauntingly gaed he.  
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,  
 Below the gallows-tree.*

## II

Oh! what is death but parting breath?  
 On mony a bloody plain  
 I've dar'd his face, and in this place  
 I scorn him yet again!

## III

Untie these bands from off my hands,  
 And bring to me my sword;  
 And there's no a man in all Scotland,  
 But I'll brave him at a word.

gaed] went

## IV

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife ;  
 I die by treacherie :  
 It burns my heart I must depart,  
 And not avengèd be.

## V

Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,  
 And all beneath the sky !  
 May coward shame distain his name,  
 The wretch that dares not die !

## THE HIGHLAND LASSIE O

NÆ gentle dames, tho' ne'er sae fair,  
 Shall ever be my muse's care ;  
 Their titles a' are eiapty show ;  
 Gie me my Highland Lassie, O.

*Within the glen sae bushy, O,  
 Aboon the plain sae rashy, O,  
 I set me down wi' right gude will,  
 To sing my Highland Lassie, O.*

Oh, were yon hills and vallys mine,  
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine !  
 The world then the love should know  
 I bear my Highland Lassie, O.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,  
 And I maun cross the raging sea ;  
 But while my crimson currents flow,  
 I love my Highland Lassie, O.

sturt] trouble

aboon] above

rashy] rushy

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,  
 I know her heart will never change,  
 For her bosom burns with honor's glow,  
 My faithful Highland Lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar;  
 For her I'll trace a distant shore;  
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw  
 Around my Highland Lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,  
 By secret truth and honor's band!  
 Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,  
 I'm thine, my Highland Lassie, O.

*Farewel the glen sae bushy, O!  
 Farewel the plain sae rashy, O!  
 To other lands I now must go  
 To sing my Highland Lassie, O!*

## UP IN THE MORNING EARLY

### I

CAULD blows the wind frae east to west,  
 The drift is driving sairly;  
 Sae loud and shrill 's I hear the blast,  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

*Up in the morning 's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early;  
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.*

sairly] sorely

## II

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,  
 A' day they fare but sparely;  
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

## DUNCAN DAVISON

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,  
 And she held o'er the moors to spin;  
 There was a lad that follow'd her,  
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison.  
 The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,  
 Her favour Duncan could na win;  
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,  
 And ay she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,  
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,  
 Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,  
 And ay she set the wheel between:  
 But Duncan swoor a haly aith  
 That Meg should be a bride the morn,  
 Then Meg took up her spinning-graith,  
 And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

We will big a wee, wee house,  
 And we will live like king and queen,  
 Sae blythe and merry's we will be  
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en.

ca'd] called	driegh] dull	skiegh] skittish	roch] rostan
foor] fared	haly] holy	alth] oath	graith] instruments
big] build			

A man may drink and no be drunk,  
A man may fight and no be slain;  
A man may kiss a bony lass,  
And ay be welcome back again.

### THE PLOUGHMAN

THE Ploughman he's a bony lad,  
His mind is ever true, jo,  
His garters knit below his knee,  
His bonnet it is blue, jo.

*Then up wi't a', my Ploughman lad,  
And hey, my merry Ploughman;  
Of a' the trades that I do ken,  
Commend me to the Ploughman.*

My Ploughman he comes hame at e'en,  
He's aften wat and weary:  
Cast off the wat, put on the dry,  
And gae to bed, my Dearie!

I will wash my Ploughman's hose,  
And I will dress his o'erlay;  
I will mak my Ploughman's bed,  
And chear him late and early.

I hae been cast, I hae been west,  
I hae been at Saint Johnston,  
The boniest sight that e'er I saw  
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin.

Snaw-white stockins on his legs,  
And siller buckles glancin;  
A gude blue bannet on his head,  
And O but he was handsome!

wi't a'] with it all      wat] wet



Commend me to the Barnyard,  
And the Corn-mou, man;  
I never gat my Coggie fou  
Till I met wi' the Ploughman.

HEY TUTTI TAITI

LANDLADY, count the lawin,  
The day is near the dawin;  
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,  
And I'm but jolly fou.

*Hey tutti, taiti,  
How tutti, taiti—  
Wha's fow now?*

Cog an ye were ay<sup>o</sup> fou,  
Cog an ye were ay fou,  
I wad sit and sing to you,  
If ye were ay fou.

Weel may we a' be!  
Ill may we never see!  
God bless the king,  
And the companie!

mou] heap      coggie] dish      fou] full  
lawin] reckoning      dawin] dawning      fou] full      wad]  
would

## HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT

How long and dreary is the Night,  
 When I am frae my dearie!  
 I sleepless lye frae e'en to morn,  
 Tho' I were ne'er so weary.

*I sleepless lye frae e'en to morn,  
 Tho' I were ne'er so weary.*

When I think on the happy days  
 I spent wi' you, my dearie;  
 And now what lands between us lie,  
 How can I be but eerie!

*And now what lands between us lie,  
 How can I be but eerie!*

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,  
 As ye were wae and weary!  
 It was na sae ye glinted by,  
 When I was wi' my dearie!

*It was na sae ye glinted by,  
 When I was wi' my dearie!*

## BLYTHE WAS SHE

## CHORUS

*Blythe, Blythe, and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben;  
 Blythe by the banks of Ern,  
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.*

but] kitchen

ben] parlour

By Ouchtertyre grows the aik,  
 On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw;  
 But Phemie was a bonier lass  
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,  
 Her smile was like a simmer morn;  
 She tripped by the banks of Ern,  
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bony face it was as meek  
 As ony lamb upon a lea;  
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,  
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,  
 And o'er the Lawlands I hae been;  
 But Phemie was the blythest lass  
 That ever trode the dewy green.

# O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE

COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,  
 Come boat me o'er to Charlie;  
 I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,  
 To boat me o'er to Charlie.

*We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,  
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie;  
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,  
 And live or die wi' Charlie.*

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,  
 Tho' some there be abhor him:  
 But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,  
 And Charlie's faes before him!

aik] oak      birken] birch      shaw] wood  
 bawbee] halfpenny      gaun] go      faes] foes

I swear and vow by moon and stars,  
 And sun that shines so early!  
 If I had twenty thousand lives,  
 I'd die as aft for Charlie.

### RATTLIN, ROARIN WILLIE

O RATTLIN, roarin Willie,  
 O he held to the fair,  
 An' for to sell his fiddle,  
 And buy some other ware;  
 But parting wi' his fiddle,  
 The saut tear blin't his e'e;  
 And Rattlin, roarin Willie  
 Ye're welcome hame to me.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
 O sell your fiddle sae fine;  
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
 And buy a pint o' wine;  
 If I should sell my fiddle,  
 The warl' would think I was mad,  
 For monie a rantin day  
 My fiddle and I hae had.

As I cam by Crochallan  
 I cannily keekit ben,  
 Rattlin, roarin Willie  
 Was sitting at yon boord-en',  
 Sitting at yon boord-en',  
 And amang guid companie;  
 Rattlin, roarin Willie,  
 Ye're welcome hame to me!

aft] often

saut] salt  
 quietly

blin't] blinded  
 keekit] looked

rantin] merry  
 ben] inside

cannily]

# MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY

My Harry was a gallant gay,  
 Fu' stately strade he on the plain;  
 But now he's banish'd far awa,  
 I'll never see him back again.

*O for him back again,  
 O for him back again,  
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land  
 For Hiihland Harry back again.*

When a' the lave gae to their bed,  
 I wander dowie up the glen;  
 I set me down and greet my fill,  
 And ay I wish him back again.

O were some villains hangit high,  
 And ilka body had their ain!  
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight,  
 My Highlan Harry back again.

# THE TAYLOR FELL THRO' THE BED, &c.

The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a',  
 The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a';  
 The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were  
 sma',  
 The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a'.

The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill,  
 The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill;  
 The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,  
 She thought that a Taylor could do her nae ill.

lave] rest  
 ain] own

bit] little

dowie] drooping

greet] weep

ilka] every

Gie me the groat again, cany young man ;  
 Gie me the groat again, cany young man ;  
 The day it is short and the night it is lang,  
 The dearest siller that ever I wan.

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,  
 There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,  
 There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain  
 To see the bit Taylor come skippin again.

### AY WAUKIN, O

SIMMER's a pleasant time,  
 Flow'rs of every colour ;  
 The water rins o'er the heugh,  
 And I long for my true lover !

*Ay waukin, O,  
 Waukin still and weary:  
 Sleep I can get nane  
 For thinking on my Dearie.*

When I sleep I dream,  
 When I wauk I'm eerie ;  
 Sleep I can get nane  
 For thinking on my Dearie.

Lanely night comes on,  
 A' the lave are sleepin ;  
 I think on my bony lad,  
 And I bleer my een wi' greetin.

cany] gentle	her lane] alone	dowie] drooping
wad] would	fain] glad	
heugh] crag	waukin] awake	erie] apprehensive
lave] rest	een] eyes	greetin] weeping

**MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET**

My love she's but a lassie yet,  
 My love she's but a lassie yet;  
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,  
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.  
 I rue the day I sought her, O,  
 I rue the day I sought her, O,  
 Wha gets her need na say he's woo'd,  
 But he may say he's bought her, O.  
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,  
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet:  
 Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,  
 But here I never misst it yet.  
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,  
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't:  
 The minister kisst the fidler's wife,  
 He could na preach for thinkin o't.

**JAMIE, COME TRY ME**

*Jamie, come try me,  
 Jamie, come try me,  
 If thou would win my love  
 Jamie, come try me.*

**I**

If thou should ask my love,  
 Could I deny thee?  
 If thou would win my love  
 Jamie, come try me.

**II**

If thou should kiss me, love,  
 Wha could espy thee?  
 If thou wad be my love,  
 Jamie, come try me.

## MY BONIE MARY

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,  
An' fill it in a silver tassie ;  
That I may drink before I go  
A service to my bonie lassie.  
The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith ;  
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the Ferry,  
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,  
And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
The glittering spears are rankèd ready,  
The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
The battle closes deep and bloody :  
It's not the roar o' sea or shore,  
Wad make me langer wish to tarry ;  
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,  
It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary !

## I LOVE MY JEAN

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bony Lassie lives,  
The Lassie I lo'e best :  
There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,  
And mony a hill between ;  
But day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

tassie] cup

airts] directions

row] roll



I see her in the dewy flowers,  
 I see her sweet and fair;  
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
 I hear her charm the air:  
 There's not a bony flower that springs  
 By fountain, shaw, or green,  
 There's not a bony bird that sings,  
 But minds me o' my Jean.

CARLE, AN THE KING COME

CHORUS

*Carle, an the king come,  
 Carle, an the king come,  
 Thou shalt dance and I will sing.  
 Carle, an the king come.*

AN somebodie were come again,  
 Then somebodie maun cross the main,  
 And every man shall hae his ain,  
 Carle, an the king come.

I trow we swappet for the warse,  
 We gae the boot and better horse;  
 And that we'll tell them at the cross,  
 Carle, an the king come.

Coggie, an the king come,  
 Coggie, an the king come,  
 I'se be fou, and thou'se be toom,  
 Coggie, an the king come.

shaw] wood  
 maun] must      hae] have      ain] own      swappet] swopped  
 gie] give      fou] full      'se] will      toom] empty

## WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T

FIRST when Maggy was my care,  
 Heaven, I thought, was in her air;  
 Now we're married—spier nae mair,

But whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,  
 Sweet and harmless as a child;  
 Wiser men than me's beguil'd,

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,  
 How we love, and how we gree;  
 I carena by how few may see,

Whistle o'er the lave o't.—

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,  
 Dish'd up in her winding-sheet;  
 I could write—but Meg maun see 't,

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

## O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL

O, WERE I on Parnassus hill;

Or had o' Helicon my fill;

That I might catch poetic skill,

To sing how dear I love thee.

But Nith maun be my Muse's well,

My Muse maun be thy bonie sell;

On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,

And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!

For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,

I coudna sing, I coudna say,

How much, how dear, I love thee.

spier] inquire      lave] rest

lee-lang] live-long

### **O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL**

I see thee dancing o'er the green,  
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,  
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—  
By Heaven and Earth, I love thee.

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,  
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;  
An' ay I muse and sing thy name—  
I only live to love thee.  
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on  
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,  
Till my last, weary sand was run;  
Till then—and then I love thee.

### **THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY**

THERE'S a youth in this city, it were a great pity  
That he frae our lasses should wander awa;  
For he's bony and braw, weel favour'd with a',  
And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.  
His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue;  
His fecket is white as the new driven snaw;  
His hose they are blae, and his oon like the slae,  
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been countin;  
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted, and  
braw;  
But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,  
The Pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.

jimp]	slender	een]	eyes		
buckle]	curl	fecket]	waistcoat	blae]	blue
slae]	slae	siller]	silver	tocher'd]	dowered
gang]	go	till]	to	shoon]	shoes
				gars]	makes

There's Meg wi' the mailen that fain wad a haen  
 him;  
 And Susie whase daddy was laird o' the Ha';  
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his  
 fancy—  
 But th' laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.

### MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;  
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;  
 A chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.  
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north,  
 The birth-place of Valour, the country of Worth;  
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;  
 Farewell to the straths and green vallies below;  
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;  
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.  
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe;  
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

mailen] farm

wad a] would have

haen] had

## JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquent;  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bony brow was brent;  
 But now your brow is beld, John,  
 Your locks are like the snaw;  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson my Jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither;  
 And mony a canty day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither:  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 And hand in hand we'll go;  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my Jo.

## CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES

## FIRST VERSION

As I gaed down the water-sirk,  
 There I met my shepherd-lad,  
 He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,  
 And ca'd me his dearie.

*Ca' the ewes to the knowes,  
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,  
 Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,  
 My bonie dearie.*

acquaint]	acquainted	brent]	smooth	beld]	bald	clamb]
climbed	canty]	jolly				
ca']	call	gaed]	went	row'd]	rolled	knowes]
rowes]	rolls					knolls

Will ye gang down the water-side  
And see the waves sae sweetly glide  
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,  
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

I was bred up at nae sic school,  
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,  
And a' the day to sit in dool,  
And nae body to see me.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,  
Caul-leather shoon upon your feet,  
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,  
And ye sall be my dearie.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,  
I'se gang wi' you, mly shepherd-lad,  
And ye may row me in your plaid,  
And I sall be your dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea:  
While day blinks in the lift sac hie;  
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,  
Ye sall be my dearie.

dool] sorrow  
lift] sky

sall] shall

caul] calf

wimple] wind

## CA' THE YOWES

## SECOND VERSION

*Ca' the yowes 'to the knowes,  
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,  
 Ca' them whare the burnie rowes—  
 My bonie dearie!*

HARK the mavis' e'ening sang,  
 Sounding Clouden's woods amang!  
 Then a-faulding let us gang,  
 My bonie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,  
 Thro' the hazels spreading wide,  
 O'er the waves that sweetly glide  
 To the moon sac clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,  
 Where at moonshine's midn<sup>i</sup>.ht hours,  
 O'er the dewy bending flowers,  
 Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;  
 Thou 'rt to love and heaven sac dear,  
 Nocht of ill may come thee near,  
 My bonie dearie.

ca'] call	yowes] ewes	knowes] knolls	rowes] rolls
mavis] thrush	faulding] folding the sheep		nocht]
nothing			

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
 Thou hast stown my very heart;  
 I can die—but canna part—  
 My bonie dearie!

*Ca' the yowes to the knowes,  
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,  
 Ca' them whare the burnie rowes—  
 My bonie dearie!*

### MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHIN A HECKLE

O MERRY hae I been teethin a heckle,  
 And merry hae I been shapin a spoon:  
 And merry hae I been cloutin a kettle,  
 An' kissin my Katie when a' was done.  
 O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,  
 An a' the lang day I whistle and sing  
 O a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,  
 An' a' the lang night as happy 's a king.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins  
 O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:  
 Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,  
 And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave  
 Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,  
 An' come to my arms and kiss me again!  
 Druken or sober here's to thee, Katie!  
 And blest be the day I did it again.

stown] stolen  
 heckle] flaxcomb    cloutin] patching    ca'] work    kimmer]  
 mistress    dool] sorrow    lickit] tasted    winnins] reward  
 linnens] winding sheet



# THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,  
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee,  
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,  
 But Nature sicken'd on the e'e.  
 Thro' faded groves Maria sang,  
 Hersel in beauty's bloom the while,  
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,  
 Fareweel the Braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,  
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;  
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,  
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.  
 But here, alas! for me nac mair;  
 Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;  
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,  
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

# THE RANTIN DOG THE DADDIE O'T

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy,  
 O wha will tent me when I cry;  
 Wha will kiss me where I lie.  
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.

O wha will own he did the faut,  
 O wha will buy the groanin maut,  
 O wha will tell me how to ca 't.  
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.

lav'rock]	lark	e'e]	eye		
rantin]	merry	clouts]	clothes	tent]	care for
fault	ca't]	name it			faut]

When I mount the Creepie-chair,  
 Wha will sit beside me there,  
 Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair,  
 The rantin dog the Daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane;  
 Wha will mak me fidgin fain;  
 Wha will kiss me o'er again.  
 The rantin dog the Daddie o't.

### MY MARY DEAR, DEPARTED SHADE

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,  
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
 Again thou ushe'st in the day  
 My Mary from my soul was torn.  
 O Mary! dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 Seest thou thy Lover 'lowly laid?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?  
 Can I forget the hallowed grove  
 Where, by the winding Ayr, we met  
 To live one day of parting love!  
 Eternity cannot efface  
 Those records dear of transports past;  
 Thy image at our last embrace,  
 Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
 O'erhung with wild-woods, thickening green;  
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar  
 Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene;

creepie-] repentance  
 fidgin fain] eager

crack] talk

lane] lonesome

**MY MARY DEAR, DEPARTED SHADE 247**

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds sang love on every spray,  
Till too, too soon the glowing west  
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes  
And fondly broods with miser-care;  
Time but th' impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear;  
My Mary, dear departed Shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast!

**EPPIE ADAIR**

An O, my Eppie  
My Jewel, my Eppie!  
Wha wadna be happy  
Wi' Eppie Adair!  
By love, and by beauty,  
By law, and by duty;  
I swear to be true to  
My Eppie Adair!

An O, my Eppie  
My jewel, my Eppie!  
Wha wadna be happy  
Wi' Eppie Adair!  
A' pleasure exile me,  
Dishonour defile me,  
If e'er I beguile thee,  
My Eppie Adair!

## YOUNG JOCKEY WAS THE BLYTHEST LAD

YOUNG Jockey was the blythest lad  
 In a' our town or here awa;  
 Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,  
 Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'.  
 He roos'd my een, sae bonie blue,  
 He roos'd my waist sae genty sma;  
 An ay my heart came to my mou  
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,  
 Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw;  
 And o'er the lee I leuk fu' fain  
 When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.  
 An ay the night comes round again  
 When in his arms he taks me a';  
 An ay he vows he'll be my ain  
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.

## A WAUKRIFE MINNIE

WHARE are you gaun, my bony lass,  
 Whare are you gaun, my hiney?  
 She answer'd me right saucilie,  
 An errand for my minnie.

O whare live ye, my bony lass  
 O whare live ye, my hiney?  
 By yon burn-side, gin ye maun ken,  
 In a wee house wi' my minnie.

awa] abouts	gaud] goad	roos'd] praised	een] eyes
genty] trimly	mou] mouth	fain] eagerly	owsen] oxen
ca'] drive			
waukrife:] wakeful	ninnie] mother	hiney] honey	gin] if

But I foor up the glen at e'en,  
 To see my bony lassie;  
 And lang before the grey morn cam,  
 She was na hauf sae saucy.

O weary fa' the waukrife cock,  
 And the founmart lay his crawin!  
 He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep,  
 A wee blink or the dawin.

An angry wife I wat she raise,  
 And o'er the bed she brought her;  
 And wi' a meikle hazel rung  
 She made her a weel pay'd dochter.

O fare thee weel, my bony lass  
 O fare thee weel, my hiney  
 Thou art a gay and a bony lass,  
 But thou hast a waukrife minnie.

## FOR A' THAT AN' A' THAT

Tho' women's minds like winter winds  
 May shift and turn and a' that,  
 The noblest breast adores them maist,  
 A consequence I draw th'at.

*For a' that and a' that,  
 And twice as mickle as a' that,  
 The bony lass that I lo'e best  
 She'll be my ain for a' that.*

Great love I bear to all the Fair,  
 Their humble slave an' a' that;  
 But lordly, Will, I hold it still,  
 A mortal sin to thraw that.

foor] went      hauf] half      founmart] polecat      dawin] dawn  
 raise] rose      meikle] big      rung] cudgel      pay'd] requited  
 mickle] much      thraw] contradict

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,  
 Wi' mutual love an' a' that;  
 But for, how lang the flie may stang,  
 Let inclination law that.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,  
 They've taen me in an' a' that,  
 But clear your decks and here's, The sex!  
 I like the jads for a' that!

For a' that an' a' that,  
 And twice as meikle's a' that;  
 The bony lass that I lo'e best,  
 She'll be my ain for a' that.

### WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,  
 And Rob and Allan cam to see;  
 Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,  
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.

*We are na fou, we're nae that fou,  
 But just a drappie in our e'e;  
 The cock may craw the day may daw,  
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.*

Here are we met, three merry boys,  
 Three merry boys I trow are we;  
 And mony a night we've merry been,  
 And mony mae we hope to be!

stang] sting	taen] taken		
maut] malt	lee-lang] live-long	fou] full	daw] dawn
bree] brew	mae] more		

It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
 That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;  
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,  
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,  
 A cuckold, coward loon is he!  
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',  
 He is the king amang us three.

### THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE

I GAED a waefu' gate, yestreen,  
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;  
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,  
 Twa lovely c'en o' bonie blue.  
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;  
 Her lips like roses, wat wi' dew,  
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white,  
 It was her een sae bonie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd;  
 She charm'd my soul I wist na how;  
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,  
 Cam frae her een sae bonie blue.  
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed;  
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow:  
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead  
 To her twa een sae bonie blue.

lift] sky	wyle] entice	wee] little	
waefu'] woeful	gate] way	een] eyes	wyl'd] beguiled
stound] ache	aihlins] maybe		

## TAM GLEN

My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,  
 Some counsel unto me come len',  
 To anger them a' is a pity,  
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen.

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,  
 In poortith I might mak a fen:  
 What care I in riches to wallow,  
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,  
 'Guid day to you, brute' he comes ben:  
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,  
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My Minnie does constantly deave me,  
 And bids me beware o' young men;  
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,  
 But wha can think sac o' Tam Glen.

My Daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
 He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten:  
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,  
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen.

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,  
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten;  
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,  
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

tittle] sister	poortith] poverty	fen] shift	ben] in
minnie] mother	deave] deafen	gin] if	yestreen]
last night	sten] spring		



The last Halloween I was waukin  
 My droukit sark-sleeve,\* as ye ken ;  
 His likeness cam up the house staukin,  
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry ;  
 I'll gie you my bonie black hen,  
 Gif ye will advise me to marry  
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

### SWEET CLOSES THE EVENING

SWEET closes the evening on Craigieburn wood,  
 And blythely awaukens the morrow ;  
 But the pride of the spring in the Craigieburn wood,  
 Can yield me nothing but sorrow.

*Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,  
 And O! to be lying beyond thee,  
 O sweetly, soundly weel may he sleep,  
 That 's laid in the bed beyond thee.*

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,  
 I hear the wild birds singing ;  
 But pleasure they hae nane for me  
 While care my heart is wringing.

I can na tell, I maun na tell,  
 I dare na for your anger :  
 But secret love will break my heart,  
 If I conceal it langer.

\* See author's note on p. 68.—*Ed.* [Halloween poem.]  
 waukin] waking      droukit] soaked      staukin] stalking

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,  
I see thee sweet and bonie ;  
But Oh, what will my torments be,  
If thou refuse thy Johnie!

To see thee in another's arms,  
In love to lie and languish,  
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,  
My heart wad brust wi' anguish.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,  
Say, thou loes nane before me ;  
And a' my days o' life to come  
I'll gratefully adore thee.

## SWEET FA'S THE EVE ON CRAIGIEBURN

### ANOTHER VERSION

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,  
And blythe awakes the morrow,  
But a' the pride of Spring's return  
Can yield me nought but sorrow,  
I see the flowers and spreading trees,  
I hear the wild birds singing ;  
But what a weary wight can please,  
And care his bosom wringing.

Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart,  
Yet dare na for your anger ;  
But secret love will break my heart,  
If I conceal it langer.  
If thou refuse to pity me,  
If thou shalt love another,  
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,  
Around my grave they'll wither.

## COCK UP YOUR BEAVER

WHEN first my brave Johnie lad came to this town,  
 He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown,  
 But now he has gotten a hat and a feather,  
 Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver.

Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush;  
 We'll over the border and gie them a brush;  
 There's somebody there we'll teach better  
 behaviour,  
 Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver.

## MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL

O MEIKLE thinks my Luv o' my beauty,  
 And meikle thinks my Luv o' my kin;  
 But little thinks my Luv I ken brawlie,  
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.  
 It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;  
 It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee,  
 My laddie's sae meikle in luv wi' the siller,  
 He canna hae luv to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luv's an airle-penny,  
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;  
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,  
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.  
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,  
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,  
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,  
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

sprush] sprucely

tocher] dowry      meikle] much      hiney] honey      ..  
 earnest      timmer] timber      mae] more

# THEN, GUIDWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,  
But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light,  
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,  
And blude red wine's the rysin Sun.

*Then, guidwife, count the lawin, the lawin, the  
lawin,  
Then, guidwife, count the lawin, and bring a  
coggie mair.*

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,  
And semple-folk maun fecht and fen;  
But here we're a' in ae accord,  
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool,  
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;  
And pleasure is a wanton trout,  
An' ye drink it a', ye'll find him out.

guidwife]	hostess	lawin]	reckoning	mirk]	dark	faute]	
lack	coggie]	tumbler	semple]	poor	fecht]	fight	fen]
defend	ilka]	every	haly]	holy	dool]	sorrow	

## THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME

By yon castle wa' at the close of the day,  
I heard a man sing tho' his head it was grey;  
And as he was singing the tears down came,  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.  
The Church is in ruins, the state is in jars,  
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars,  
We darena weel say 't, but we ken wha's to blame,  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,  
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd;  
It brak the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld Dame,  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.  
Now life is a burden that bows me down,  
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;  
But till my last moments my words are the same,  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

## WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,  
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?  
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie.  
To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'!

He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin,  
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang;  
He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,  
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

greet] weep	yerd] earth	tint] lost	
minnie] mother	siller] silver	hosts] coughs	hobbles] toes]
hobbles	doyl't] stupid		

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,  
I never can please him, do a' that I can;  
He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows,  
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,  
I'll do' my endeavour to follow her plan;  
I'll cross him, and wrack him until I heart break  
him,  
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

### THE BONIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA

O how can I be blythe and glad,  
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,  
When the bonie lad that I lo'e best  
Is o'er the hills and far awa.

My father pat me frae his door,  
My friends they hae disown'd me a';  
But there is ane will tak my part,  
The bonie lad that's far awa.

A pair o' gloves he bought to me,  
And silken snoods he gae me twa,  
And I will wear them for his sake,  
The bonie lad that's far awa.

dool] sorrow

snoods] hair ribbons

O weary winter soon will pass,  
And spring will cleed the birken-shaw ;  
And my young babie will be born,  
And he'll be hame that's far awa.

**IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONIE FACE**

It is na, Jean, thy bonie face,  
Nor shape that I admire  
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace  
Might weel awauk desire.  
Something in ilka part o' thee  
To praise, to love, I find,  
But dear as is thy form to me,  
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,  
Nor stronger in my breast,  
Than, if I canna mak thee sae,  
At least to see thee blest.  
Content am I, if Heaven shall give  
But happiness to thee:  
And, as wi' thee I'd wish to live,  
For thee I'd bear to die

cleed] clothe  
ilka] every

birken-shaw] birch-wood

# **EPPIE McNAB**

O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie McNab.  
 O saw ye my deàrie, my Eppie McNab.  
 She's down in the yard, she's kissin the Laird,  
 She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.  
 O com<sup>e</sup> thy ways to me, my Eppie McNab;  
 O come thy ways to me, my Eppie McNab;  
 Whate'er thou hast done, be it late be it soon,  
 Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie McNab.  
 What says she, my dearie, my Eppie McNab.  
 She lets thee t<sup>e</sup> wit, that she has thee forgot,  
 And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.  
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie McNab!  
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie McNab!  
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,  
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

## **WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER-DOOR?**

WHA is that at my bower-door?  
 O wha is it but Findlay:  
 Then gae yere gate ye'se nae be here!  
 Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.  
 What mak ye, sae like a thief?  
 O come and see, quo' Findláy;  
 Before the morn ye'll work mischief;  
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

wit] know

fause] false

yere] your

gate] way

ye'se] you shall



**WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER-DOOR? 261**

Gif I rise and let you in,  
Let me in, quo' Findlay;  
Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din;  
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.  
In my bower if ye should stay,  
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;  
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;  
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain,  
I'll remain, quo' Findlay;  
I dread ye'll ken the gate again;  
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.  
What may pass within this bower,  
Let it pass, quo' Findlay;  
Ye maun conceal till your last hour!  
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

**THE BONIE WEE THING**

*Bonie wee thing, canie wee thing,  
Lovely wee thing was thou mine,  
I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
Lest my jewel I should tine.*

Wishfully I look and languish  
In that bonie face o' thine;  
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish  
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,  
In ae constellation shine;  
To adore thee is my duty,  
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

waukin] waking

canie] gentle

tine] lose

stounds] aches

ae] one

## THE TITHER MORN

THE tither morn,  
 Where I forlorn  
 Aneath an aik sat moaning,  
 I did na trow,  
 I'd see my jo  
 Beside me gain the glowming.  
 But he sac trig  
 Lap o'er the rig  
 And dawtingly did cheer me  
 When I, what reck,  
 Did least expect  
 To see my lad sac near me.

His bonnet he,  
 A thought ajec,  
 Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;  
 And I, I wat,  
 Wi' fainness grat,  
 While in his grips he press'd me.  
 Deil tak the war!  
 I late and air  
 Hae wish'd since Jock departed,  
 But now as glad  
 I'm wi' my lad  
 As shortsyne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en  
 Wi' dancing keen,  
 When a' were blyth and merry,  
 I car'dna by,

tither] other    aik] oak    jo] sweetheart    gain] ere    lap]  
 leapt    rig] ridge    dawtingly] caressingly    ajee] askew  
 sprush] spruce    fainness] fondness    grat] wept    air] early  
 shortsyne] recently    car'dna by] cared not a jot

Sae sad was I  
In absence o' my dcary.  
But praise be blest,  
My mind's at rest,  
I'm happy wi' my Johnny,  
At kirk and fair,  
I'se ay be there;  
And be as canty's ony.

**Æ FOND KISS**

Æ fond kiss, and then we sever;  
Æ fareweel and then for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
Who shall say that fortune grieves him  
While the star of hope she leaves him?  
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;  
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,  
Naething could resist my Nancy:  
But to see her, was to love her;  
Love but her, and love for e'er.  
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
Never met—or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!  
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, Enjoyment, Love, and Pleasure!

canty's] jolly as  
ilka] every

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;  
 Ae fareweel, Alas ! for ever !  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

### ☞ HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN

I HAE a wife o' my ain,  
 I'll partake wi' naebody ;  
 I'll tak Cuckold frae nane,  
 I'll gie Cuckold to naebody.  
 I hae a penny to spend,  
 There, thanks to naebody ;  
 I hae naething to lend,  
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naeboddy's lord,  
 I'll be slave to naebody ;  
 I hae a gude braid sword,  
 I'll tak dunts frae naebody.  
 I'll be merry and free,  
 I'll be sad for naebody ;  
 Naebody cares for me,  
 I care for naebody.

### WHEN SHE CAM BEN SHE BOBBED

O WHEN she cam ben she bobbed fu' law,  
 O when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law,  
 And when she cam ben she kiss'd Cockpen,  
 And syne deny'd she did it at a'.

dunts] blows

ben] into the parlour      bobbed] curtsyed      syne] afterwards

And was na Cockpen right saucy witha',  
 And was na Cockpen right saucy witha',  
 In leavin' the dochter of a lord,  
 And kissin a Collier lassie an a'!

O never look down, my lassie at a',  
 O never look down, my lassie at a',  
 Thy lips are as sweet and thy figure compleat,  
 As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Tho' thou hast nae silk and holland sae sma,  
 Tho' thou hast nae silk and holland sae sma,  
 Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark,  
 And Lady Jean was never sae braw.

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

*An' O, for ane and twenty, Tam!*  
*An' hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam!*  
*I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,*  
*An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.*

They snool me sair, and hau me down,  
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam;  
 But three short years will soon wheel roun',  
 And then comes ane and twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,  
 Was left me by my Auntie, Tam;  
 At kith or kin I need na spier,  
 An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

dochter] daughter	sma] small (fine)	sark] shirt
snool] snub	sair] sorely	hau] hold
bluntie] a stupid	gleib] portion	claut] collection
possessions	spier] ask	gear] make

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,  
 Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;  
 But hearst thou, laddie, there's my loof,  
 I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam!

## THE BANKS OF DOON

### FIRST VERSION

SWEET are the banks—the banks o' Doon,  
 The spreading flowers are fair,  
 And everything is blithe and glad,  
 But I am fu' o' care.  
 Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,  
 That sings 'upon the bough;  
 Thou minds me o' the happy days,  
 When my fause luv was true:  
 Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,  
 That sings beside thy mate;  
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
 And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,  
 To see the woodbine twine;  
 And ilka bird sang o' its luv,  
 And sae did I o' mine:  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Upon its thorny tree;  
 But my fause luv staw my rose,  
 And left the thorn wi' me:  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 ' Upon a morn in June;  
 And sae I flourished on the morn,  
 And sae was pu'd or noon!

coof] fool	loof] palm	
fause] false	ilka] every	staw] stole

## SECOND VERSION

**YE** flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fair;  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae fu' o' care?

**Thou'll** break my heart, thou bonnie bird,  
That sings upon the bough;  
**Thou** minds me o' the happy days  
When my fause luvè was true.

**Thou'll** break my heart, thou bonnie bird,  
That sings beside thy mate;  
**For** sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
And wist na o' my fate.

**Aft** hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,  
To see the woodbine twine,  
And ilka bird sang o' its luvè,  
And sae did I o' mine.

**Wi'** lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Upon a morn in June;  
**How** like that rose my blooming morn,  
Sae darkly set ere noon!

**Wi'** lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Frae off its thorny tree;  
**And** my fause luvè staw the rose,  
But left the thorn wi' me.

## THIRD VERSION

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary fu' o' care?  
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:  
Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
Departed never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;  
And my fause luvie staw my rose,  
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.



## SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD

WILLIE WASTLE, dwalt on Tweed,  
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie;  
 Willie was a wabster gude,  
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie;  
 He had a wife was dour and din,  
 O Tinkler Maidgie was her mither,  
 Sic a wife as Willie had  
 I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,  
 The cat has twa the very colour;  
 Five rusty teeth<sup>1</sup> forbye a stump,  
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;  
 A whiskin beard about<sup>2</sup> her mou,  
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither;  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wad na gie a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hem shin'd,  
 Ae limpin leg, a hand breed shorter;  
 She's twisted right she's twisted left,  
 To balance fair in ilka quarter:  
 She has a hump upon her breast,  
 The twin o' that upon her shouther;  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wad na gie a button for her.

wabster]	weaver	stown]	have stolen	clue]	clew	dour
stubborn	din]	dun	forbye]	besides	deave]	'eafen
ither]	each other	bow-hough'd]	bandy	hem shin'	'	shins
bent outwards	breed]	breadth	ilka]	every	shouther]	shoulder

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,  
 An' wi' her loof her face a-washin;  
 But Willie's wife is nae sac trig,  
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;  
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,  
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water;  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wad na gie a button for her.

### KELLYBURNBRAES

THERE lived a carle in Kellyburnbraes,  
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;  
 And he had a wife 'was the plague o' his days  
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carle gae'd up the lang-glen,  
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;  
 He met wi' the devil, says, how do you fen?  
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint,  
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;  
 For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint,  
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,  
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;  
 But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,  
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

auld] old      baudrons] pussy      loof] paw      dights] wipes  
 grunzie] mouth      hushion] stocking leg      walie] ample      nieves]  
 flats      creels] baskets      fyle] foul  
 carle] old man      fen] get on      stot] steer      staig] young  
 horse

O! welcome, most kindly! the blythe carle said;  
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;  
 But if ye can match her—ye're waur than ye're ca'd,  
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

The devil has got the auld wife on his back,  
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;  
 And, like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack,  
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door,  
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;  
 Syne bade her gae in for a b— and a w—  
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,  
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;  
 Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand,  
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear,  
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;  
 Whae'er she gat hands on, cam near her nae mair  
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

A reekit, wee devil looks over the wa',  
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;  
 'O help, Master, help! or she'll ruin us a'!'  
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,  
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;  
 He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife,  
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

waur] worse      ain] own      hallan] porch      s,      theu  
 carlin] old woman      wud] mad      reekit] smoky

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,  
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;  
He was not in wedlock, thank Heaven, but in hell,  
And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack,  
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;  
And to her auld husband he's carried her back,  
And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

'I hae been a devil the feck o' my life,  
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;  
But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife,  
And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.'

### AFTON WATER

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amont thy green braes,  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,  
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,  
I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,  
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;  
There daily I wander as noon rises high,  
My flocks and my Mary's sweet Cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,  
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow  
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lee,  
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

feck] most

birk] birch

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;  
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
 As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear  
 wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays;  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

### THE DEUK'S DANG O'ER MY DADDIE

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,  
 The deuk 's dang o'er my daddy, O!  
 The fien-ma-care, quo' the feirrie auld wife,  
 He was but a paidlin' body, O!  
 He paidles out, an' he paidles in,  
 An' he paidles late and early, O!  
 This seven lang years I hac lien by his side,  
 An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O!

O, haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,  
 O, haud your tongue now, Nansie, O:  
 I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,  
 Ye wadna been sae donsie, O.  
 I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,  
 And cuddled me late and early, O;  
 But downa-do's come o'er me now,  
 And, Oh, I feel it sairly, O!

deuk] duck	dang] knocked	unco] great	fien] devil
feirrie] lusty	paidlin'] wandering	body] creature	lien]
lain	fusionless] sapless	carlie] old man	haud] hold
donsie] testy	brose] oatmeal dish	downa] cannot	sairly]
sorely			

## SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE

SHE's fair and fause that causes my smart,  
 I lo'ed her meikle and lang;  
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,  
 And I may e'en gae hang.  
 A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,  
 And Fhae tint my dearest dear,  
 But woman is but warld's gear,  
 Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whate'er ye be that woman love,  
 To this be never blind,  
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,  
 A woman has 't by kind:  
 O woman lovely, woman fair!  
 An angel form's fa'n to thy share.  
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair,  
 I mean an angel mind.

## THE DEIL'S AWA WI' TH' EXCISEMAN

THE deil cam fiddlin thro' the town,  
 And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman;  
 And ilka wife cries, auld Mahoun,  
 I wish you luck o' the prize, man.

*The deil's awa, the deil's awa,  
 The deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman,  
 He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,  
 He's danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman.*

fause] false	meikle] much	coof] fool	routh] plenty
gear] possessions	tint] lost	ferlie] wonder	gien] have
given			
ilka] every			

We'll mak our maut and we'll brew our drink,  
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;  
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,  
That danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman.

There's thresome reels, there's foursome reels,  
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man,  
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the Land  
Was, the deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman.

**A RED, RED ROSE**

O my Luve's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June;  
O my Luve's like the melodie  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luve am I:  
And I will luve thee still, my Dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:  
O I will luve thee still, my Dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve!  
And fare thee weel a while!  
And I will come again, my Luve,  
Though it were ten thousand mile!

maut] malt

meikle] big

## AULD LANG SYNE

## I

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot  
 And never brought to mind?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And auld lang syne!

*For auld lang syne, my dear,\**  
*For auld lang syne,*  
*We'll tak a cup o' kindness ye*  
*For auld lang syne!*

## II

And surely ye'll be yōar pint stoup!  
 And surely I'll be mine!  
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne!

## III

We twa hae run about the braes,  
 And pu'd the gowans fine;  
 But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt  
 Sin auld lang syne.

## IV

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,  
 Frae morning sun till dine;  
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
 Sin auld lang syne.

\* 'dear' in 1793; 'jo' in Johnson, 1788.—*Ed.*

syne] ago	be] pay for	stoup] mug	pu'd] pulled
gowans] daisies	fitt] foot	sin] since	paidl'd] paddled
dine] noon	braid] broad		



## V

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,  
 And gie's a hand o' thine!  
 And we'll tak a' right guid-willie-waught  
 For auld lang syne.

## COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE

COMIN' through the rye, poor body,  
 Comin' thro' the rye,  
 She draigl't a' her petticoatie,  
 Comin' thro' the rye.

*Oh Jenny's a' wegt, poor body,  
 Jenny's seldom dry;  
 She draigl't a' her petticoatie  
 Comin' thro' the rye.*

Gin a body meet a body  
 Comin through the rye,  
 Gin a body kiss a body  
 Need a body cry.

Gin a body meet a body  
 Comin' through the glen,  
 Gin a body kiss a body  
 Need the warld ken!

fiere] friend	gie's] give me	guid-willie] good will
waught] big drink		
draigl't] dragged	weet] wet	gin] if (should)

## CHARLIE, HE'S MY DARLING

'Twas on a Monday morning,  
Right early in the year,  
That Charlie came to our town,  
The young Chevalier.

*An' Charlie, he's my darling,  
My darling, my darling,  
Charlie, he's my darling,  
The young Chevalier.*

As he was walking up the street,  
The city for to view,  
O there he spied a bonnie lass  
The window looking thro'.

Sae light's he jumpèd up the stair,  
And tirl'd at the pin:  
And wha sae ready as hersel,  
To let the laddie in.

He set his Jenny on his knee,  
All in his Highland dress;  
For brawly weel he ken'd the way  
To please a bonnie lass.

It's up yon heathery mountain,  
An' down yon scroggy glen,  
We daur na gang a milking  
For Charlie and his men.

tirl'd] rattled  
daur] dare

pin] door knocker

scroggy] scrubby

## FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY

My heart is sair, I darena tell,  
 My heart is sair for Somebody;  
 I could wake a winter-night  
 For the sake o' Somebody.  
 Oh-hon! for Somebody!  
 Oh-hey! for Somebody!  
 I could range the world around,  
 For the sake o' Somebody!

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,  
 O, sweetly smile on Somebody!  
 Frae ilka danger keep him frec,  
 And send me safe my Somebody.  
 Oh-hon! for Somebody!  
 Oh-hey! for Somebody!  
 I wad do—what wad I not—  
 For the sake o' Somebody!

## THE CARDIN O'T

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo',  
 To make a wat to Johnie o't:  
 For Johnie is my only jo,  
 I lo'e him best of onie yet.

*The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,  
 The warpin o't, the winnin o't;  
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,  
 The tailor staw the lynin o't.*

ilka every			
cardin] carding	o't] of it	coft] bought	stane] stone
haslock] finest	woo'] wool	wat] coat	jo] sweet heart
staw] stole	lynin] lining		

For though his locks be lyart grey,  
And though his brow be beld aboon,  
Yet I hae seen him on a day  
The pride of a' the parishen.

### THE BONNIE LASS MADE THE BED TO ME

WHEN Januar wind was blawing cauld,  
As to the north I took my way,  
The mirksome night did me enfauld,  
I knew na' whare to lodge till day.

By my gude luck a maid I met,  
Just in the middle o' my care;  
And kindly she did me invite  
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,  
And thank'd her for her courtesie;  
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,  
And bade her mak a bed for me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,  
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;  
She put the cup to her rosy lips  
And drank, 'Young man, now sleep ye sound.'

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,  
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;  
But I call'd her quickly back again  
To lay some mair below my head.

lyart] hoary    beld] bald    aboon] above  
mirksome] darksome    enfauld] enfold

**THE BONNIE LASS MADE THE BED TO ME 281**

A cod she laid below my head,  
And servèd me wi' due respect;  
And, to salute her wi' a kiss,  
I put my arms about her neck.

Haud off your hands, young man, she says,  
And dinna sae uncivil be:  
Gif ye hae ony luve for me,  
O wrang na my virginie!

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,  
Her teeth were like the ivorie.  
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,  
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,  
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;  
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,  
The lass that made t'ae bed to me.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,  
And ay she wist na what to say;  
I laid her 'tween me and the wa'  
The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we rase,  
I thank'd her for her courtesie:  
But ay she blush'd, and ay she sigh'd,  
And said, Alas, ye've ruin'd me.

I clasp'd her waist and kiss'd her syne,  
While the tear stood twinklin in her e'e:  
I said, my lassie, dinna cry,  
For ye ay shall mak the bed to me.

cod] pillow	haud] hold	gowd] gold	owre] over
thought na] thought it not	rase] rose	syne] then	

She took her mither's holland sheets  
 And made them a' in sarks to me:  
 Blythe and merry may she be,  
 The lass that made the bed to me.

The bonnie lass made the bed to me,  
 The braw lass made the bed to me.  
 I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,  
 The lass that made the bed to me!

### I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN

*I'll ay ca' in by yon town,  
 And by yon garden green, again;  
 I'll ay ca' in by yon town,  
 And see my bonie Jean again.*

There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,  
 What brings me back the gate again,  
 But she my fairest faithfu' lass,  
 And stow'nins we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,  
 When trystin'-time draws near again;  
 And when her lovely form I see,  
 O haith, she's doubly dear again!

sarks] shirts

sall] shall    gate] same way    stow'nins] by stealth    aiken]  
 oak    trystin'] meeting    haith] faith

## O MAY, THY MORN

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,  
 As the mirk night o' December,  
 For sparkling was the rosy wine,  
 And private was the chamber:  
 And dear was she, I dare na name,  
 But I will ay remember.  
 And dear was she I dare na name,  
 But I will ay remember.

And here's to them, that, like oursel,  
 Can push about the jorum;  
 And here's to them that wish us weel,  
 May a' that's guid watch o'er them:  
 And here's to them, we dare na tell,  
 The dearest o' the quorum.  
 And here's to them, we dare na tell,  
 The dearest o' the quorum.

## HIGHLAND LADDIE

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,  
 Bonnie Highland laddie.  
 On his head a bonnet blue,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 His royal heart was firm and true,  
 Bonnie Highland laddie.  
 Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,  
 Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,  
 And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,  
 Bonnie Lawland lassie.

mirk] dark

Glory, Honour, now invite,  
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,  
For freedom and my king to fight,  
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
We aught thy manly courage shake,  
Bonnie Highland laddie.  
Go, for yoursel procure renown,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
And for your lawful king, his crown,  
Bonnie Highland laddie!

### BANNOCKS O' BEAR MEAL

*Bannocks o' bear meal,  
Bannocks o' barley,  
Here's to the Highlandman's  
Bannocks o' barley.*

Wha, in a brulzie,  
Will first cry a parley?  
Never the lads wi'  
The bannocks o' barley!

Wha, in his wae days  
Were loyal to Charlie?  
Wha but the lads wi'  
The bannocks o' barley.

bear] barley      brulzie] broil      wae] bad



## WAE IS MY HEART

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;  
 Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me:  
 Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,  
 And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I lov'd;  
 Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I prov'd:  
 But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,  
 I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

O, if I were, where happy I hae been;  
 Down by yon stream and yon bonnie castle-green:  
 For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me,  
 Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.

## IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING

It was a' for our rightfu' king  
 We left fair Scotland's strand;  
 It was a' for our rightfu' king  
 We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,  
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men ca' do,  
 And a' is done in vain:  
 My Love and Native Land fareweel,  
 For I maun cross the main, my dear,  
 For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about,  
 Upon the Irish shore,  
 And gae his bridle-reins a shake,  
 With, adieu for evermore, my dear,  
 With, adieu for evermore.

The soger from the wars returns,  
The sailor frae the main,  
But I hae parted frae my Love,  
Never to meet again, my dear,  
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,  
And a' folk bound to sleep ;  
I think on him that's far awa,  
The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,  
The lee-lang night, and weep.

### THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT

Oh I am come to the low countrie  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!  
Without a penny in my purse  
To buy a meal to me.

It was na sac in the Highland hills,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!  
Nae woman in the Country wide  
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!  
Feeding on yon hill sac high,  
And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!  
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,  
And casting woo to me.

lee-lang] live-long

kye] cattle

yowes] ewes

knowes] knolls

woo] wool

**THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT 287**

I was the happiest of a' the Clan,  
Sair, sair may I repine;  
For Donald was the bravest man,  
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stuart cam at last,  
Sae far to set us free;  
My Donald's arm was wanted then:  
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell,  
Right to the wrang did yield:  
My Donald and his Country fell,  
Upon Culloden field.

Ochon, O, Donald, Oh!  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!  
Nae woman in the world wide,  
Sae wretched now as me.

**GLOOMY DECEMBER**

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!  
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;  
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,  
Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.  
Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,  
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;  
But the dire feeling, O, farewell for ever.  
Anguish numbing'd and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,  
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,  
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,  
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone:

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,  
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;  
 For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,  
 Parting wi' Nanèy, Oh! ne'er to meet mair.

### WEE WILLIE GRAY

WEE Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet;  
 Peel a willie-wand to be him boots and jacket.  
 The rose upon the breer will be him trouse an'  
 doublet,  
 The rose upon the breer will be him trouse an'  
 doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet;  
 Twice a lily-flower will be him sark and cravat;  
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,  
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

### GUDEEN TO YOU, KIMMER

GUDEEN to you, kimmer,  
 And how do ye do?  
 Hiccup, quo' kimmer,  
 The better that I'm fou.

*We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,  
 We're a' noddin at our house at hame.*

Kate sits i' the neuk,  
 Suppin hen broo;  
 Deil tak Kate,  
 An' she be na noddin too!

willie-wand] willow-wand      sark] shirt      flee] fly  
 kimmer] gossip      fou] full      neuk] corner      broo] broth

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,  
And how do ye fare?  
A pint o' the best o't,  
And twa pints mair.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,  
And how do ye thrive?  
How mony bairns hae ye?  
Quo' kimmer, I hae five.

Are they a' Johny's?  
Eh! atweel no:  
Twa o' them were gotten  
When Johny was awa.

Cats like milk  
And dogs like broo';  
Lads like lasses weel,  
And lasses lads too.

O AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME

*O aye my wife she dang me,  
An' aft my wife she bang'd me,  
If ye gie a woman a' her will,  
Guid faith, she'll soo' o'er-gang ye.*

On peace and rest my mind was bent,  
And fool I was I married;  
But never honest man's intent  
As cursedly miscarried.

Some sairie comfort still at last,  
When a' their days are done, man,  
My pains o' hell on earth is past,  
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.

atweel] in truth  
dang] beat      o'ergang] override      sairie] sorry      a' aboon  
above

## SCROGGAM

**THERE was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen,  
Scroggam ;  
She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen,  
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,  
Scroggam, my Dearic, ruffum.**

**The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever,  
Scroggam ;  
The priest o' the parish fell in anither,  
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,  
Scroggam, my Dearie, ruffum.**

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither,  
Scroggam;  
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither,  
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,  
Scroggam, my Dearie, ruffum.

## O GUDE ALE COMES

*O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes,  
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,  
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,  
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.*

I had sax owsen in a pleugh,  
They drew a' weel enough,  
I sell'd them a' just ane by ane ;  
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

wonn'd] lived  
other

**gars| makes**

**dochter] daughter**

**aboon] up**

**tane] one**

**owsen] oxen**

tither ]

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy,  
 Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,  
 Stand i' the stool when I hae done,  
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S GAIRS  
 UPON 'T

*My Lady's gown, there's gairs upon 't,  
 And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't;  
 But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,  
 My Lord thinks meikle mair upon 't.*

My Lord a-hunting he is gane,  
 But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;  
 By Colin's cottage lies his game,  
 If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My Lady's white, my Lady's red,  
 And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;  
 But her tenpund lands o' tocher gude  
 Were a' the charms his Lordship lo'ed.

Out o'er yon moor, out o'er yon moss,  
 Whare gor-cocks thro' the lather pass,  
 There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,  
 A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,  
 Like music-notes o' Lover's hymns;  
 The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,  
 Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

hauds] holds      moop] meddle      hizzie] girl      stool] (of  
 repentance)

gairs] slashes      gowden] golden      jimps] stays      jirkinet]  
 bodice      meikle] much      tocher] dowry      moss] bog      gor-]  
 moor-      wons] lives      genty] slender

'My Lady's dink, my Lady's drest,  
The flower and fancy o' the west;  
But the Lassie that a man lo'es best,  
O that's the lass to mak him blest.

### O KEN YE WHAT MEG O' THE MILL HAS GOTTEN

O KEN ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten,  
An ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten;  
A braw new naig wi' the tail o' a rottan,  
And that's what Meg o' the mill has gotten.  
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill lo'es dearly,  
An' ken ye what Meg o' the mill lo'es dearly,  
A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early,  
And that's what Meg o' the mill lo'es dearly.

O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married,  
An' ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married;  
The Priest he was oxter'd, the Clerk he was carried,  
And that's how Meg o' the mill was married.  
O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded,  
An' ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded;  
The groom gat sae fu', he fell awald beside it,  
And that's how Meg o' the mill was bedded.

### MEG O' THE MILL

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,  
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?  
She has gotten a coof wi' a claute o' siller,  
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

dink] neat

naig] horse

rottan] rat

strunt] liquor

oxter'd] supported

by the arm

awald] backways

coof] fool

claute] heap

siller] money



The Miller was strappin, the Miller was ruddy ;  
 A heart like a lord and a hue like a lady :  
 The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl ;  
 She's left the gude-fellow and taen the churl.

The Miller he hecht her, a heart leal and loving :  
 The Laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,  
 A fine pacing-horse wi' a clear chained hydle,  
 A whip by her side, and a bonic side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing ;  
 And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailin !  
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,  
 But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl !

### JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS

JOCKEY's ta'en the parting kiss,  
 O'er the mountains he is gane ;  
 And with him is a' my bliss,  
 Nought but griefs with me remain.  
 Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,  
 Plashy sleets and beating rain.  
 Spare my luve, thou feath'ry snaw,  
 Drifting o'er the frozen blain.

When the shades of evening creep  
 O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,  
 Sound and safely may he sleep,  
 Sweetly blythe his waukening be.  
 He will think on her he loves,  
 Fondly he'll repeat her name ;  
 For whare'er he distant roves,  
 Jockey's heart is still at hame.

widdiefu'] pitiful    bleerit] blear-eyed    knurl] dwarf    hecht]  
 offered    leal] loyal    wae] woe    mailin] farm    . tocher]  
 dowry    warl] world  
 waukening] awakening

## O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS

O LAY thy loof in mine, lass,  
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass;  
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,  
     That thou wilt be my ain.  
 A slave to love's unbounded sway,  
 Hé aft has wrought me meikle wae;  
 But now he is my deadly fae,  
     Unless thou be my ain.

There's monie a lass has broke my rest,  
 That for a blink I had lo'ed best;  
 But thou art queen within my breast  
     For ever to remain.  
 O lay thy loof in mine, lass,  
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass;  
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,  
     That thou wilt be my ain.

## O THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED

O THAT I had ne'er been married,  
 I wad never had nae care,  
 Now I've gotten wife and bairns,  
     An' they cry crowdie ever mair.

*Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,  
 Three times crowdie in a day;  
 Gin ye crowdie ony mair,  
     Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.*

loof] palm      meikle] much      wae] wo      fae] foe  
 crowdie] porridge

Wae’fu’ Want and Hunger fley me,  
 Glowrin by the hallan en’;  
 Sair I fecht them at the door,  
 But aye I’m cerie they come ben.

**THERE’S AULD ROB MORRIS**

THERE’S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,  
 He’s the king o’ gude fellows, and wale of auld men;  
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine,  
 And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She’s fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,  
 She’s sweet as the ev’ning amang the new hay;  
 And blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,  
 And dear to my heart as the light to my e’e.

But Oh, she’s an heiress, auld Robin’s a laird;  
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard:  
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;  
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but deligh’ brings me nane;  
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:  
 I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,  
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my bræst.

O had she but been of a lower degree,  
 I then might hae hop’d she wad smil’d upon me!  
 O, how past describing had then been my bliss,  
 As now my distraction no words can express!

waefu’] woeful	fley] scare	hallan] porch	en’] end
sair] sore	fecht] fight	ben] in	
wons] lives	wale] pick	yard] garden	deao] leath
lane] lonesome			

# BRAW LADS ON YARROW BRAES

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,  
 Ye wander thrø' the blooming heather ;  
 But Yafrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws  
 Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
 Aboon them a' I loo him better :  
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,  
 The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,  
 And tho' I hac na meikle tocher,  
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,  
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;  
 The bands and bliss 'o' mutual love,  
 O that's the chiefest warld's treasure !

# HERE AWA, THERE AWA

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,  
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame ;  
 Come to my bosom, my ain only deary,  
 Tell me thou bring'st me, my Willie, the same.

Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,  
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e ;  
 Welcome, now Simmer, and welcome, my Willie ;  
 The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

shaws] woods	aboon] above	loo] love	meikle] much
tocher] dowry	tent] care for	coft] bought	
awa] away	haud] hold		

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,  
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!  
 Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!  
 And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,  
 Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main.  
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,  
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

# DUNCAN GRAY CAME HERE TO WOO

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
 On new-year's night, when we were fou,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Maggie coost her heaf fu' high,  
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,  
 Gart poor Duncan stand abiegh;  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Duncan sigh'd, baith out and in,  
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',  
 Spak o' louping o'er a linn;  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

row] roll			
fou] full	coost] cast	asklent] askance	unco] un-
commonly	skeigh] skittish	gart] made	ablew' ] off
fleech'd] wheedled	baith] both	grat] wept	bleer't]
bleared	louping] jumping	linn] waterfall	

Time and chance are but a tide,  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
 Slighted love is sair to bide,  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Shall I like a fool, quoth he,  
 For a haughty hizzie die?  
 She may gae to—France for me!  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes, let Doctors tell,  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
 Meg grew sick,—as he grew heal,  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Something in her bosom wrings,  
 For relief & sigh she brings;  
 And Oh! her een they spak sic things!  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
 Maggie's was a piteous case,  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Duncan cou'dna be her death,  
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;  
 Now they're crouse and canty baith!  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

### O SAW YE BONNIE LESLEY

O saw ye bonnie Lesley,  
 As she gaed o'er the bordèr?  
 She's gane, like Alexander,  
 To spread her conquests farther.

sair] sore	bide] endure	hizzle] girl	smoor'd] smothered
crouse] proud	canty] jolly		
gaed] went	gane] gone		

To see her is to love her,  
 And love but her for ever;  
 For Nature made her what she is,  
 And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,  
 Thy subjects we before thee:  
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,  
 The hearts of men adore thee.  
 The Deil he cou'dna scaithe thee,  
 Or aught that wad belang thee!  
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,  
 And say, 'I canna wrang thee.'

The powers aboon will tent thee,  
 Misfortune sha' na steer thee;  
 Thou 'rt like thyself sae lovely,  
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.  
 Return again, fair Lesley,  
 Return to Caledonie!  
 That we may brag we hae a lass,  
 There's nane again sac bonnie.

## LORD GREGORY

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,  
 And loud the tempests roar:  
 A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,  
 Lord Gregory, ope thy door.  
 An exile frae her father's ha',  
 And a' for loving thee;  
 At least some *pity* on me shaw,  
 If *love* it mayna be.

scalthe] harm  
 molest

aboon] above

tent] care for

steer

mirk] dark

waefu'] woeful

ha'] half

shaw] show

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove  
 By bonie Irvine-side,  
 Where first I own'd that virgin love  
 I lang, lang had denied.  
 How often didst thou pledge and vow,  
 Thou wou'dst for ay be mine;  
 And my fond heart, itsel sae true,  
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,  
 And flinty is thy breast:  
 Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by,  
 O wilt thou give me rest!  
 Ye mustering thunders from above  
 Your willing victim see!  
 But spare and pardon my fause Love,  
 His wrongs to Heaven and me!

### O STAY, SWEET WARBLING WOOD-LARK, STAY

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,  
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray,  
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,  
 Thy soothing fond complaining.  
 Again, again that tender part,  
 That I may catch thy melting art;  
 For surely that would touch her heart  
 Wha kills me wi' disdain.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,  
 And heard thee as the careless wind?  
 O, nought but love and sorrow join'd  
 Sic notes o' woe could wauken!

mind'st] rememberest    fause] false  
 a'c] such    wauken] awaken



Thou tells of never ending care ;  
Of speechless grief, and dark despair :—  
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair !  
Or my poor heart is broken !

**YE BANKS, AND BRAES, AND STREAMS  
AROUND**

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around  
The castle of Montgomery,  
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumlie !  
There simmer first unfold her robes,  
And there the langest tarry :  
For there I took the last farewell  
Of my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom ;  
As underneath their fragrant shade,  
I clasp'd her to my bosom !  
The golden hours, on angel wings,  
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;  
For dear to me as light and air  
Was my sweet Highland Mary !

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,  
Our parting was fu' tender ;  
And pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore ourselves asunder.  
But, oh ! fell death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower sae early !  
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary !

Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips  
 I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly!  
 And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance  
 That dwalt on me sae kindly!  
 And mouldering now in silent dust,  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

### NOW ROSY MAY COMES IN WI' FLOWERS

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,  
 To deck her gay green spreading bowers;  
 And now come in my happy hours,  
 To wander wi' my Davie.  
 The crystal waters round us fa',  
 The merry birds are lovers a',  
 The scented breezes round us blaw,  
 A-wandering wi' my Davie.

*Meet me on the warlock knowe,  
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;  
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,  
 My ain dear, dainty Davie.*

When purple morning starts the hare,  
 To steal upon her early fare,  
 Then through the dews I will repair,  
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.  
 When day, expiring in the west,  
 The curtain draws of Nature's rest,  
 I flee to 's arms I lo'e the best,  
 And that's my ain dear Davie.

## NOW IN HER GREEN MANTLE

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,  
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,  
 While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw;  
 But to me it's delightless,—my Nanie's awa'.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,  
 And violets bathe in the weet of the morn;  
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,  
 They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa'.

Thou lavrock that starts frae the dews of the lawn,  
 The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn,  
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',  
 Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa'.

Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,  
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;  
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,  
 Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa'.

## O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE

*O this is no my ain lassie,  
 Fair tho' the lassie be:  
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,  
 Kind love is in her e'e.*

I see a form, I see a face,  
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:  
 It wants to me the witching grace,  
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

ilka] every  
 mavis] thrush  
 e'e] eye

shaw] wood

weet] wet

avrock] lark

Shè's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall;  
 And lang has had my heart in thrall,  
 And ay it charms my very saul,  
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

A thief sae pawky is my Jean  
 To steal a blink, by a' unseen;  
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,  
 When kind love is in the e'e.

It may escape the courtly sparks,  
 It may escape the learned clerks;  
 But weel the watching lover marks  
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

#### LAST MAY A BRAW WOOR

LAST May a braw wooer cam'<sup>d</sup> down the lang glen,  
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me;  
 I said there was naething I hated like men,  
 The deuce gae wi' him to believe me, believe me,  
 The deuce gae wi' him, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black een,  
 And vow'd for my love he was dying;  
 I said he might die when he liked for Jean;  
 The Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying,  
 The Lord forgi'e me for lying!

A weel stocked mailen, himsel for the laird,  
 And marriage aff hand, were his proffers:  
 I never loot on that I kend it, or car'd;  
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,  
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

pawky] artful	blink] glance	gleg] sharp	een] eyes
sair] sore	deave] deafen	mallen] farm	loot] let
waur] worse			

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,  
 The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her!  
 He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,  
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could  
 bear her,  
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care,  
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock;  
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,  
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,  
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I ga'c him a blink,  
 Lest neebours might say I was saucy:  
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,  
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,  
 If she had recover'd her hearing;  
 And how her new shoon fit her and shachl't feet;  
 But, heavens! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin',  
 But, heavens! how he fell a-swearin'.

He begged, for gude-sake! I wad be his wife,  
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:  
 So e'en to preserve the poor body his life,  
 I think I maun wed him—to-morrow, to-morrow,  
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

loan] lane      jad] jade      niest] next      shouther] shoulder  
 spier'd] asked      couthy] affably      shachl't] shapeless

# AWA' WI' YOUR WITCHCRAFT O' BEAUTY'S ALARMS

AWA' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,  
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;  
O, gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms,  
O, gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

*Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,  
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,  
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,  
The nice yellow guineas for me.*

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,  
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;  
But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green  
knowes,  
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white  
yewes.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,  
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possess;  
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,  
The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest.

tocher] dowry      knowes] knolls      ilk] each      yewes] ewes

## CONTENTED WI' LITTLE

CONTENTED wi' little, and canty wi' mair,  
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,  
 I gi'e them a skelp as they're creeping a-lang,  
 Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang.  
 I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,  
 But man is a soldier, and life is a faught:  
 My mirth and good humour are coin in my pouch,  
 And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare  
 touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',  
 A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a';  
 When at the blythe end of our journey at last,  
 Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.  
 Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,  
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae,  
 Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or pain;  
 My warst word is, 'Welcome, and welcome again!'

## LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,  
 And a' is young and sweet like thee;  
 O wilt thou share its joy wi' me,  
 And say thou'lt be my dearie O.

*Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,  
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,  
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,  
 Wilt thou be my dearie O.*

canty] happy    skelp] smack    cog] mug    whyles] some-  
 times    claw] scratch    faught] fight    towmond] twelvemonth  
 fa'] fall (lot)    sowthers] solders    snapper] stumble    stoyte]  
 stagger    gae] go    warst] worst  
 cleeds] clothes    tent] tend

And when the welcome simmer-shower  
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,  
 We'll to the breathing woodbine bower  
 At sultry noon, my dearie O.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,  
 The weary shearer's hameward way;  
 Tho' yellow waving fields we'll stray,  
 And talk o' love, my dearie O.

And when the howling wintry blast  
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;  
 Enclasp'd to my faithfu' breast,  
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

### O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,  
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;  
 And I, a bird to shelter there,  
 When wearied on my little wing.  
 How I wad mourn, when it was torn,  
 By autumn wild, and winter rude!  
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,  
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose,  
 That grows upon the castle wa',  
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew,  
 Into her bonie breast to fa'!

O there beyond expression blest'  
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night;  
 Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,  
 Till fley'd awa by Phœbus' light!

ilk] each

gin] if , saft] soft faulds] folds fley'd] scared



## THERE WAS A LASS, AND SHE WAS FAIR

THERE was a lass and she was fair,  
 At kirk and market to be seen ;  
 When a' the fairest maids were met,  
 The fairest maid was bonie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,  
 And aye she sang sae merrilie ;  
 The blythest bird upon the bush,  
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys  
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;  
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,  
 And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,  
 The flower and pride of a' the glen ;  
 And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,  
 And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,  
 He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down ;  
 And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist,  
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,  
 The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en ;  
 So trembling, pure, was tender love  
 Within the breast o' bonie Jean.

lintwhite] linnet  
 horses tint] lost

owsen] oxen  
 stown] stolen

kye] cattle  
 e'en] even

naigies]

And now she works her mammie's wark,  
 And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;  
 Yet wist na what her ail might be,  
 Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,  
 And did na joy blink in her e'e,  
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love  
 Ae e'enin on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,  
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;  
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,  
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love.

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;  
 O canst thou think to fancy me!  
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,  
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me.

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,  
 Or naething else to trouble thee;  
 But stray amang the heather-bells,  
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?  
 She had nae will to say him na:  
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,  
 And love was ay between them twa.

loup] leap.      ae] one      ilka] every      tent] tend

## MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star,  
 Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;  
 And owsen frae the furrow'd field,  
 Return sae dowf and weary O;  
 Down by the burn, where scented birks  
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,  
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,  
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,  
 If thro' that glen I gac'd to thee,  
 My ain kind dearie O.  
 Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,  
 And I were ne'er sae wearie O  
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,  
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;  
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,  
 Along the burn to steer, my jo;  
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,  
 It makes my heart sae cheary O,  
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O!

bughtin] folding      jo] sweetheart      owsen] oxen      dowf]  
 dull      birks] birches      lea-rig] meadow-ridge      mirkest]  
 darkest

## IS THERE FOR HONEST POVERTY

Is there, for honest poverty  
 That hangs his head, and a' that;  
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
 We dare be poor for a' that!  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,  
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hodden grey, and a' that;  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man for a' that:  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;  
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;  
 Though hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a coof for a' that:  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 His riband, star, and a' that,  
 The man of independent mind,  
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

gowd] gold  
 ca'd] called

hodden] coarse woollens  
 coof] nunny

birkie] fellow

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
 But an honest man's aboon his might,  
 Guid faith he mauna fa' that!  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their dignities, and a' that,  
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
 As come it will for a' that,  
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree, and a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 It's comin yet for a' that,  
 That man to man, the world o'er,  
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

# O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet,  
 Or art thou wakin, I would wit,  
 For love has bound me, hand and foot,  
 And I would fain be in, jo:

*O let me in this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae night;  
 For pity's sake this ae night,  
 O rise and let me in, jo.*

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,  
 Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;  
 Tak pity on my weary feet,  
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.

aboon] above      mauna] must not      gree] prize  
 jo] sweetheart      ae] one

The bitter blast that round me blaws  
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;  
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause  
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

## HER ANSWER

O tell na me o' wind and rain,  
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,  
 Gae back the gate ye cam again,  
 I winna let ye in, jo.

*I tell you now this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae night;  
 And ance for a' this ae night,  
 I winna let you in, jo.*

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,  
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,  
 Is nocht to what poor she endures  
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,  
 Now trodden like the vilest weed:  
 Let simple maid the lesson read,  
 The weird may be her ain, jo.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,  
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey;  
 Let witless, trusting, woman say  
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.

gate] way  
 nothing

snellest] keenest  
 weird] fate

mirkest] darkest

nocht]

## MARY MORISON

O MARY, at thy window be,  
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour;  
 Those smiles and glances let me see,  
 That make the miser's treasure poor:  
 How blythly wad I bide the stoure,  
 A weary slave frae sun to sun;  
 Could I the rich reward secure,  
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string,  
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',  
 To thee my fancy took its wing,  
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw:  
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
 And yon the toast of a' the town,  
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',  
 'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace  
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?  
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
 Whase only faut is loving thee.  
 If love for love thou wilt nae gie,  
 At least be pity to me shown;  
 A thought ungentle canna be  
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

## MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING

SHE is a winsome wee thing,  
 She is a handsome wee thing,  
 She is a bonie wee thing,  
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

bide] endure      stoure] dust      yestreen] last night

I never saw a fairer,  
 I never lo'ed a dearer,  
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,  
 For fear my jewel tine.

'  
 She is a winsome wee thing,  
 She is a handsome wee thing,  
 She is a bonie wee thing,  
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack we share o't,  
 The warstle and the care o't;  
 Wi' her I'll blythly bear it,  
 And think my lot divine.

## SONG

HERE's a health to them that's awa,  
 Here's a health to them that's awa;  
 And wha winna wish gude luck to our cause,  
 May never gude luck be their fa'!  
 It's gude to be merry and wise,  
 It's gude to be honest and true,  
 It's gude to support Caledonia's cause,  
 And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
 Here's a health to them that's awa;  
 Here's a health to Charlie, the chief of the clan,  
 Altho' that his band be sma'.  
 May liberty meet wi' success!  
 May prudence protect her frae evil!  
 May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,  
 And wander their way to the devil!

neist] next      tine] be lost      warstle] wrestle  
 fa' lot      bide] stand      tine ]be lost



Here's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to them that's awa;  
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,  
That lives at the lug o' the law!  
Here's freedom to him, that wad read,<sup>2</sup>  
Here's freedom to him, that wad write!  
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be  
heard,  
But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,  
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!

*Bruce to his Troops on the eve of the Battle of*  
**BANNOCKBURN**

SCOTS, wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,  
Scots, wham BRUCE has aften led;  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;  
See the front o' battle lour;  
See approach proud Edward's power—  
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Let him turn and flee!

lug] ear      wad] would

Wha for SCOTLAND's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
FREE-MAN stand, or FREE-MAN fa',  
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
By your sons in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
LIBERTY's in every blow!  
Let us DO, or DIE!

### THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,  
On every blade the pearls hang;  
The Zephyr wantoned round the bean,  
And bore its fragrant sweets along:  
In every glen the mavis sang,  
All nature listening seemed the while,  
Except where green-wood echoes rang  
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward strayed,  
My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,  
When musing in a lonely glade,  
A maiden fair I chanced to spy;  
Her look was like the morning's eye,  
Her air like nature's vernal smile,  
Perfection whispered passing by,  
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

mavis] thrush

Fair is the morn in flowery May,  
And sweet is night in Autumn mild;  
When roving thro' the garden gay,  
Or wandering in the lonely wild:  
But woman, nature's darling child?  
There all her charms she does compile;  
Even there her other works are foil'd  
By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle!

O had she been a country maid,  
And I the happy country swain,  
Tho' sheltered in the lowest shed  
That ever rose on Scotland's plain!  
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain  
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;  
And nightly to my bosom strain  
The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep;  
Where fame and honours lofty shine;  
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,  
Or downward seek the Indian mine;  
Give me the cot below the pine,  
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,  
And every day have joys divine,  
With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

### **ADDRESS TO A LADY**

Oh wert thou in the cauld blast,  
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;  
My plaidie to the angry airt,  
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:

Or did misfortune's bitter storms  
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
Thy bield should be my bosom,  
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,  
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,  
The desert were a paradise,  
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.  
Or were I monarch o' the globe,  
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;  
The brightest jewel in my crown,  
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

## SONG

'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin;  
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing:  
'Twas the dear smile when naeboddy did mind us,  
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,  
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;  
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,  
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,  
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!  
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,  
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter'.

bield] shelter  
stown] stolen

wad] would  
maun] must

## SONG

**YESTREEN** I had a pint o' wine,  
 A place where body saw na;  
**Yestreen** lay on this breast o' mine  
 The gowden locks of Anna.  
**The hungry Jew** in wilderness  
 Rejoicing o'er his manna,  
**Was naething** to my hinny bliss  
 Upon the lips of Anna.

**Ye monarchs** tak the east and west,  
 Frae Indus to Savannah!  
**Gie me** within my straining grasp  
 The melting form of Anna.  
**There I'll despise** imperial charms,  
 An Empress or Sultana,  
**While dying raptures** in her arms  
 I give and take with Anna!

**Awa, thou flaunting god** o' a'ay!  
**Awa, thou pale Diana!**  
**Ilk star** gae hide thy twinkling ray  
 When I'm to meet my Anna.  
**Come, in thy raven plumage, night,**  
 Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';  
**And bring an angel pen** to write  
 My transports wi' my Anna!

gowden? golden   hinny] honey   gie] give   ilk] each   gae] go

## BONIE PEGGY ALISON

*I'll kiss thee yet, yet,  
 An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,  
 An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,  
 My bonie Peggy Alison!*

## I

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,  
 I ever mair defy them, O;  
 Young kings upon their hansel throne  
 Are no sae blest as I am, O!

## II

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,  
 I clasp my countless treasure, O;  
 I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,  
 Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!

## III

And by thy e'en, sac bonie blue,  
 I swear I'm thine for ever, O!—  
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,  
 And break it shall I never, O!

## MY FATHER WAS A FARMER

My father was a Farmer upon the Carrick border O,  
 And carefully he bred me in decency and order O,  
 He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a  
 farthing O,  
 For without an honest manly heart, no man was  
 worth regarding O.

ilk] each    hansel] new-ried    sic] such

Then out into the world my course I did deter-  
mine O,  
Tho' to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great  
was charming O,  
My talents they were not the worst; nor yet my  
education O,  
Resolv'd was I, at least to try, to mend my situa-  
tion O.

In many a way, and vain essay, I courted fortune's  
favor O;  
Some cause unseen, still stept between, to frustrate  
each endeavour O;  
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd; sometimes  
by friends forsaken O;  
And when my hope was at the top, I still was worst  
mistaken O.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last, with fortune's  
vain delusion O;  
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, and came to  
this conclusion O;  
The past was bad, and the future hid; its good or  
ill untrièd O;  
But the present hour was in my pow'r, and so I  
would enjoy it O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I; nor person to  
befriend me O;  
So I must toil, and sweat, and broil, and labor to  
sustain me O,  
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, my father  
bred me early O;  
For one, he said, to labor bred, was a match for  
fortune fairly O.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, thro' life I'm  
doom'd to wander O,  
Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting  
slumber O;  
No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed  
me pain or sorrow O;  
I live to-day as well's I may, regardless of to-  
morrow O.

But chearful still, I am as well, as a monarch in  
a palace O,  
Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down, with all  
her wonted malice O;  
I make indeed, my daily bread, but ne'er can make  
it farther O;  
But as daily bread is all I need, I do not much  
regard her O.

When sometimes by my labor I earn a little  
money O,  
Some unforeseen misfortune comes generally upon  
me O;  
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my good-  
natur'd folly O;  
But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be  
melancholy O.

All you who follow wealth and power with un-  
remitting ardor O,  
The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your  
view the farther O;  
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to  
adore you O,  
A cheerful honest hearted clown I will prefer before  
you O.



## MONTGOMERIE'S PEGGY

ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir,  
 Amang the heather, in my plaidie,  
 Yet happy, happy would I be,  
 Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.—

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,  
 And winter nights were dark and rainy :  
 I'd seek some dell, and in my arms  
 I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.—

Were I a Baron proud and high,  
 And horse and servants waiting ready,  
 Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,  
 The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.

## HUNTING SONG

## I

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were  
 mawn,  
 Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn,  
 O'er moors and o'er mosses and mony a glen,  
 At length they discovered a bonie moor-hen.

*I red you beware at the hunting, young men ;  
 I red you beware at the hunting, young men ;  
 Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,  
 But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen.*

muir] moor      a' 'twad] all it would  
 mawn] mown      gaed] went      ae] one      red] warn      cannily]  
 gently

## II

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,  
 Her colors betray'd her on yon mossy fells;  
 Her plumage outlusted the pride o' the spring,  
 And O! as she wantoned gay on the wing.

## III

Auld Phoebus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill;  
 In spite at her plumage he trièd his skill;  
 He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—  
 His rays were outshone, and but mark'd whereshe lay.

## IV

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill;  
 The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill;  
 But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,  
 Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight.

## ROBIN

## I

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,  
 But whatna day o' whatna style  
 I doubt it's hardly worth the while  
 To be sac nice wi' *Robin*.

*Robin was a rovin' Boy,  
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';  
 Robin was a rovin' boy,  
 Rantin' rovin' Robin.*

## II

Our monarch's hindmost year büt ane  
 Was five and twenty days begun,  
 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar Win'  
 Blew hansel in on *Robin*.

whatna] what  
 win'] wind

rantin'] roystering  
 hansel] a seasonable gift

Janwar] January

## III

The gossip keekit in his loof,  
 Quo' scho, wha lives will see the proof,  
 This waly boy will be nae coof,  
 I think we'll ca' him *Robin*.

## IV

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',  
 But ay a heart aboon them a';  
 He'll be a credit till us a',  
 We'll a' be proud o' *Robin*.

## V

But sure as three times three mak nine,  
 I see, by ilka score and line,  
 This chap will dearly like our kin',  
 So leeze me on thee, *Robin*.

## VI

Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you, Sir,  
 Ye gar the lasses lie aspar  
 But twenty fauts ye may hae waur  
 So blessin's on thee, *Robin*!

*Robin was a rovin' boy,  
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';  
 Robin was a rovin' boy,  
 Rantin' rovin' Robin.*

keekit]	peeped	loof]	palm	scho]	she	waly]	large	coof]
ninny	ca']	call	aboon]	above	till]	to	ilka]	every
kin']	kind	leeze	me on]	dear	to me	are	gar]	make
aspread	fauts]	faults	waur]	worse				



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**PRINTED IN  
GREAT BRITAIN  
AT THE  
UNIVERSITY PRESS  
OXFORD  
BY  
CHARLES BATEY  
PRINTER  
TO THE  
UNIVERSITY**